Saturday Evening Post · June 19, 1965 · 25c

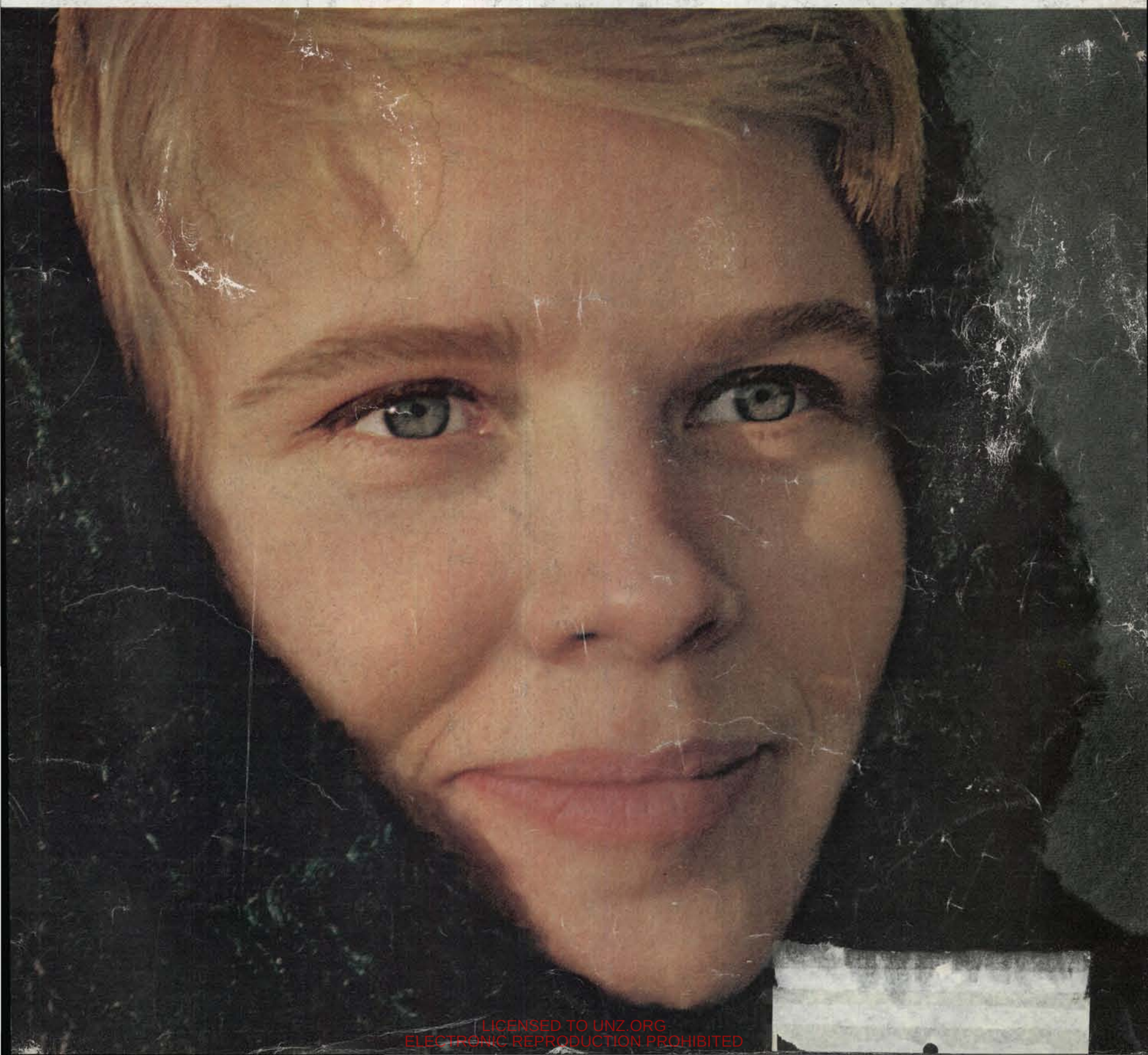
POST

INSIDE STORY OF A
KLAN MURDER

THE MAN FROM
U.N.C.L.E.

LIFE ON MARS?

THE RUSSIAN WOMAN
Triumph and Frustration



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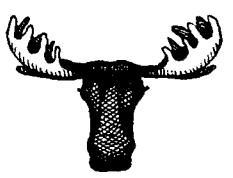
OUR CURIOUS WARS WITH THE ANIMAL WORLD

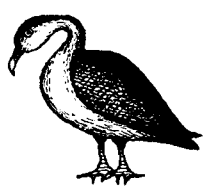
(In defense of your telephone service)

Ever since the telephone business began, birds, beasts and insects have been doing their best to disrupt it. The struggle never ends. Here are some of the more amusing skirmishes.

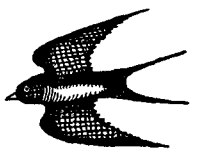


A belligerent Minnesota moose butted down a telephone pole. Another tore out a mile and a half of line serving a forest fire station. We put in tougher and taller replacements!

An Illinois cat kept chewing the spring cord on her owner's phone. We pleased everybody by providing a piece of *old* spring cord the cat could safely chew on.



A hungry goose in North Dakota pecked the long worm that ran up the side of the house until he cut it through. We just hope he doesn't bust his beak on the *new* telephone wire!



An open line in Iowa showed a short circuit every day, but only at sunrise. By going out at 4 A.M., we found that hundreds of roosting swallows were weighing it down against the line below. We tightened the lines.

Prairie gophers have tough teeth and an insatiable appetite for the lead sheathing on buried cable. We *think* our new steel-jacketed cable is gopher-proof.

Sometimes, squirrels from nearby trees try to lunch on our overhead lines. With new, protective cable coverings of various kinds, we've closed down most of the squirrel cafeterias.

Of course, such episodes don't always *seem* funny to telephone people who have to outwit bats, bulls, horses, deer, elephants, mountain lions, giraffes, gophers, squirrels, mice, moose, ducks, geese, pheasants, bees, wasps, etc.

But we try hard to win each little war. In these and many more important ways, we do our human best to bring you good service— in fact, service so free from trouble that most people take it for granted and can't remember the last time they had to have a phone fixed!

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

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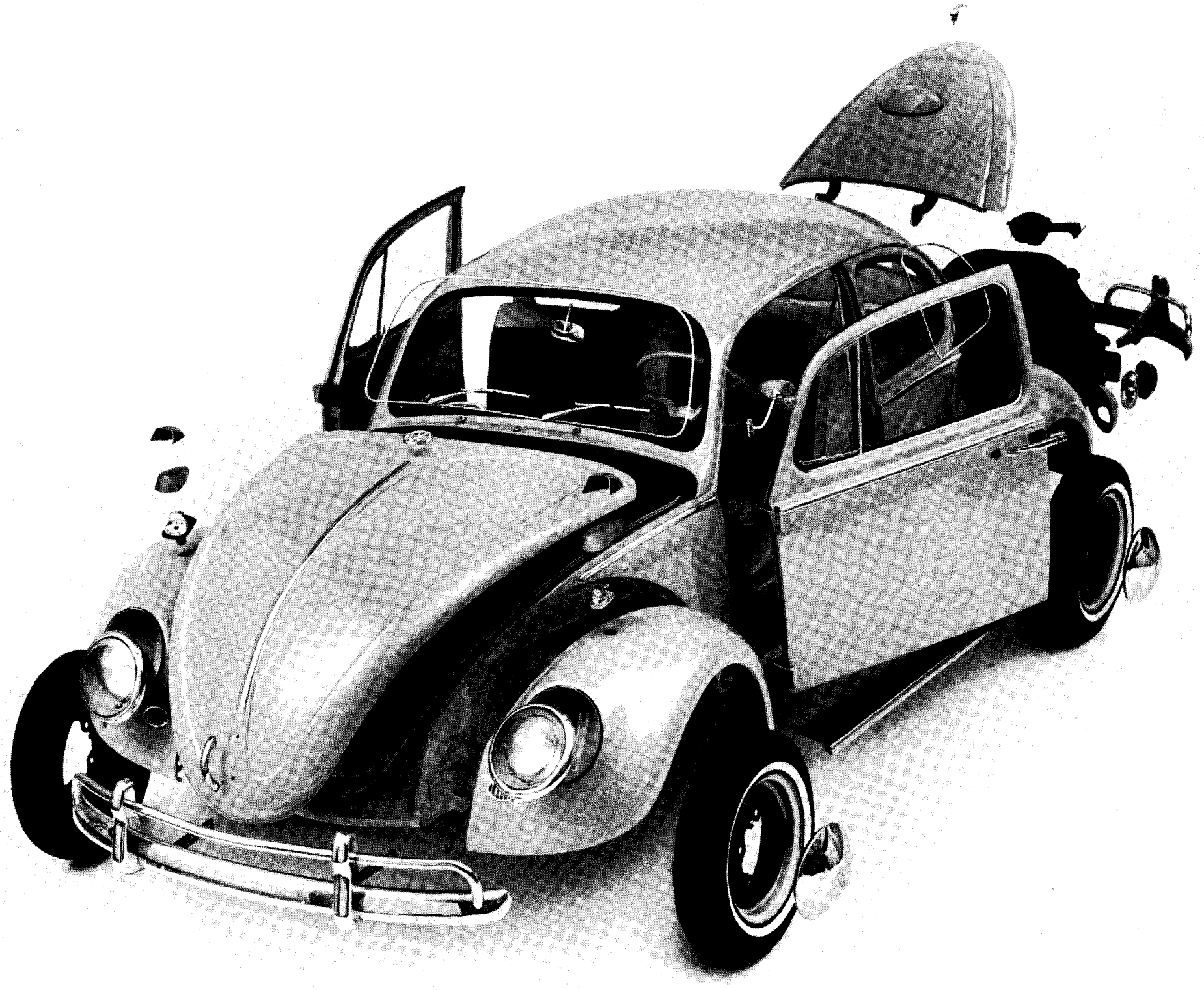

Need a part?

Replacing part of a car is a pain.

But it's even more painful when you need a part and can't get it.

If you own a 6 or 8 year-old domestic car and need, say, a door handle or a water pump, you're liable to have quite a problem. (Unless you enjoy shopping in junkyards.)

When cars change so drastically every year, the dealer simply can't keep every part for every year in stock.

But the VW doesn't change drastically every year, so Volkswagen dealers don't have nearly the problem.

So far as we're concerned, a hood is a hood and a door is a door.

We can replace an engine in 90 minutes (or a rear fender for $21.09,* plus labor).

Above all, we can promise that you'll be able to get any part you need for any year Volkswagen you own.

Once there were people who wouldn't have any part of a VW.

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The Saturday Evening
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About this issue

Olga Carlisle

OLGA CARLISLE, author of THE RUSSIAN WOMAN, recently spent six weeks in the Soviet Union, her third trip there in five years. Born in Paris of Russian parents, she is the granddaughter of the famous Russian author Leonid Andreyev. In 1963 Random House published her book *Voices in the Snow* (subtitled "Encounters With Russian Writers"), and she is now at work on a book about Soviet poets. . . . WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE, who writes about the murder of a Negro military officer in Georgia, is author of the book *Three Lives for Mississippi,* in which he describes the murder of three civil-rights workers. / The cover photograph of Russian Intourist guide Oksana Mikhalova was taken by JOHN LAUNOIS, who took hundreds of color photographs in the U.S.S.R. early this year to illustrate the life of Russian women. (Launois won a second-place award in this year's National Press Photographers Association's "Pictures of the Year" competition, while *Post* photographer Lawrence J. Schiller took a first and a second place.)

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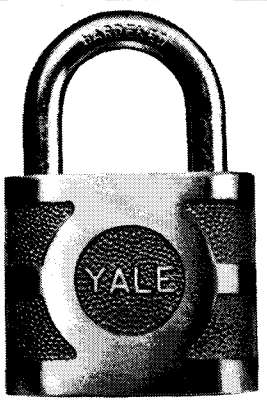

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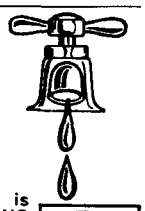

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Letters

Poor J. Paul Getty

Poor, miserable J. Paul Getty [THE WORLD IS MEAN TO MILLIONAIRES, May 22]—confined to a friendless, loveless world of money and status symbols; seeing only the greedy, envious, scheming, beggary side of human nature. His is a powerful indictment of the false values of our money-worshiping culture.

BILL WELLS
Oklahoma City, Okla.

• Please tell Mr. Getty that I am retired and receiving Social Security, and together with some savings interest, my wife and I are getting along real well, and he need have no fear that we are going to write him for any of his money.

B. P. SPONG
Chicago, Ill.

• Please print J. Paul Getty's mailing address in your next issue.

NOUBAR TCHEUREKDJIAN
Racine, Wis.

• I am enclosing $1.00 to be sent to Mr. J. Paul Getty. It seems that everyone is asking for money, so I am giving.

KENNETH B. LAWSON
Shelbyville, Ky.

• J. Paul Getty's account of his request-for-money troubles reminded me of my own troubles along that line several years ago. I won first prize in a Walt Disney contest, and subsequently my name and address appeared in a comic book. Letters started pouring in: pen pals, lonely servicemen, three or four requests for money and one proposal. I was 13 years old, and that prize money, $25, was all the liquid assets I had.

MARY JANE HARVEY
Boulder, Colo.

• I'd love to know how he used the proceeds from this article.

HELEN S. EBERHART
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Getty requested that we divide his check among three favorite charities: The American Hospital in Paris, the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, and the University of Southern California.—Ed.

• Bully for Mr. Getty and every one of his millions. I should prefer Mr. Getty's methods of handling money to those of bureaucratic agencies, replete with tons of paper work and incompetents who manage to take $1.00 of my tax money and spend $1.40 to utilize it. At least Mr. Getty would return a profit.

Despite the Federal Government's efforts to compensate for differences in individual initiative, the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest still exists.

CAROLYN C. IVEY
Newport News, Va.

• Dear Mr. Getty: What stands out in your article is the tragic contrast between your power and your imagination, between what you could do and what you do. I do not suggest that you should give away what belongs to you. You are right in thinking that people do not really benefit from charity. But a little imagination and goodwill is all it would take to conceive ways of expending your wealth in a way society would share and applaud.

Great material power shackled by feeble or childish motivations is like a 250-pound natural athlete spending his prime years playing mumbly-peg.

DAVID T. SPRINGS
San Diego, Calif.

Taxation

I think the editorial about the income-tax problem, POSTMORTEM ON APRIL 15 [May 22], is well taken.

A new code which would bring taxation within the realm of modern conditions seems inevitable. My suggestion, which would make the filing of returns almost too easy, is to have the income tax payable on the basis of a percentage of gross income. This has been very successful in Philadelphia, where it is known as the General Business Tax, based on the gross receipts from business or profession, taxed at the rate of 0.1 percent. It eliminates all deductions and exemptions and would also eliminate the entire hierarchy of multitudinous tax employees who are leeches on our society.

JAMES F. SWARTZ
Philadelphia, Pa.

• I can't even *feed* our three active sons on the standard deduction of $600, and it's rather discouraging to be relieved of over $1,000 in taxes each year for the Great Society, while our home suffers for lack of repair money. I'm all for a better America, but must it hit the American family so hard?

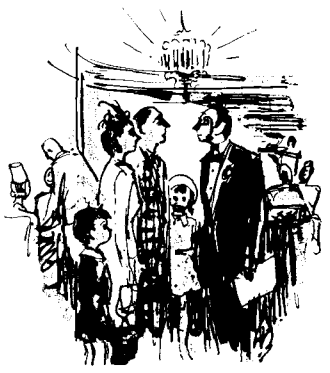
MRS. JOYCE A. LAKE
Whitman, Mass.

• Your editorial advocated raising the $600 exemption per dependent. I am a bachelor who is already paying through the nose to bear the tax burden which the ordinary married taxpayer has self-righteously decided should be sustained by me. I and my bachelor colleagues are also being called upon to fight the nation's wars while other young men marry and get off scot-free. What other forms of enforced servitude do you advocate for me in the future?

TIM R. MILES
Washington, D.C.

Grace

I don't know whether the cartoonist was trying to be funny or was trying to show a sad truth [AMERICA, AMERICA, May 22].



"Not too conspicuous a table. We say grace."

It certainly seems a shame that we are ashamed to give thanks to our Maker for giving us so much, in a country which uses "In God we trust" as our motto and "one nation under God" in our pledge of allegiance to the flag.

DALE M. GARVEY JR., 1ST LT.
Fort Riley, Kans.

Selma march

The Negro Revolution, like all great social upheavals, provides material for inspiring literature. Martin Luther King's *Letter from a Birmingham Jail*, for example, will move hearts to high emotion a hundred years from now.

As a Caucasian profoundly committed to the cause of civil rights and human freedom, I want to thank *The Post* for W. C. Heinz's and Bard Lindeman's penetrating contribution to the literature of our time, THE MEANING OF THE SELMA MARCH: GREAT DAY AT TRICKEM FORK [May 22].

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

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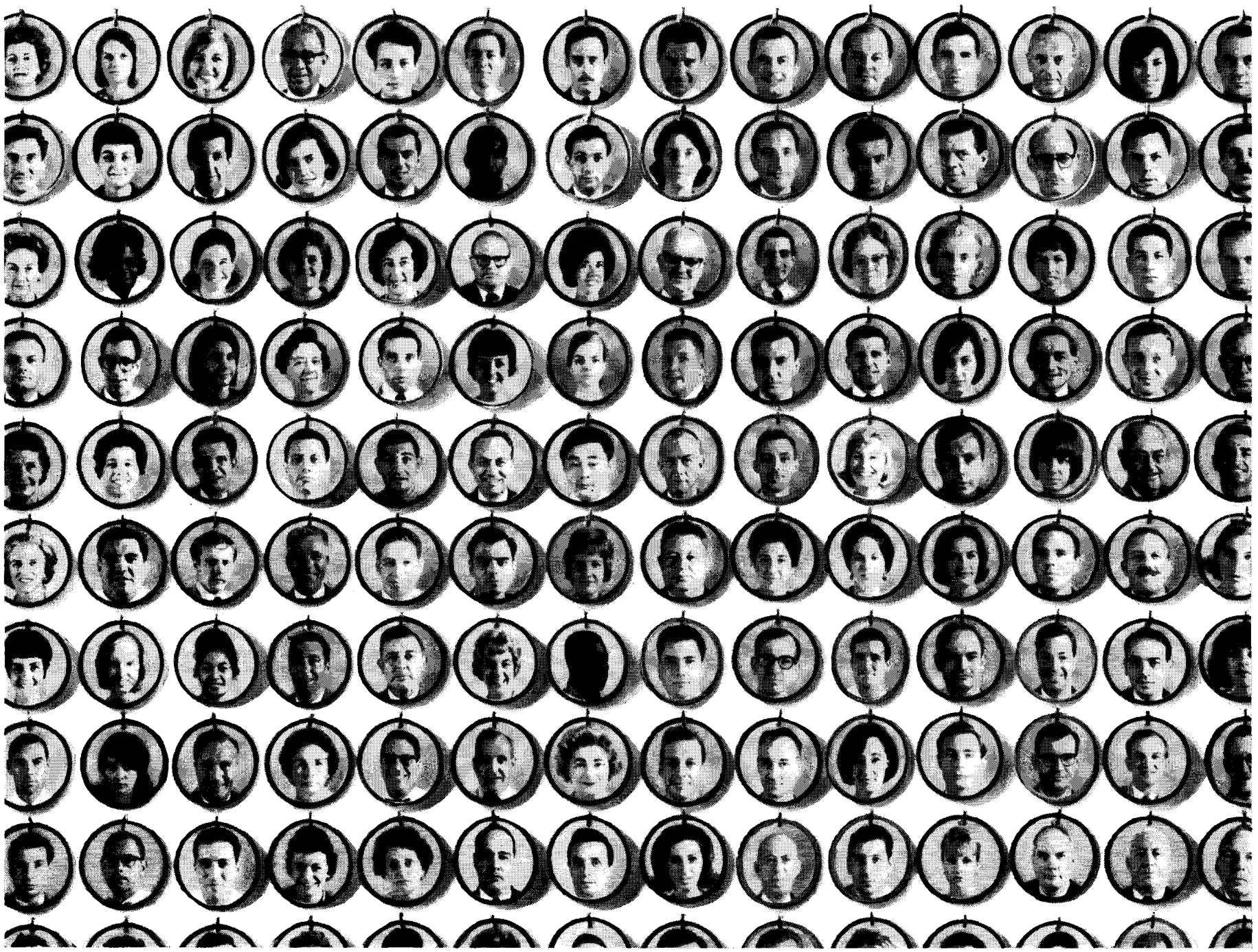

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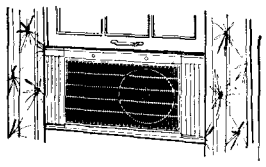

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Letters

• If all the billions of foot-pounds of energy expended on the march from Selma to Montgomery had been channeled into something worthwhile, the Rolen School of Trickem Fork could now gleam with shining freshness. In fact, every sub-standard school, home, church and street in the entire United States could have been completely renovated.

But no, that would not be dramatic, and no funds or publicity could be derived from an intelligent, constructive program. Not one of the leaders would be caught dead with a pick and shovel, for no Presidential summons or Nobel Peace Prize is given for hard work.

ROBERT C. BOYNE
Dallas, Tex.

• THE MEANING OF THE SELMA MARCH is a significant help to the cause of civil rights and democracy in America. I am grateful that *The Post* has had for some time now the policy of publishing serious, thoughtful articles that defend something other than staid and smug conservatism.

(THE REV.) JOHN H. HATT
Deposit, N.Y.

• I realize that in order to convey to the people of our country the terrible conditions some of its citizens live in, an example must be shown. But really, the Negro woman with nine children—is that a good example? I would like to question the working conditions she told you about on that farm. Any farmer or farmhand will tell you that the hours are from 7:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. with an hour off for lunch. An average cotton picker can pick more than 150 pounds per day. In our area the starting price is never below $2 per 100 pounds, and as the season progresses, the price goes up. However, the farmers in our area are having trouble finding people to pick their cotton and find it necessary to purchase mechanical pickers. Most Negroes in our area don't need to work for any amount of money, because the Government sends them a check every month.

MRS. ELLEN BROWN
Florence, Ala.

• Of course it is encouraging if the March inspired Negroes, such as those at Trickem Fork, to overcome that apathetic acquiescence which has for so long been one of their chief enemies.

But is this result vital and universal enough? Isn't the true result of the Selma March the same as that of the Freedom Rides, the Montgomery bus boycott, the Little Rock struggle, etc.? Isn't the real meaning to be found in the fact, as Doctor King described it in referring to the Montgomery struggle, that finally this nation's conscience (white and black) is being stirred, and stirred violently? Isn't this the meaning? If not, then the Selma March was truly, but *merely*, a great day at Trickem Fork.

HARRY DALEY, O.S.A.
Olympia Fields, Ill.

Spy story

My disgust and wonderment regarding the exploits of an American spying against his own country [I SPIED FOR THE RUSSIANS by Robert Glenn Thompson with Harold H. Martin, May 22] is transcended by my reaction to the systematic spying of an agency of the United States Government against its own citizens. I am genuinely disturbed that the O.S.I. could arrogate to itself the right to steam open, read and photograph private mail.

Apparently your article is intended to expose more than the exploits of a single spy.

ALLAN D. WAGENER
Mountain View, Calif.

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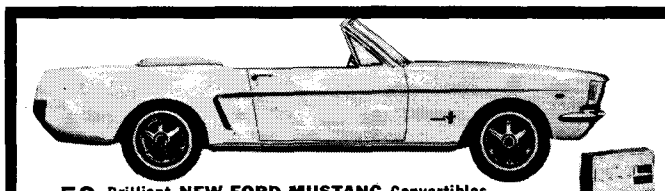

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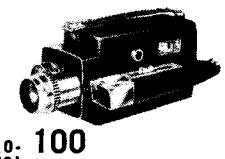

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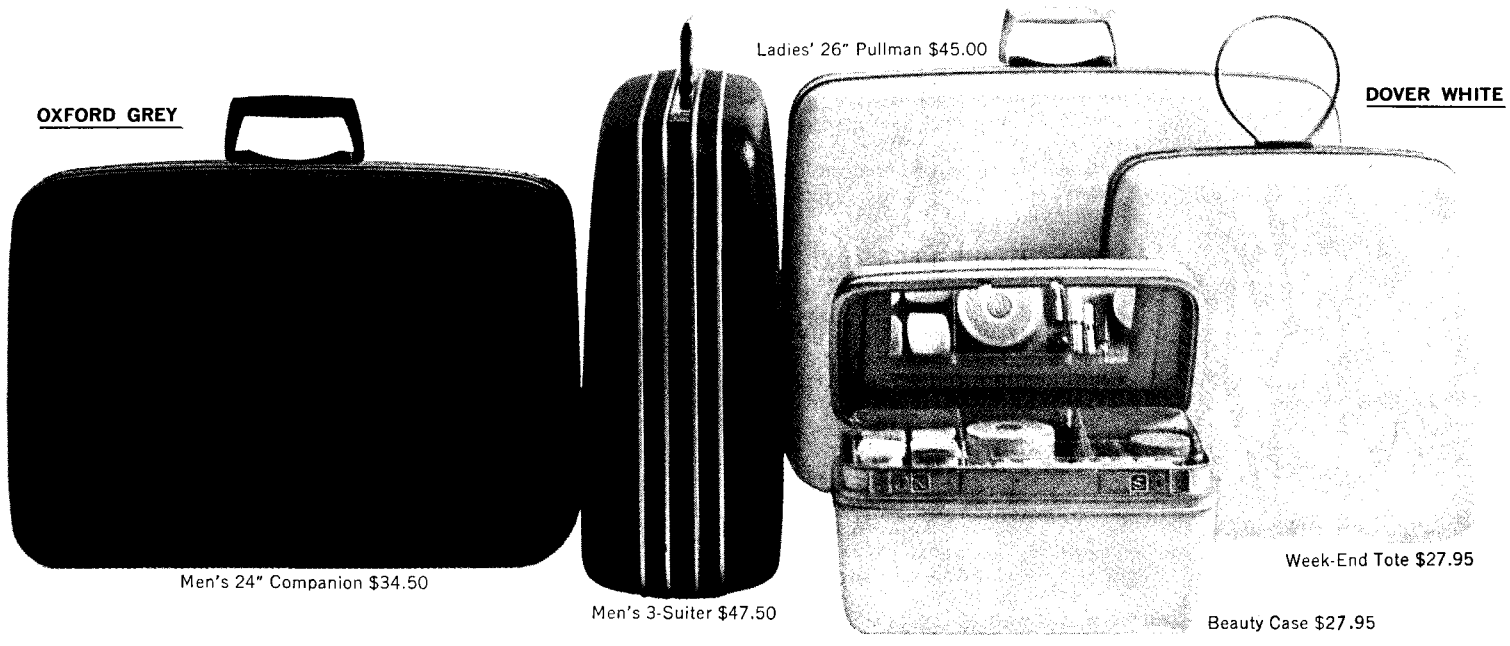

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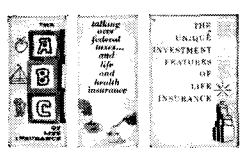

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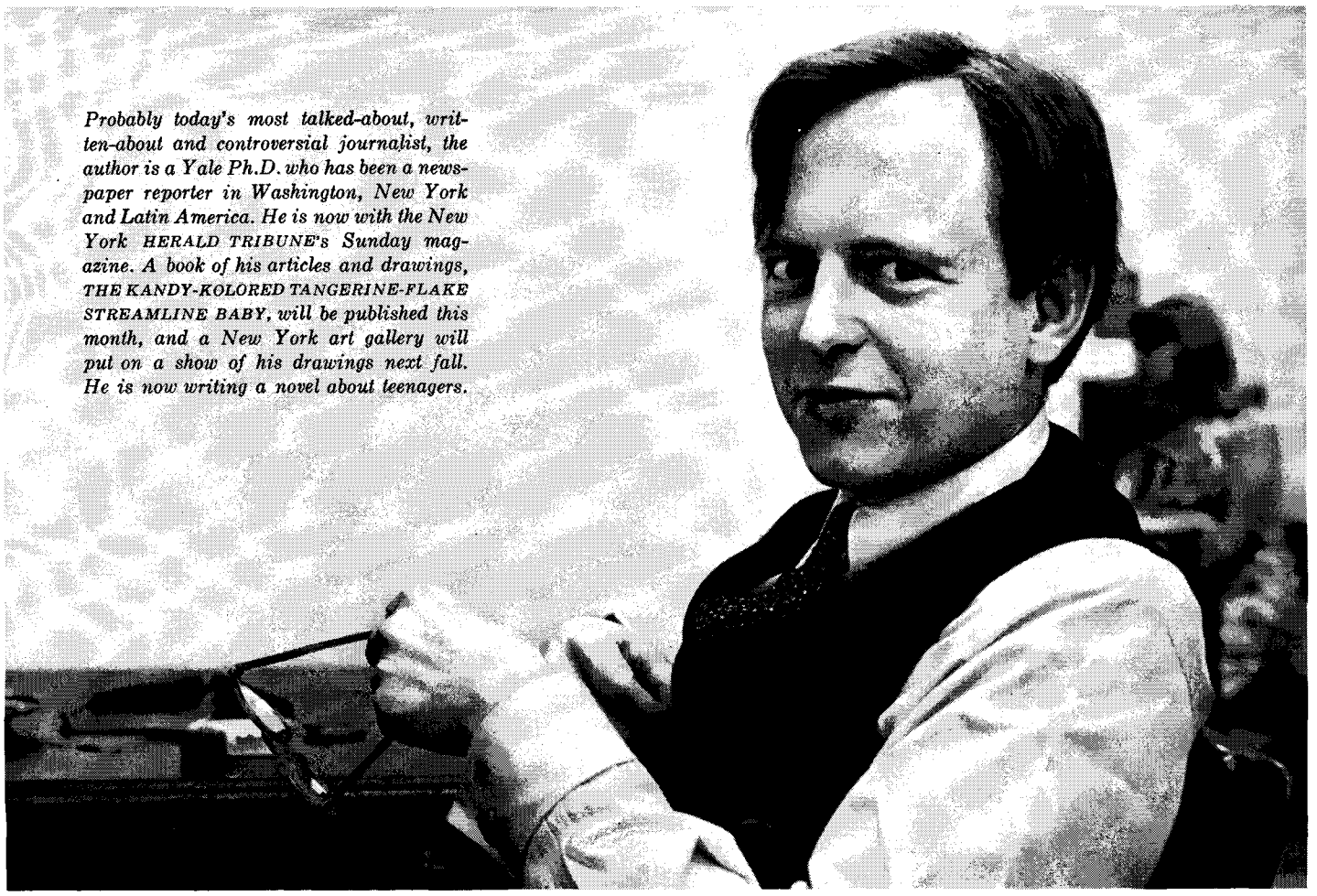

Probably today's most talked-about, written-about and controversial journalist, the author is a Yale Ph.D. who has been a newspaper reporter in Washington, New York and Latin America. He is now with the New York HERALD TRIBUNE's Sunday magazine. A book of his articles and drawings, THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY, will be published this month, and a New York art gallery will put on a show of his drawings next fall. He is now writing a novel about teenagers.

Speaking Out

DOWN WITH SIN!

By TOM WOLFE

The need for a denunciation of sin occurred to me the other day when I read a remark by some young movie star, I forget his name, in defense of Doris Day. He had made a picture with Doris Day, and he felt it was time somebody *came to the defense of that girl.* He said, "You know, Doris is not the nice, sweet, wholesome, Mom's pie, All-American girl everybody makes her out to be. Actually, she is *quite a gal!*"

A little later I was over talking to the people at a TV panel show and they showed me a big board with the topics of prospective shows pinned up all over it. One of the topics was "Adultery—For and Against." One of the TV people told me, "We're having a problem with that one. We have some terrific people lined up to talk in favor of it, Norman Mailer and a lot of terrific people, but we haven't got anybody against."

I don't imagine there are more than two or three people in New York today—a couple of old Presbyterian preachers, maybe, but none of the younger ones—not more than two or three people in the whole town who would take a public stand against Adultery. I don't ever recall meeting a girl, over the last 10 years anyway, who would not be acutely embarrassed by any insinuation that she did not have as flaming a libido as the next girl. One of the worst insults kicking around today is any word that means, in effect, "wholesome." You are a wholesome person. How would you like to be called that?

Meantime, in the women's colleges, from Vassar, Smith and Radcliffe on down, there is a whole generation of young buds with pre-Raphaelite hairdos and black-muslin stockings who worship Guitar Players and Smoking Pot. This is damned hard on all the guys who planned to grow up and wear hard-finished worsteds and go to Wall Street and take over the country and get the best girls. Today the girls all talk about going down to the Village and having affairs with coffeehouse pothead poets, and all the right guys can say is, "Aw, gee." This annoys me, too, because when you make polite conversation with these girls, and you can't tell them about pot or where to get any, you are not considered a serious person.

So what this story is against, actually, is not sin exactly, but the Sin Cult. I would like to put forth the thesis that if you want to sin, sin; but don't make so much noise about it.

There is a great fascination with evil today. There always has been, but today it takes a funny form. People go around serving notice in one way or another, that, Wow, you may not know it, but I'm a fairly evil person. This is an intriguing frame of mind. What the person is usually saying is, I am not a timid bourgeois. The unspoken premise is that the timid bourgeois does not dare to hang in there with girls with no makeup and long, straight hair in walk-up flats on East Sixth Street or hand around the pot pipe in drawing rooms with McIntire moldings or drive black XKE's with nubile bimbos with silk scarves on their heads. It is an obsolete premise. The truth is, the bourgeoisie is taking over sin. There has got to be some other way out to avoid the terrible stigma of being bourgeois.

I keep thinking about those poor college girls author Gael Greene interviewed to do her book, *Sex and the College Girl.* They were acutely aware what they ought to be doing, but they didn't quite know how to arrange for the whole thing yet. The sofa at the dormitory wasn't very private, and the turkey-necked night manager with gummy sleepers in his eye at the motel down the highway always made them blush when they drove up with Mr. Wonderful. They could hardly go around asking the other girls, because then they'd know the awful truth. You know? These girls end up crying and saying, I'm the only virgin in Harkney Hall East.

Somehow it all recalls a famous line from Jimmy Walker, the erstwhile mayor of New York. Jimmy Walker said, "I never heard of a girl who was seduced by a book." He said that because some censorship issue had come up. People still quote it today on the subject of pornography. The fact is, I haven't met more than six college girls over the past 10 years who *weren't* undone by a book. Yes. It is a known fact that only six girls east of the Ohio River watershed have survived the junior-year seminar on contemporary literature. They get in there with Lady Brett and all those Hemingway bullfighters and—pow!—half the young bulls from Haverford, Pa., to Bowdoin, Me., have the whole molten case already won for them.

Meanwhile, men are not just lollygagging around the Union Club library, either, and they're not only wacked-out, but tough. In fact, the evil that seems to fascinate men most today is violence. A lot of men today have a kind of hairy sentimentality about violence that is somewhat like the girls and Lady Brett. There is a lot of talk currently about how the Mafiosi are moving into big business, Wall Street and everything. I don't know if they are or they aren't. All I know is that a lot of big-business types are ready to invite them into the club car for a couple. It seems to be a way of feeling like you're not a timid bourgeois playing it safe and cozy in a safe and cozy world, after all.

I am at a cocktail party given by an accountant from Downtown, and one of his friends, a Downtown lawyer, tells me in the old confidential tone, "You see that guy over there? That's *Bongo!*"

Bongo?

"Yeah. That guy standing right there is a professional killer. He gets twelve hundred dollars a hit."

A hit?

"That's right. And he doesn't care who it is, either. It's strictly business."

What's he doing here?

"Oh, I've known Bongo for almost a year. I ran into him at a party. You talk to a guy like that and—he's a different kind of person. You know what I mean? A different *breed.* None of the old baloney. You know—God!—some days you're talking to people, you're talking all day, and then at the end of the day you suddenly realize it's all been pure baloney. With Bongo it's no baloney. It's all—pow!—right there. He's a really interesting guy."

Five minutes later another guy, the secretary of a large furniture corporation, comes up to me and rocks back on his heels and sucks his eyes in and says, "You see that guy over there? That's a guy I know named Bongo. Twenty-two hundred dollars, and ——"

I know a guy who can get him for you for twelve beans, I tell him. He doesn't get it.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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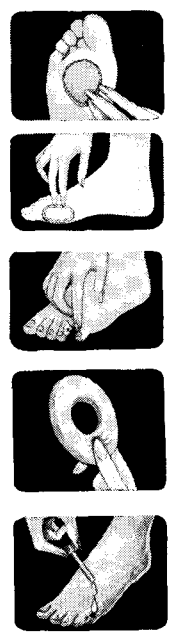

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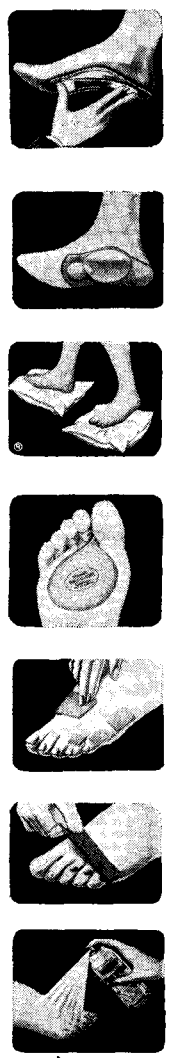

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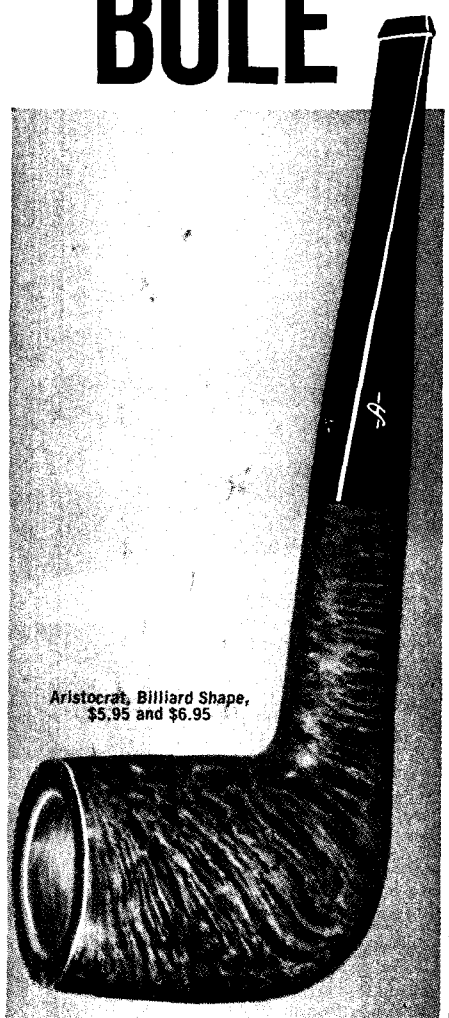

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By the makers of KAYWOODIE

But—marvelous!—a new kind of guest of honor! Another is a jewel thief; he is a celebrity at all the parties. He stands around with his lips set like a pair of bean curds, and everybody says, You see that guy over there? . . . Hell, there is a Manhattan cabaret that is known as "a Mafia hangout," and good business burghers come there to ogle the *banditti* the way they used to go for Showbiz Biggies at the Stork Club.

Give us no more of those herringbone worsted niceys who sit around with their backs hunched over a glass-top desk making money and kicking in to the charity drive. No! Give us Bad Biggies! Give us Jack Palance, with black britches on, alone, on a black horse. Give us . . . Ralph!

I can still see Ralph, a young Wall Street investment banker I know, sitting in his apartment clutching a copy of *Being and Nothingness* as if it were some kind of live sponge. *Being and Nothingness* is Jean-Paul Sartre's heavyweight presentation of Existentialism, and usually it sits around on the shelf along with other fashionable fatties of the world of Culture. Ralph had been a great football star for one of the great Ivy League universities. He has a great job, for someone his age, in a Wall Street bank. His parents have piles of money and social credentials. He is a great-looking guy, about six feet four, and he never broke his nose. He has a great apartment with ceilings about 15 feet high and casement windows looking out on what is known in New York classified ads as a "tree-lined block."

With all these things going for him—Santa Barranza!—here was old Ralph holding this copy of *Being and Nothingness* like a live sponge. He kept staring at the pages and wrapping his eyebrows around the bridge of his nose and squinting at the pages as if the sun were too bright. I also noticed he had on a pair of those elaborate thongy sandals you get in Greenwich Village. Real bad news. All around him on the table by the chair was material from the Metropolitan Museum of Art home-study art course, the kind that shows you how Picasso is really like Vermeer, if you really know how to analyze it. There were also copies of books by people like Jean Genêt, Céline, John Hawkes, William Burroughs, William Gaddis, Alexander Trocchi, the whole ball club. Old Ralph was writhing around amid this little Culture sideshow in an agitated frame of mind.

We got to talking, and at first Ralph was telling me enthusiastically about blood symbolism in Céline and how, you know, Picasso is really just like this old Vermeer—then he broke down and leveled with me. He was in this bind because his girl, Paula, said he wasn't "exciting" enough.

"Exciting?" I said. "Didn't you tell her you were captain of your team?"

A look rolled down Ralph's face like a broken Venetian blind.

"Aw, don't make me laugh," said Ralph, not laughing. "Anyway, I wasn't captain. I could have been if I wanted—but aw, hell, that's just a *joke* to her. She said I wasn't exciting—you know—so I said to myself, well, damn it. You know what I mean? The first thing I did was, I stopped wearing garters with my socks, and I took the fob off my pocket watch."

"How did you make out?"

"She said my socks looked droopy."

The next thing Ralph tried was growing his hair long. But the trouble is, he has this *tweedy* hair. That was a much-admired quality back at the college. It was considered sturdy-aristocratic and "white shoe" and everything. But to Paula it just looked like Boring Ivy League Wall Street. And it was no use trying to make it grow longer; it wouldn't get longer. It just kept piling up *tweedier*, just as if there were a group of little Highland crofters up there. So then Ralph had the sandals made—Ralph, the pride of the backfield, walking around in thongy sandals like Robert Graves going out to his grove in Majorca to pick a mango for breakfast.

"Do you know what Paula told me?" he said. "She told me she wants to have 'a swinging affair.' She actually used those words, 'a swinging affair.' She doesn't even like this apartment. It's 'too grand.' That's another word she uses quite a lot, 'too grand.'"

"Why do you put up with this?"

"Man, like I'm in love with Paula!"

Man, he says. *Like*. Then the Venetian blind rolls down again.

"'Ralph,' she says to me, 'you don't make me feel—you know, *evil*. With you it's like hubby.'"

So this man, whose natural legacy is only to run the country or something, turns back to *Being and Nothingness* and gets those eyebrows wrapped around the nose and ——

Santa Barranza! I want to help all these people! I want to give all these people a friendly clap on the back and say buck up. I want to tell Doris Day—although I don't really think she's worried—I want to tell her, Look, it's all right, you can look like a nice, sweet, All-American girl, and somehow the guys, even movie stars, are *still* going to go for you. I want to tell all the TV panelists and Presbyterian preachers they can come out against Adultery or any other sin when the spirit moves them, and nobody is going to look down on them. That isn't true, of course, but I think it would be reassuring to tell them that. I want to tell a whole generation of college girls that they can mingle with the man of their choice, with or without pot, in complete privacy at night and be nothing but nice clean Cashmere Babies by day and nobody is going to look down the nose at them with the look that curdles. Of course, they're in trouble if they try that—but somebody at least ought to put the idea in their heads. I want to tell American men of all ages that they can get in there and grow their hair short and make a lot of money and join the kind of clubs that have libraries with rolling stepladders in them and run the country—and still get a good zonked-out girl with feather-boa eyelashes. Fat chance, but we've got to start somewhere. Mainly, though, I am just trying to encourage all these people to stop beating me over the head with their Wickedness like a pig bladder. I'll even settle for a little hypocrisy, if that's what it takes to ease their strain a little. Relax! I want to say. It's not even Sin anymore. It's a cliché. It's a bourgeois convention. It's a ——

Well, anyway, what is needed is some kind of suicidal Castro to raise the banner and come out against the Sin Fad. If it will help at all, I am willing to do that. It is a shocking position, but I will come out now, flatly, against Sin. Right now!

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Tom Wolfe

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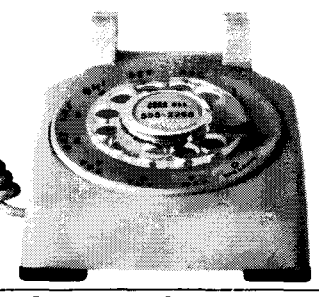

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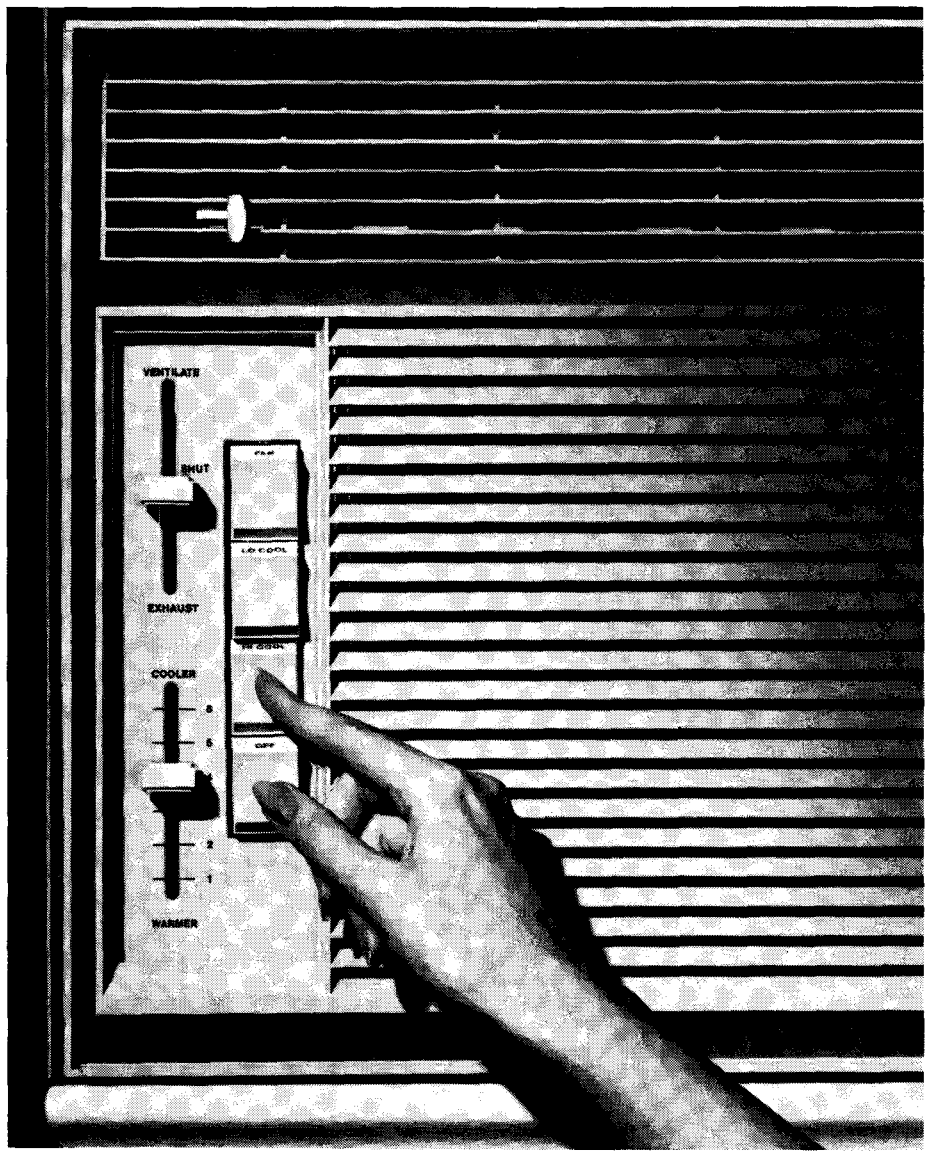

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L.B.J.'s foreign policy—manner and matter

WASHINGTON:

"The real danger," Lyndon Johnson once told this reporter, "is that the other side is going to underestimate us—it's happened before. The danger is that they'll think we're fat and fifty . . . just the country-club crowd." Then he told a story to illustrate his point.

It was the story of two of Lyndon Johnson's classmates in public school in Johnson City, Tex., the school bully and his chosen victim. The bully would follow the other boy home, "slapping and kicking him." Then one day the bully's victim "decided he'd had enough.

"He turned on the bully on the road from school, and he got him down, and he began to hit his head on the concrete till his brains almost spilled out. The bully was very different after that. But the chances are that he'd never have bullied this boy in the first place if he'd known what was going to happen."

Lyndon Johnson told the story years before he assumed the awful responsibilities of the presidency. But his words still tell a lot about the matter and the manner, the reality and the style, of President Johnson's foreign policy.

The basic assumption, on which Johnson's whole approach to foreign-policy decisions rests, is very simple—and also, if history is any judge, entirely correct. It is that bullies must be forewarned; that to appease a determined adversary, and thus invite "the other side" to "underestimate us," invites disaster. Lyndon Johnson is a product of his times. He was a young congressman when Adolf Hitler was the bully of all Europe, and he saw then to what catastrophes a policy of appeasement leads.

Lyndon Johnson is also the product of his environment. In the Texas of Johnson's boyhood, patriotism was a most uncomplicated emotion. This is why the President sometimes sounds as though he were the mayor of Johnson City addressing a Fourth of July picnic: "I have seen the sunrise on Mont Blanc, but the most beautiful vision these eyes ever beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land."

The word "naïve" is the last word most people who know him would apply to Lyndon Johnson. But the Johnson style sometimes makes him *sound* naïve, especially to foreigners—and naïve, moreover, in a Kiplingesque, turn-of-the-century, here-come-the-Marines manner: "Where American citizens go, that flag goes with them to protect them."

Finally, Lyndon Johnson is a product of his genes. He is what he is—an immensely proud man and a very emotional one. He detests, in his pride, even the appearance of weakness: "They actually thought pressure on an American President would get so great that he'd pull out of Vietnam. They don't know the President of the U.S."

His emotion is as real as his pride. When there is a mission over North Vietnam, he tells visitors, he often stays awake until the early hours of the morning. "And when a plane is missing, I don't think of that million-dollar plane, I think of the man's children and his wife, and how I've got to find the words to tell them." (The President often writes a personal note to the wives of men killed in combat.)

The President's pride and emotion, and his extremely personal style, often obscure and complicate the underlying reality of the Johnson foreign policy—his conviction that bullies must be dealt with firmly. The President is so deeply convinced of the righteousness of his cause that criticism from any source seems to him not just wrong but wicked. Because this is so, his conduct of foreign policy sometimes seems heavy-handed, as in his abrupt postponement of the invitations to Pakistan's Ayub and India's Shastri, both critics of his policy in Vietnam.

His passionate desire to convince *everyone* of the righteousness of his cause also gives his conduct of foreign policy a frenetic look, as when he appeared six times in two weeks on television, in the first part of the Dominican crisis. During that period he had almost innumerable background sessions with the White House reporters. Again and again he would pull out of his pocket a much-thumbed letter from former President Eisenhower, and read two sentences to the reporters with grave emphasis: "If there is anyone who opposes the President in his conduct of foreign affairs, he should send his views on a confidential basis to the Administration. None of us should try to divide the support that citizens owe to the Head of State in critical international situations."

If these words mean anything, they mean that if Walter Lippmann, say, or the editors of *The New York Times* oppose some aspect of the President's foreign policy, they should write him a letter marked CONFIDENTIAL, but on no account air their views in print. Surely this new Eisenhower doctrine is a dangerous doctrine in a free society, but the President seems to subscribe to it wholeheartedly.

A President who believes—or even seems to believe—that a President's foreign policy should be immune to criticism or debate can hardly avoid trouble with the press. "He can't seem to get it through his head," says one reporter who covers him regularly, "that the press isn't an arm of the American Government."

Other reporters claim that the President has in fact attempted to use the press as an arm of the American Government. They say, for example, that in order to increase his bargaining power in Southeast Asia, he has encouraged stories, later denied, of plans to step up the Vietnamese war. Three mutually contradictory stories on Vietnam policy, which appeared in succession in four days in the august *New York Times*, are cited as examples.

The President is a man who instinctively wants to manage everything. But the press in the end always proves unmanageable, just because the news is unmanageable. The news is unmanageable, in turn, partly because what happens abroad cannot be managed—in foreign affairs a President, even a very powerful one, is inevitably a prisoner of circumstances. The President's inability to manage foreign affairs, and what is written about his conduct of foreign affairs, frustrates and angers him, and these emotions show through.

For all these reasons, the manner of President Johnson's conduct of foreign policy too often seems frenetic, or heavy-handed, or even naïve. Lyndon Johnson is in fact a most prudent and longheaded man, but especially abroad he is increasingly portrayed as an impulsive practitioner of two-gun, or *High Noon*, diplomacy. Thus the manner obscures the matter, the style, the reality. The heart of the matter is President Johnson's passionate determination to deal with "the real danger"—to disabuse "the other side" of any notion that the United States is "fat and fifty, just the country-club crowd." In this respect, surely, the President is eternally right.

Stewart Alsop

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CONFESSIONS OF A PUN ADDICT

By JOHN SKOW

Look, it's nothing to be ashamed of," the doctor had said. "Pun-making is not a vice, it's a disease. We're going to make you well."

I had been off the habit for six weeks, and self-respect was a wonderful adventure. My children said hello to me, and I was able to look myself in the eye when I shaved. (Although this was dangerous. My children came into the bathroom once, as I was shaving while looking myself in the eye, and told me I had cut my ear.) But I was cocky. I mistook convalescence for recovery. The crack-up came on our first night out since my illness. My wife and I had been invited to dinner with some close friends, and our host had mixed Martinis. Liquor is not my trouble; I can handle it as well as the next man, which is to say it makes me surly and incoherent and gives me headaches. But as our host raised his glass, he said, with boozy inappropriateness, "Here's champagne to real friends and real pain to sham friends."

My hands shook. For an addicted pun degenerate, this was the test. Could I listen to my jackanapes of a host repeat ancient wordplays without giving in? My deterioration had progressed beyond the stage at which I could have indulged in a little social pun-making and then stopped. The idiot was still blathering: " . . . so I went to the doctor for immunization shots, and he said they wouldn't hurt a bit. But as it turned out ——" he interrupted himself to laugh, heh-heh-heh —— "as it turned out, it was just an M.D. promise."

Now everyone was laughing. I felt dizzy. Resolution slipped off my shoulders like a 60-pound pack, and I seemed to float as I rose to my feet and coughed to get attention. "By the way," I said, avoiding my wife's eye, "did anyone realize that the animal kingdom is divided into two classes?"

"We're thinking of repapering the house," my wife said hurriedly.

"Imagine that," said one of the other wives, who was aware of my affliction.

"That's right," I said loudly. "The animal kingdom is divided into two classes, the aardvarks and—" (pause for emphasis) "—the aaren'tvarks."

The room was silent. People looked at their fingernails. I was past caring; unable to stop. "Which reminds me of the musician who played Prokofiev so badly that it sounded like amateurkofiev." Someone coughed nervously. I lurched across the room and slapped my hostess on the back. "Don't be so lethargic," I told her, my speech beginning to slur. "What we need around here is more argy, not leth."

My wife was at the phone, dialing. "He's off again, Joe. You'd better come over. Bring Harry."

Joe and Harry were members of Logopsychics Monotonous, an organization of reformed pun-makers whose meetings I had attended. Joe had lost his job with an advertising agency when he had referred to his colleagues, in the presence of a client, as "peons of praise." Harry's life had been particularly tragic; his fiancée, also a pun-maker, had jilted him at the door of a Chinese restaurant, walking out of his life with the observation that "parting is such sweet and sour."

When Joe and Harry arrived, the dinner guests were crouching behind a sofa. I stood in the middle of the room, flecks of foam on my lips. "Perhaps some of you don't like puns," I said. "Well, as they told the surgeon who wanted to take out his own appendix, 'Suture self.'" The guests looked nervously at one another.

"Come on, old boy," said Joe, grabbing my coat sleeve.

"Just one more," I yelled, hooking my leg around a coffee table. "Ask me whether I like Turkish candy."

Joe looked at my wife and shrugged. "One more won't hurt him, I guess." He took a deep breath. "Do you like Turkish candy?" he asked.

"Not a halvah lot," I said weakly. Then everything went black.

When I awakened I was at home, strapped in bed. "I spoke with his doctor," Joe was saying to my wife. "We're going to start him off slowly. Read to him. I'll send you some *New York Times* editorials on labor relations in Laos, and a few old Jack Paar transcripts. Nothing funny at first. Then we start on Eisenhower press conferences, Arthur Krock columns and DEAR ABBY. After a few weeks show him the dust jacket of a book of Bennett Cerf's puns. If he reaches for it, read him some more *Times* editorials. If he doesn't, ask him whether he likes Turkish candy." Joe smiled briefly. "You're a brave woman."

Gradually she nursed me back to health. She read aloud 16 hours a day, pausing only to nibble hardtack. From *The Times* there were editorials deep enough to require scuba equipment, and long, nourishing columns of agate type reporting British soccer results. In a pile of old *New Yorkers* she found childhood memoirs by no less than 23 different Punjabis. From somewhere she came up with an anthology of Academy Award acceptance speeches.

One day the doctor unstrapped my wrists. "He'll be all right now. He had a *tic humorosa* in the sector of the brain that controls good taste. Fortunately we have been able to paralyze this sector." He turned to my wife. "Has the treatment made him morose?"

"Why no," she said. "As a matter of fact he seems less ose." She smiled waspishly.

"I was afraid of this," the doctor muttered to me. "How long has she been doing it?"

"Well, yesterday I said she looked tired, and she said, 'I'm not fatigued, only thin-teagued.'"

He looked shaken. "Great Scott, she's in worse shape than you were."

"And then there are her number puns. Eleven-dency for an especially strong tendency. Also, she talks about illusions and healthy-usions."

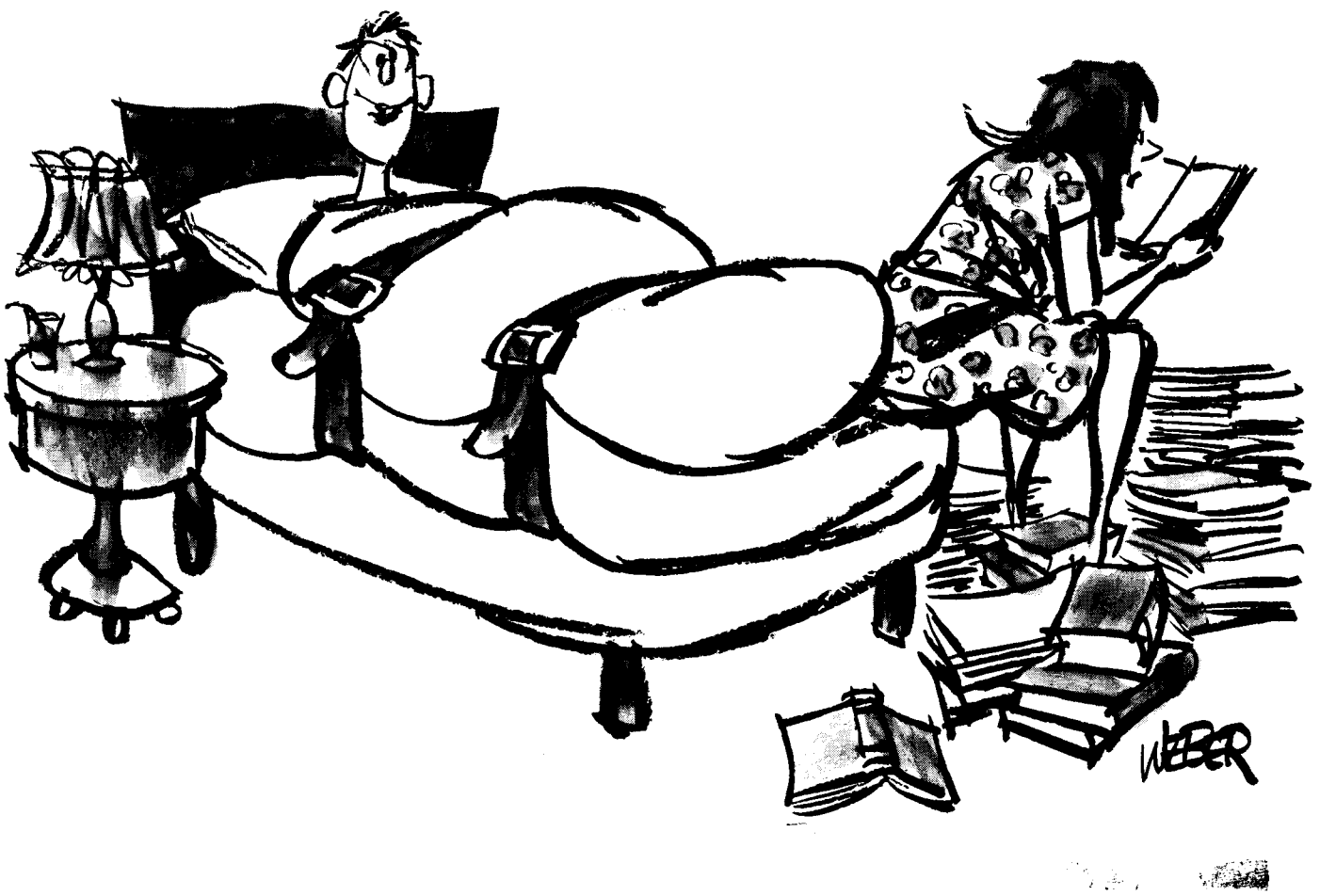
The doctor instructed me in shock treatment. I was to read junk mail to her for a month, then start on fund-raising appeals from her college.

"Dear friend," I began reading. My wife turned her face away. "Listen," I said. "You have to *want* to get well."

"All right, I'll try. I'll face the future with fortitude. Or, allowing for occasional fits of faintheartedness, with the next thing to fortitude."

"You mean. . . ?"

"With three-and-a-half-titude." □



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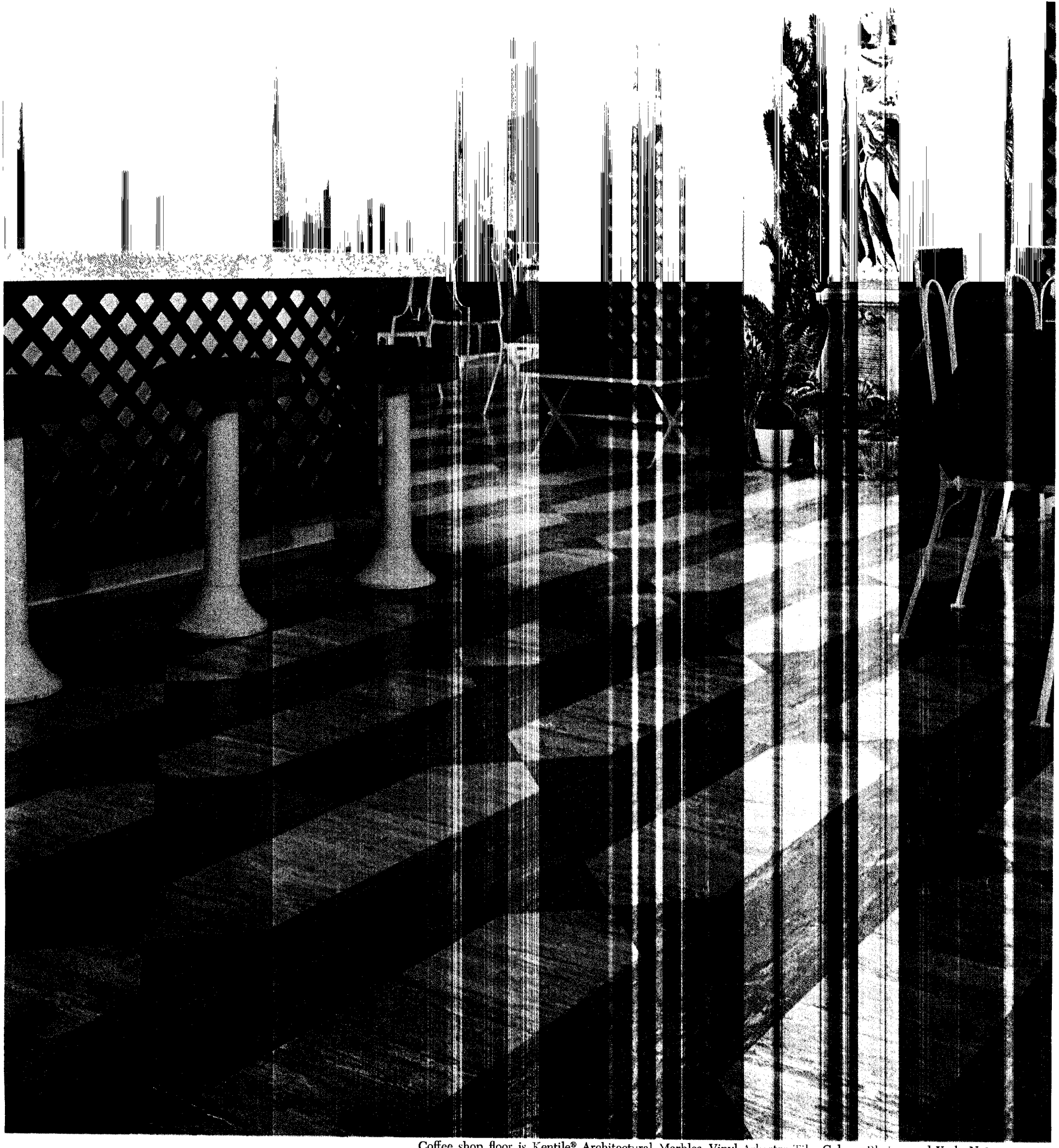

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POST

By BILL DAVIDSON

Ordeal of a Hoffa victim

Three years ago Sam Baron won fame for standing up to Hoffa, but few people know the terrible price he has paid for defying the Teamster tyrant.

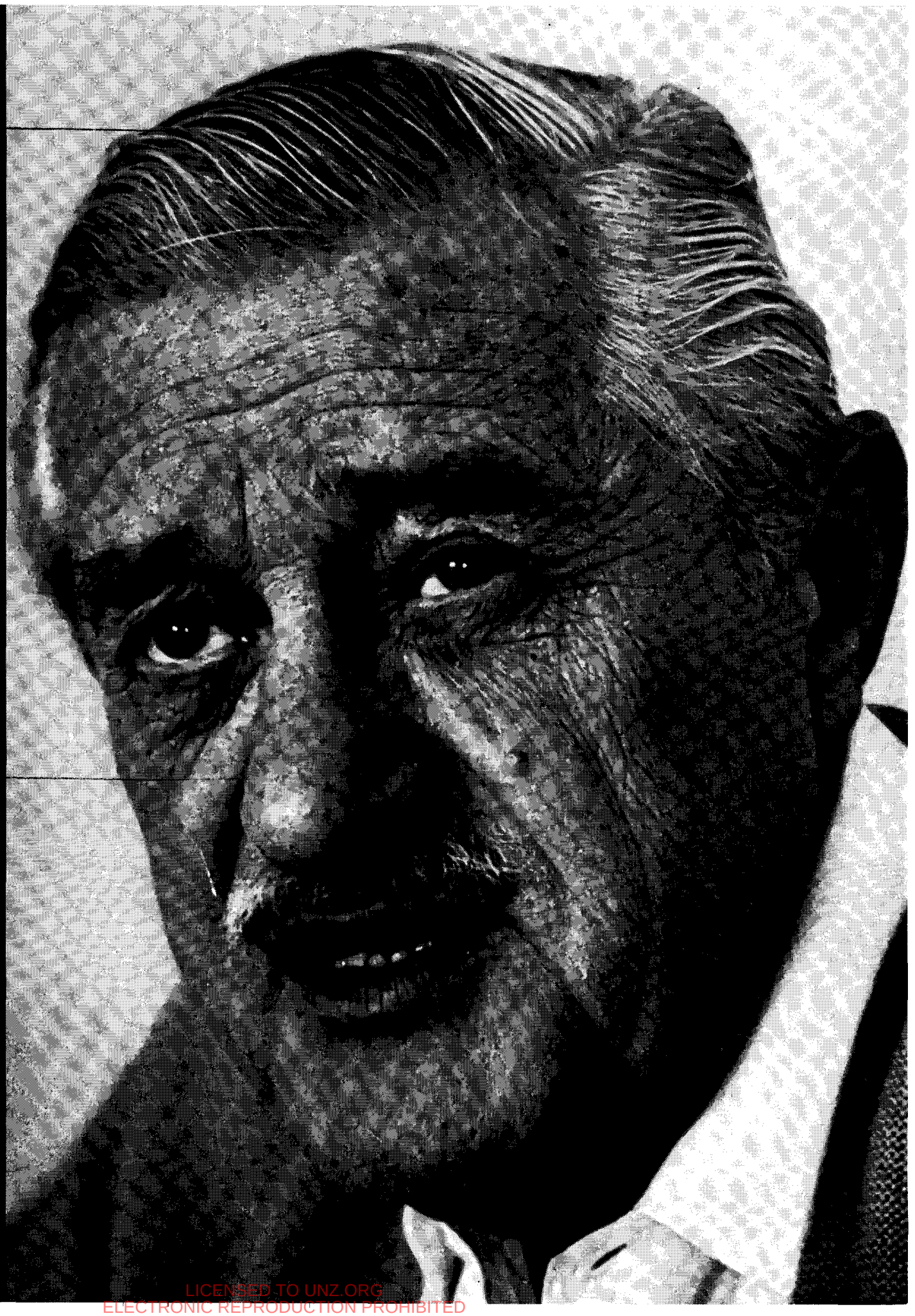
Sam Baron was half dozing in front of his television set one night a few months ago when the sound of his own name on the 11 P.M. newscast brought him suddenly awake. On the screen he saw Sen. Robert Kennedy being interrogated by Bernard Fensterwald Jr., chief counsel of an investigating subcommittee of the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee. And Fensterwald had just referred to Baron as "what would normally be described as a 'fink.'"

"Normally described as what?" Kennedy asked.

"Fink. F-i-n-k," Fensterwald said, elaborately spelling out the word. "A stool pigeon. Does that word strike a chord?"

"I thought," the former U.S. Attorney General answered stiffly, "that [Baron] was a citizen who was reporting information and evidence in connection with illegal activities."

When this exchange ended, Baron rose and snapped off the set. He stood for a moment in his little Montreal apartment, staring ashen-faced at the blank screen. "Fink" is the ugliest epithet in the vocabulary of trade-unionism, and Baron had been a union official for almost 40 of his 62 years. Then he shrugged and slumped back in his chair. This was nothing new— only the latest in a series of indignities he had suffered since tangling with



Despite all he has suffered, Baron has never lost his self-respect or his firm dedication to the labor movement.

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No one would hire him: 'I'm sorry, but you

Baron now leads the lonely life of an exile in Montreal, Canada, hounded out of the U. S. because of his fight with Hoffa. Formerly a high union official, he now works for a public-relations company.

James R. Hoffa, President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, nearly three years before.

Baron's mind flashed back to May17, 1962. It was about 9 A.M. that day when he reached his office in the plush marble Teamster headquarters in Washington, D.C. As field director of the Teamsters Warehouse Division, he had a 9:30 meeting with other Teamster officials and an executive of a large furniture-manufacturing company in the boardroom, next to Hoffa's suite of offices. Hoffa saw him arrive and roared, "Hey, Baron, I want to see you."

The events of the next few minutes are in dispute. "I walked into his office," Baron says, "and right away I knew that a storm was coming up. Hoffa's face was purple with rage. He kept yelling, 'What the —— do you do around here? If you don't know what the —— you're doing, why don't you say so?' This kept up for about three or four minutes. When he stopped, I said, 'I'll send you a report.' I walked out, through his secretary's office, to the conference room. Suddenly he was running after me, with his fists clenched. 'Why the —— don't you admit it if you don't know what the —— you're doing?' he screamed again. I turned around and said, 'But, Jimmy, I *do* know what I'm doing.'

"Hoffa roared, '*Nobody* talks back to me,' and the next thing I knew I was down. He had swung and hit me under the left eye. I said, 'You bum, you *would* use muscle.' I got up and he hit me again, cutting me over the right eye. When I got up this time, my back was turned toward him. He grabbed me and knocked me sprawling over a chair. By now the eight or nine men in the room had hold of him. He was trying to twist away from them, and he was yelling like a madman. I struggled to my feet and ran out of the room."

When a reporter later asked the muscular, 190-pound Hoffa for his version of his altercation with the slightly built, 156-pound grandfather, it proved to be somewhat different. Baron had come in drunk that morning, Hoffa said, and he had told the older man that he'd be fired if it happened again. Baron had then walked to the conference room, mumbling incoherently, and when Hoffa entered the conference room shortly thereafter, Baron had come from behind the door and taken a swing at the Teamster president. In view of Baron's age, Hoffa explained, he had simply pushed his assailant away from him. Baron had stumbled over a chair and fallen.

The reporter asked, "Are you saying that he got a cut over his right eye, a blackened left eye, and bruises on his face and legs simply by stumbling over a chair?" and Hoffa replied, "Yes, I am, because that's what happened."

Baron filed a criminal complaint of assault against Hoffa in municipal court in the District of Columbia, and the Teamster boss was arrested and released on bail. "I don't think Hoffa realized at first how serious this case was for him," Baron says. "If I pressed the charge and he was convicted, he would be barred from office under the Landrum-Griffin Act."

Presumably, Teamster lawyers pointed this out to Hoffa. In any case, Baron was promptly put under two kinds of pressure. "I was phoned or visited by every friend I had in the union leadership," he says, "and they all urged me to withdraw my assault charge against Hoffa. I was offered everything under the sun, from a $30,000 pension for life to an easy job in California, until I was ready to retire. And at the same time, my wife, Bea, and I started to get phone calls at all hours of the day and night. One of us would answer, and we'd just hear someone breathing heavily into the phone, or a voice would say something like, 'What size coffin do you want?' or 'We're going to get you, rat.' Bea, who had hysterics when she heard about my getting beaten up, became more and more tense and panicky. Finally I had to ask for a federal marshal to be with us at all times to protect us."

The Hoffa assault case never went to trial. The furniture-company executive who had been in the conference room testified in a pretrial deposition taken by the U.S. prosecutor that Baron had been completely sober that morning. So did Mary Lothrop, a waitress who had served Baron his breakfast, and Baron's secretary, Virginia Lewis. But, as far as any slugging was concerned, the eight Teamsters who had been present testified that they "didn't see no Hoffa hit no Baron," as one of them put it. Even the frightened furniture-company executive testified that, although he had heard a scuffle, he had seen nothing. "For lack of a supporting witness," Baron says, "I withdrew my charges and the case was dropped."

The threatening phone calls to Baron's home stopped, but purgatory of another sort immediately began for Baron and his wife. "For weeks," says Baron, "I was in a kind of limbo. I wasn't working for the Teamsters anymore—no one would say I had been fired, but I wasn't getting paid, not even for my last month's work, and I was soon broke. I tried desperately to get the money that I had coming to me from the Teamsters' pension fund. But the trustees of the fund—Hoffa and two others—were blocking its release. On July 30, two and a half months after the beating, I got a letter notifying me of my termination of employment and enclosing a check for my last month's salary and accrued vacation pay—but still no release of my pension money."

In August the screws began to tighten further. "I had had to borrow about $11,000 from a bank," says Baron. "It was a branch of the big Washington bank where I had opened a million-dollar account for the Warehouse Division of the Teamsters, and the people there had been grateful and always treated me with great respect. I

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know we have to deal with the Teamsters.'

had made personal loans from the bank before, and there never had been any trouble. It was all friendliness and 'Anything we can do for you, Mr. Baron.' Then suddenly I got an icy letter demanding repayment on the entire $11,000, even though the loan was secured by my vested rights in the pension fund, which was worth much more than that. I had to go to another bank and beg them for money to pay off the first loan. Later I heard from people at the first bank that there had been Teamster pressure to call my loan."

Similar pressure developed in other unexpected areas. For example, Baron says, "One day I received notice that my auto insurance was being canceled. My agent, a personal friend, tried to find out why, since I had not had an accident with my car in more than twelve years. At first he got nothing but double-talk, but finally one man told him, off the record, 'Look, give us a break. We do a lot of business with the Teamsters.' My agent got me a policy with another insurance company, but a few weeks later the same thing happened. Another unexplained notice of cancellation. I ended up having to drive my car without *any* insurance until I left the country and went to Canada."

After holding out until September, 1962, the trustees of the Teamster pension fund finally released Baron's share, nearly all of which went to paying off debts and on medical expenses for his wife and himself. Bea was now seriously disturbed, and the months of threats and tension had given Baron diverticulitis, an ulcerlike disease which finally became so acute that it required intestinal surgery. After the operation, the couple went to Florida to rest and recuperate. Baron's condition improved; his wife's did not. "Twice," says Baron, "there were shootings outside our apartment, neither one connected with me or the Teamsters, but each time Bea thought Hoffa had sent someone to get me, and went into a panic. She got hysterical every time I left the apartment to visit friends downtown. Every time I went out the door, she thought that she would never see me alive again."

During the six months he was in Florida, Baron tried repeatedly to get himself another job in the labor movement. "I'd go to see giants of the trade unions," he says, "men I had fought beside in the old battles against industry goons and Communist infiltrators. They all were cordial, but the subject of a job for me never came up. I can't blame them. They didn't want to inherit my troubles, and there isn't a union that doesn't have to deal with the Teamsters."

Strangely enough, Baron's greatest satisfaction during these months came from his occasional chance meetings with Teamster lawyers and officials.

He once met a group of Hoffa's lawyers at the jai alai matches, and they invited him to sit with them. The lawyers were openly and defiantly sympathetic. "Just before the matches began," Baron says, "all the jai alai players paraded in front of the stands, raised their right arms and saluted the audience. One of the lawyers said, 'That's us, walking into Hoffa's office and saluting Caesar.' The bums and the musclemen I sometimes ran into were friendly too. Most of them are practically illiterate, and I had always helped them out when they had to turn in written reports. They still appreciate that. And, with their peculiar code of honor, they were never able to forgive Hoffa for using his fists on me. One of them told me once, 'I ain't got no respect for that Hoffa no more, Baron. Why did he have to use muscle on an old guy like you?'"

Baron and his wife left Florida in the spring of 1963 and moved to New York, where he continued to look for a job in the labor movement, again without success. Next, he went to see several of the people in industry who had come to respect his talents as a negotiator during the years they had faced him across the union-management bargaining table. Several times he was on the verge of being hired in some executive capacity, but it would always end with one of the company officer's saying to him, "Sam, I'm sorry, but you know we've got to deal with the Teamsters and. . . ." To save the man embarrassment, Baron would break in with, "Thanks, anyway. I understand."

Finally, in January, 1964, Baron decided that if he was ever to escape the long arm of Jimmy Hoffa, he would have to leave the country. For nine years, from 1944 to 1953, he had worked in Canada—for the Textile Workers Union of America (C.I.O.) and later for the United Textile Workers of America (A.F.L.), also serving as the only American officer on the Canadian Congress of Labor (the equivalent of our A.F.L.–C.I.O.). He considered Canada his second home; he and Bea had been very happy there. "It was as good a place as I could think of for my exile," he says, "and 'exile' is the only way to describe it. I knew I'd be safe there, and Bea could have some peace of mind. The Canadian labor movement is amazingly free of racketeering and muscle and corruption—even the Teamster locals. A Canadian boy, Ed Bantey, who learned about the labor movement from me when I was with the Textile Workers, is now the head of a big public-relations firm in Montreal. When he heard that I still hadn't been able to get a job, he asked me to come to work with him, and I gratefully accepted."

Trade-unionism is still the world he knows and loves best, however, and hearing himself called "a fink," as he did that night on television, makes him bristle. "I never finked on anyone in my life," he says. "To Hoffa, any Teamster is a fink who doesn't take the Fifth Amendment when the Government asks him questions. I did answer

In 1938 Baron appeared before a House committee in Washington to describe his experiences during the Spanish Civil War, when he had warned that Communists were taking over the Loyalist government.

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If Hoffa goes to jail, Baron says, 'That's when the fun begins.'

the Government's questions, and as a loyal American I'd do it again. But do you know who is the biggest fink in the history of the American labor movement? Mr. James Riddle Hoffa."

The basic meaning of the word, Baron points out, is "strikebreaker," someone in the pay of an employer who helps force union workers to accept the company's terms. In times past, this usually was a nonunion "scab" or a company policeman. Today an employer can break—or prevent—a strike more efficiently by bribing or otherwise inducing a union official to sign a "sweetheart" contract. Hoffa has been denounced time and again for signing such contracts.

Some years back he was accused of finking in this way by members of the Laundry and Linen Drivers Local 285 of the Teamsters in Detroit. The McClellan Committee investigated the case and summed up as follows: "The committee finds that in 1949 an impasse was reached between Local 285 of the Teamsters and the Detroit Institute of Laundering. The institute, representing the Detroit laundry employers, determined that the only way to bring about an end to this impasse was to make an arrangement with James R. Hoffa.

"Following a conversation with Hoffa, a cash payoff of $17,500 was assembled by the various Detroit laundry owners and given to Joe Holtzman, Detroit labor-relations man, for the purpose of influencing Hoffa to intercede in the laundry dispute. Hoffa thereafter did intercede in the dispute, and the laundry owners settled the contract on their terms. The testimony leads to the inference that James R. Hoffa received some or all of the $17,500 paid to Joe Holtzman."

Hoffa himself has often stated a belief that "every man has his price," but he apparently never could find a price tag on Baron, and he obviously never understood the older man's scholarly, soft-spoken brand of unionism. In the entire union movement, it would be hard to find two men who are less alike.

Baron's parents were intellectuals and socialists of the strongly anti-Communist European brand. Sam joined Norman Thomas's U.S. Socialist Party when he was in his twenties and, after working briefly at a number of other jobs, decided on a career in the labor movement. He was so successful that, when the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, Norman Thomas sent him to Spain as an official observer for the party. Baron was cited for bravery for rescuing a wounded Loyalist soldier under fire, but he also became the first non-Rightist to warn that the Loyalist government was being taken over by Communists. When he came back to the United States to lecture on this peril, Communist goons tried to break up his meetings.

Against all advice, Baron returned to Spain in October, 1937. A few days after he arrived he was denounced as "a Fascist spy" by a leading Communist named Steve Nelson, who was then serving as an officer in the International Brigade. Baron was seized and thrown into a dungeon in an ancient Spanish fortress, where he was interrogated for two days by a Czech, who kept reporting to a uniformed Russian in the next room. Finally Baron was given a written confession to sign. When he refused to do so, he was sentenced to be "purged" by execution.

Thanks largely to the pressure brought by a persistent American consul, however, Baron was quietly handed over to anti-Communist socialists, who spirited him to the border in a wild nighttime ride in an ancient Hispano-Suiza. U.S. agents got him through a checkpoint and into France the next day, November 13.

"All this," Baron says, "is why, when people used to ask me why I didn't knuckle under to Hoffa in my Teamster days, I'd say, 'If the experts couldn't make me knuckle under, why should I give in to *that* punk?'"

Baron's fight against Communism did not end with Spain, however. He was an official of the Textile Workers of America (C.I.O.) in 1944, when Canadian labor leaders asked the TW to send a skilled organizer to help fight the growth of the Communist-controlled United Textile Workers of America (A.F.L.). His union picked Baron for the job.

Within five years the A.F.L. union in Canada had been reduced to two weak locals, while the Canadian C.I.O. union had increased fortyfold in membership. Baron is still remembered for a fiery speech he made before the Canadian Congress of Labor just prior to the Korean War. In answer to a Communist-inspired resolution to condemn the United States as a warmonger, Baron described Joseph Stalin as "a Georgian Fu Manchu with the mentality of a Genghis Khan" and cried, "Your peace petitions are sent to the wrong address. The *right* address is Moscow, U.S.S.R."

But Baron was not as adept at politicking within his own union as he was at fighting Communists. After backing a candidate opposed by TW President Emil Rieve in a 1950 union election, he found himself without a job. It was about this time, however, that his old friend Harold Gibbons began to rise in the Teamsters' power structure. Gibbons—like Baron an intellectual rather than a muscleman—became head of the St. Louis Joint Council and of the 500,000-man Warehouse Division. He asked Baron to serve as field director of the Warehouse Division, and Baron went to work for the Teamsters in May, 1953.

"The first job I undertook for the Teamsters," Baron says, "was unionizing Montgomery Ward, which even the United States Army couldn't organize during World War II. I patiently organized locals and won NLRB elections in nearly three quarters of the mail-order outlets and in about 600 of the retail stores, when who should walk in but Hoffa. He had persuaded Dave Beck, who was still Teamster president, to turn the organizational campaign over to him, and he took all the credit.

"Then he wanted to handle the negotiations with Montgomery Ward. I was sitting next to him at the first session. After about 15 minutes of negotiating, one of the Montgomery Ward executives disagreed with him on something, and he invited the spokesman for the company outside for a fist fight."

That was Baron's introduction to the Hoffa temperament, a temperament he got to know all too well. In nine years as an organizer and negotiator for the Teamsters, he says, "there always was the snarling specter of Hoffa in the background, calling me 'a stupid egghead s.o.b.' and other such names."

Not even Hoffa's family was spared these bursts of fury, Baron found. He recalls the time he was sitting in a cocktail lounge in Washington and noticed Hoffa's wife, Josephine, seated at a nearby table with Mrs. Paul Dorfman, the wife of an important Hoffa associate. Baron knew that Jimmy neither drank nor smoked himself—and that Teamster officials rarely dared do either in his presence—but he was completely unprepared for what happened. Suddenly, he says, the stocky Teamster president stormed into the room, looking close to apoplexy, and stalked to his wife's table. "Out!" he snarled, and Mrs. Hoffa slunk out of the crowded room after him.

"Another time," says Baron, "Hoffa's daughter, Barbara, a sweet kid who was then only about seventeen, was in my office telling me about her recent trip to Israel. In the middle of our conversation the door banged open violently, and Hoffa stood in the doorway, with his face that deep red-purple tone it gets when he's enraged. Again came that furious jerk of the thumb. 'Out!' Barbara left in tears.

Jimmy Hoffa leaves Chicago court, where a jury last July found him guilty of fraud in connection with Teamster pension fund.

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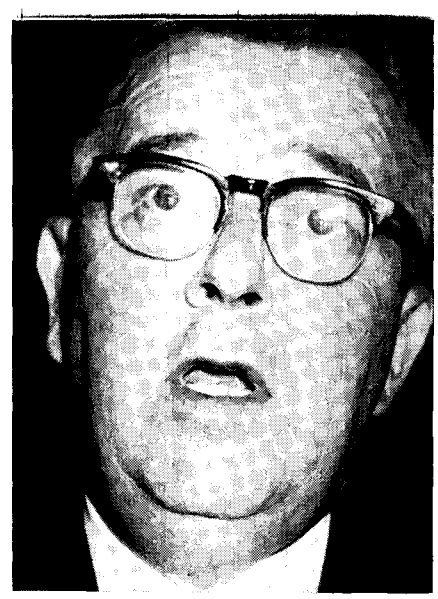
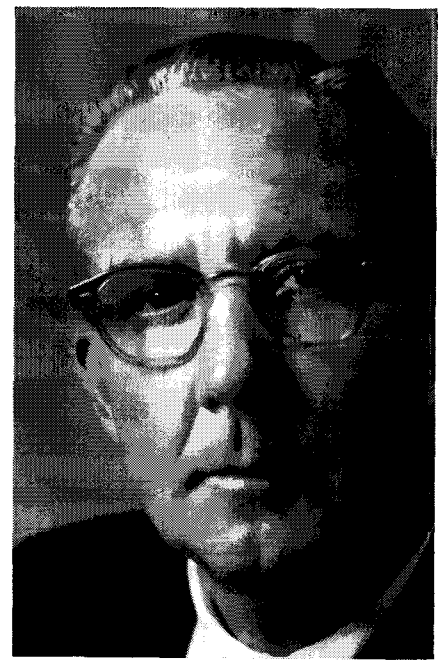
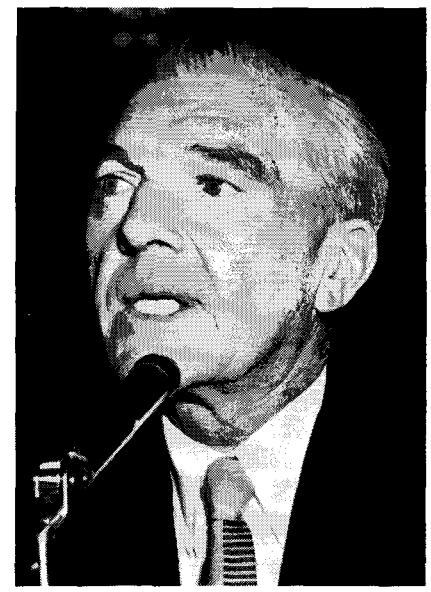
Baron considers four Teamster leaders the likeliest reform candidates for president: right, Einar Mohn; below, Harold Gibbons.





The two other possible reform candidates, Baron says, are (below) John O'Rourke and (lowest picture) Murray (Dusty) Miller.



"The only way to get along with Hoffa," Baron says, "is to be the masochist to his sadist. He controls people in two ways. If a man has a criminal record, Hoffa constantly reminds him that he is the only labor leader who would openly employ the man. That's why he has so many hoodlums around him. He keeps the other people in line by beating them into subjection with verbal punishment. When he lights into someone, the only way to calm him down is to say, 'You're right, Jimmy.' I was one of the few who never did that. When he attacked me, I simply wouldn't answer. That made him even more furious."

Hoffa's fury at Baron boiled over that day in May, 1962. And strangely enough, the decline of Jimmy Hoffa seems to have started at just about the same time. In 1963 Harold Gibbons resigned from his position as executive vice president of the union and returned to St. Louis as head of the Teamster Central States Conference.

Early in 1964, Hoffa, who previously had beaten back all attempts by the Federal Government to convict him on one charge or another, was found guilty in Chattanooga of conspiring to fix a jury, and sentenced to a $10,000 fine—and eight years in jail. Later in 1964 he was also tried in Federal Court in Chicago for conspiracy and fraud in connection with the Teamsters' $300 million Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas pension fund of the Teamsters. Found guilty again, he was sentenced to another fine and five more years in prison. He has appealed both verdicts and is still free on bail.

The critical question in the labor movement today is: What lies ahead for the Teamsters? Almost every labor expert agrees that, if Hoffa wins both his appeals and escapes jail, his power will be virtually unlimited. Some of the old A.F.L. craft unions who now support him surreptitiously will do so openly. He then will be in a position to force the removal of his old and bitter enemy, George Meany, from the presidency of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and to dictate the choice of a new U.S. labor head. Hoffa will undoubtedly also renew his old campaign to unite all the transportation workers in the United States into one vast union which, with its potential strike power, could dictate its terms to the country.

But what if Hoffa loses one or both of his appeals and goes to jail—as now seems likely?

"The fate of the union," says Baron, "lies in the hands of fourteen members of the executive board, which consists of John English, the general secretary-treasurer, and the vice presidents from all over the country. Hoffa himself is the fifteenth member. A majority of the fourteen are decent men, but they will not make a move until the day Hoffa goes to jail, which could be late this year or early in 1966. Hoffa has promised to resign if he's sent to jail, but if he reneges on this, I think the board will vote to strip him of his office on a charge of malfeasance.

"When Hoffa is deposed, the board will set up a temporary leadership, with First Vice President John T. O'Brien of Chicago taking over as acting president. After that, the constitution requires the board to call a convention of the Teamsters to elect a new permanent president. There's where the fun begins.

"These fourteen men are playing for big stakes. With its 1,700,000 members, the Teamsters is the most powerful union in the world, with the possible exception of the Transport Workers in England. The post of president carries a $75,000 salary for life, plus an unlimited expense account and all the trappings of power—apartments, expensive cars, a private plane, and so on.

"But Hoffa's henchmen will be playing for big stakes too. Hundreds of them could go to jail if a reform administration orders all the books opened and audited. On the other hand, if they succeed in getting a friendly man in office—a sort of caretaker president—the structure Hoffa has built up will remain intact. He will be able to keep on running the union from jail, the way Lucky Luciano continued to run his rackets from Sing Sing until he was deported. All the men Hoffa has protected over the years will continue to operate just as they have been doing; and Hoffa can keep his empire going just by making a half-dozen key decisions a year from his cell.

"There are two members of the board who would probably consent to be a caretaker president, but as of now, most of the others want to elect an honest *new* president. Their candidates, I think, will be four men, all vice presidents and members of the board—Einar Mohn from the West, Murray W. (Dusty) Miller from the South, Harold Gibbons from the Central States and John O'Rourke from the East. None of these four is strong enough to win on his own. It will take some sort of combination to put over any one of them. Einar Mohn is ill, and he just might support Dusty Miller. Or one of the others might join with the honest element in the Central States and elect Harold Gibbons.

"A key to the whole situation is Secretary-Treasurer John English, who has diabetes and had to have a leg amputated several years ago. If he agrees to become an emeritus officer and releases his $60,000-a-year job, it will open up the field for negotiations—one man might agree to support another in return for the second spot.

"The Teamsters have not yet reached the point in democracy where the rank and file will have anything to say about all this. The convention will be made up primarily of the officers of the local unions. There are a lot of straws in the wind which indicate that they are mostly anti-Hoffa. In the last election, for example, John O'Rourke and the New York Teamsters openly supported Bob Kennedy when he ran for the Senate. This made Hoffa so mad that I hear he nearly broke down a door in his own office, but there was nothing he could do about it. When the convention begins, the thing to watch for is the reaction of John O'Brien. He's a real old pro in trade-union politics, and he doesn't want to be president. If O'Brien supports someone who is playing it cozy, then you'll know that the caretaker gimmick is on. But if a candidate gets up and denounces corruption and O'Brien supports *him*, you'll know the jig is up for the Hoffa mob."

In the meantime, Sam Baron continues to live in exile—a frail, graying, lonely man. In Montreal his wife's mental condition became so acute that she had to enter a hospital. Here it was discovered that she was also suffering from leukemia—the course of which, her doctor says, was probably hastened by the emotional stress she had undergone. Bea died on April 5 of this year.

Every night now, Baron goes back to his small apartment on the slopes of Mt. Royal and turns on his television set to the nearest U. S. channel. No matter how long it takes, he knows that sooner or later he will hear the news he has been waiting for. □

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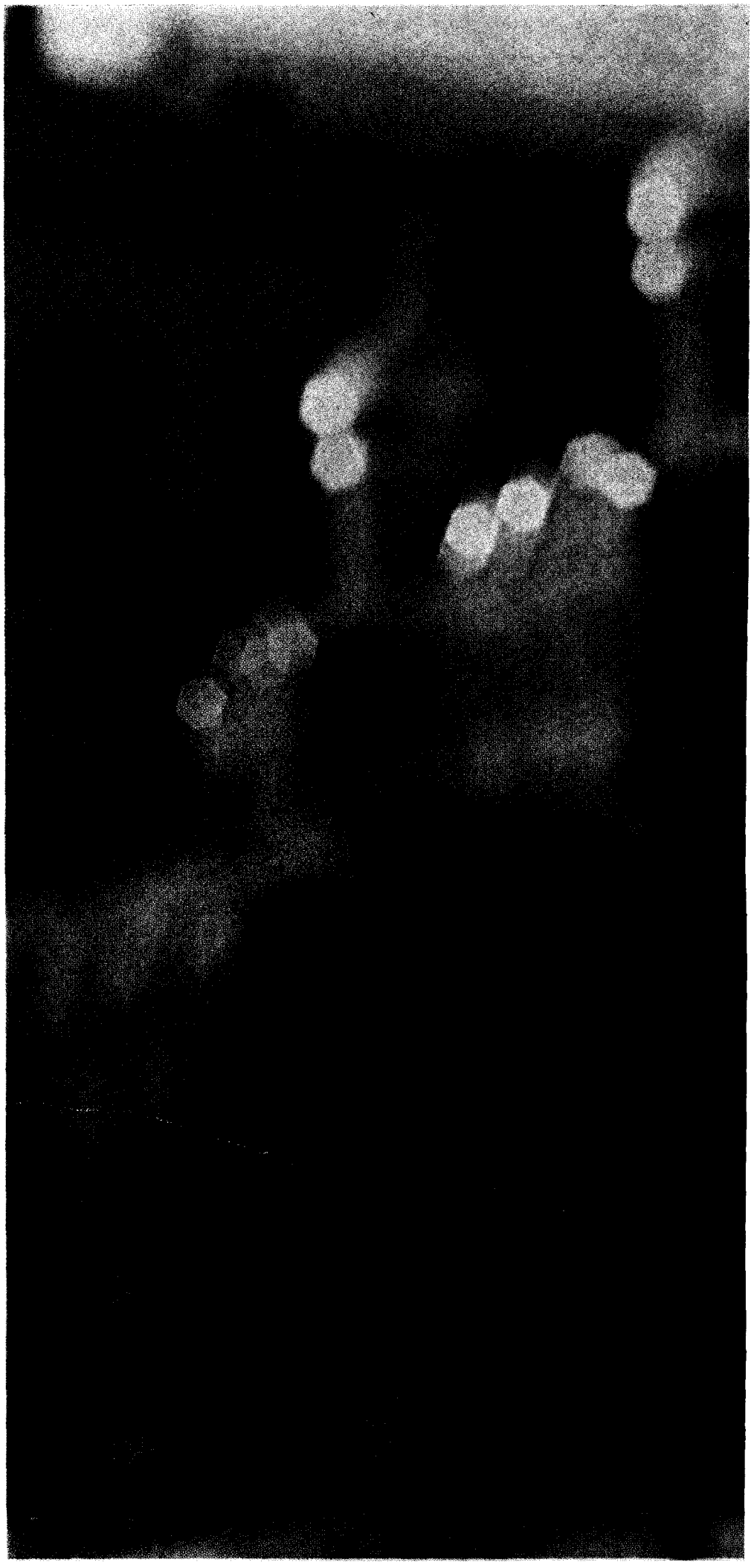
THE RUSSIAN WOMAN

her amazing success, her unfulfilled yearnings

By Olga Carlisle



High in the new *Pravda* skyscraper, the offices of the Soviet Union's leading women's magazine seem at first glance like any modern office in New York—big windows admitting floods of light, wall paneling of pale oak, a panoramic view of other buildings under construction. But the women staffers of *Working Woman* (circulation: 8,000,000) bear little resemblance to their sleek, fashionably dressed counterparts on the women's magazines in the U.S.A. They all seem close to middle age; they are wearing neutral colors and appear almost starkly businesslike.

I have been in Russia as a tourist seeing the sights, a daughter visiting ancestral haunts, a writer interviewing literary personalities. This time I am coming to satisfy a different kind of curiosity. I know Russian women are supposed to have more real equality with their men than women in any other country; in the Soviet Union, the "sex barrier" which has circumscribed women's life and women's achievements through the ages has supposedly come down. But if this is true, what is it like to be a woman in such a society? And what are Soviet women really like, behind the Westerner's stereotyped images of bemedaled

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

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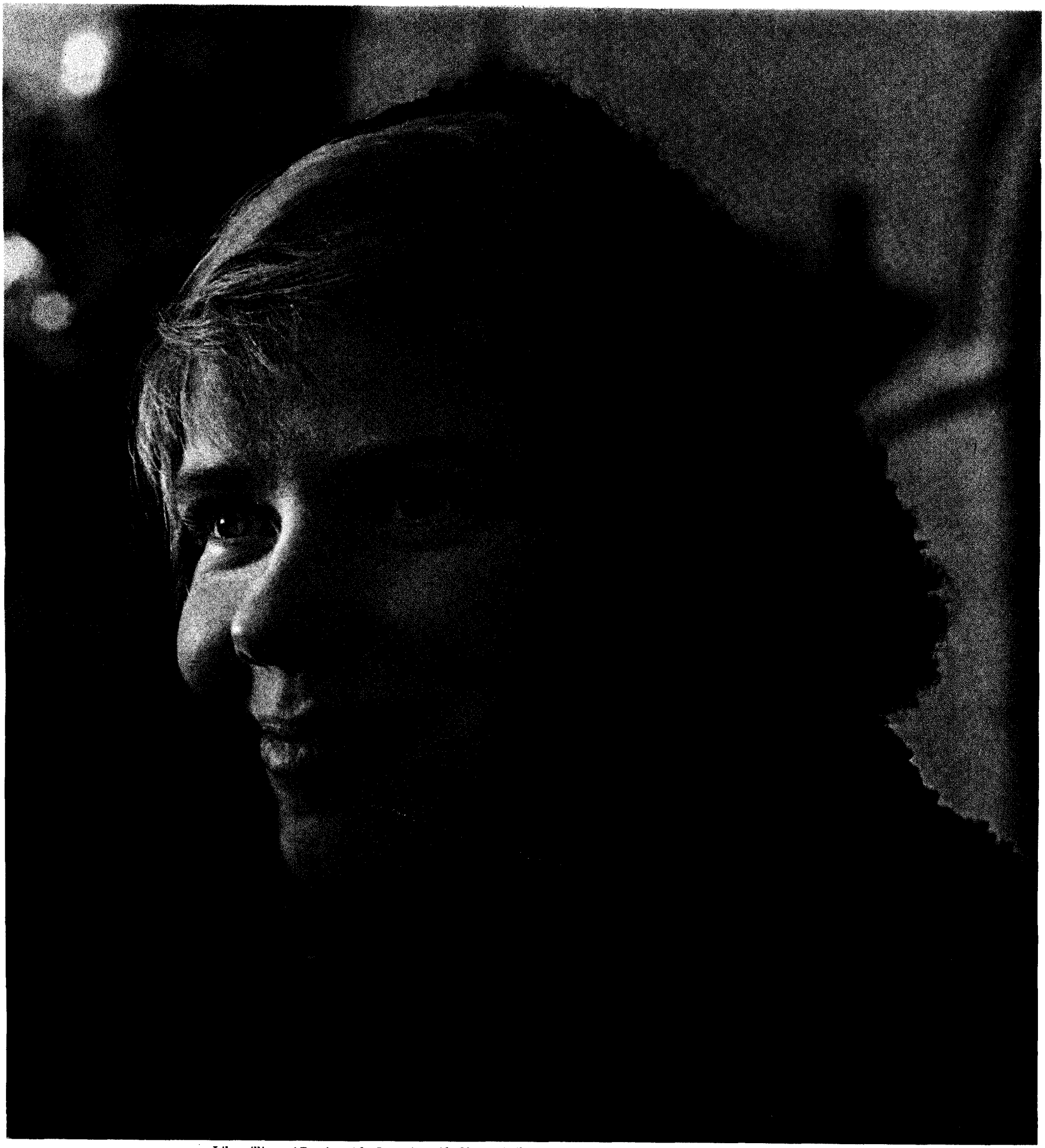

Like millions of Russian girls, Intourist guide Oksana Mikhalova craves more comforts, especially a home where she and her future husband can live "away from in-laws." She also has a sense of duty to help Russia achieve "a near-absolute Communist morality."

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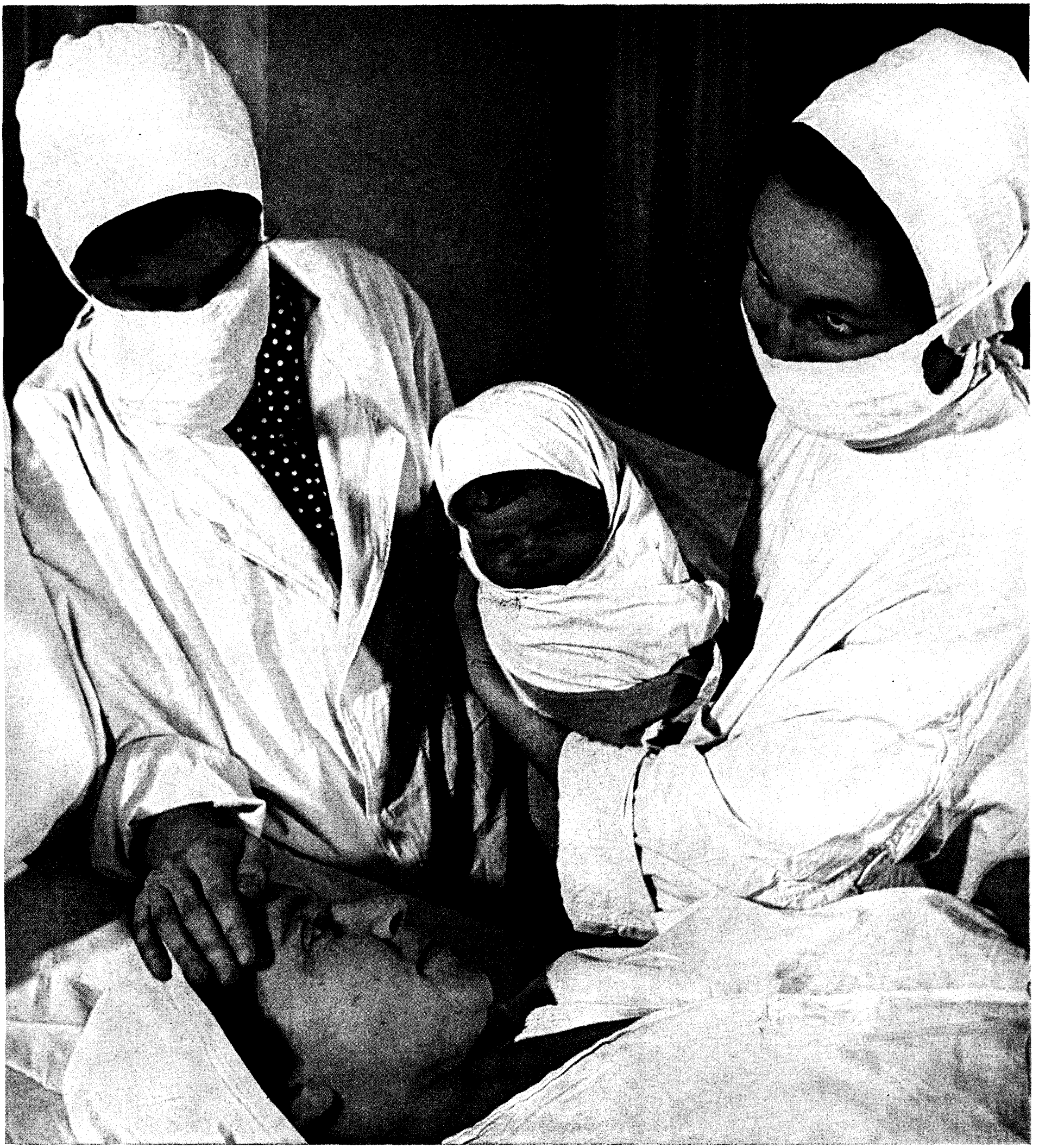

In Moscow's Maternity Hospital No. 26, a baby girl is shown to her mother by the nurse. Dr. Inna Fedai, who made the delivery two minutes earlier, stands at left. Russia had a tradition of women doctors even before the Revolution; today women make up three quarters of the medical profession.

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heroines, muffled street-sweepers or (for older Westerners, perhaps) Ninotchkas who look like Greta Garbo?

The editor of *Working Woman* seems a likely informant to begin with. Mme. Valentina Vavilova, rising to greet me from behind her large desk, is a reserved woman in her late 40's, with graying hair tightly drawn to the back of her head.

"*Working Woman* was founded by the Bolsheviks in 1916," she says. "From the earliest days, we have tried to arouse enthusiasm among working women, but we also seek to improve their lives. We want them to have healthier working conditions, more leisure, better conditions in their homes. . . ."

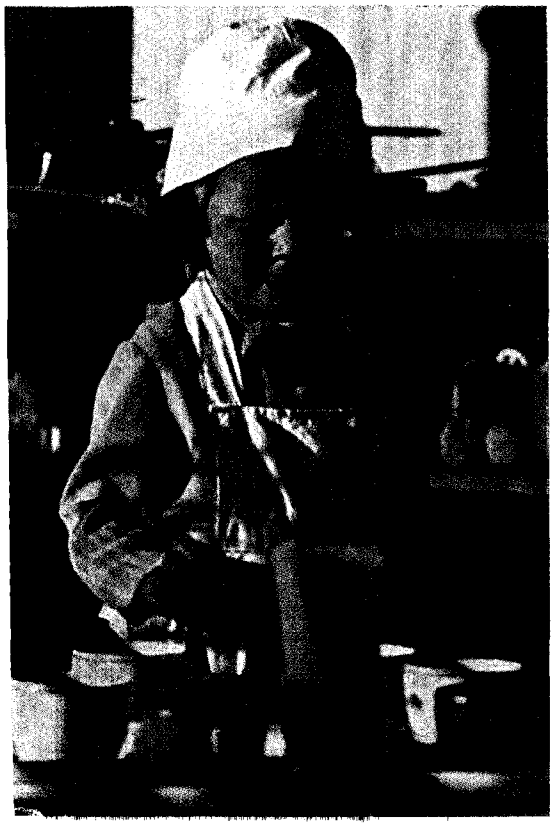
Her words have a formal, official ring, and I am reminded that she is a Soviet official, likely to give the politically approved answers. She is what the Russians call a "Party Woman." Most women in really high positions in the U.S.S.R. fit this category (whether they are members of the Communist Party or not), and they bear marked similarity to one another. They express the same thoughts in the same conventional, moralistic terms and even dress in the same severe way.

"Too many women are still employed at physical tasks unsuited to their constitutions," she continues. "After the war, women had to fill in for men on construction projects, in the fields, in factories." Through a window behind her desk, I see silhouettes of women workers moving on the upper stories of an apartment house under construction; bursts of sparks show that they are welders.

". . . Now the trend is reversing, and automation is progressing. We consider it a great achievement when we can proclaim, as we do this year, that a growing number of workers in positions which require secondary or university education are women—about fifty-nine percent! Today almost all Soviet girls get a secondary education . . ."

We talk for more than an hour. Finally, as we are saying good-bye, Madame Vavilova pauses, remembering something. She smiles and says, almost shyly, "By the way, Olga Vadimovna, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your father's book. To love, yet at the same time to have the objectivity to judge—this is a rare achievement. You must tell him how deeply it touches the reader."

The book she refers to is an autobiography by my father, Vadim Andreyev, which describes his relationship with his own father, the well-known Russian writer Leonid Andreyev. Madame Vavilova's manner suddenly softens as she speaks of it. Up to then, her words were precisely articulated, her manner somewhat didactic; she was



At kindergarten in Moscow electronics plant, children (above and left) play while their mothers work on the assembly lines. There are thousands of well-run nurseries like this in Russian factories, but thousands more are urgently needed for a nation of working women. The baby-sitting "babushka" is still an essential cog in Soviet society.

Teacher Shukibi Inaisavili watches pupil recite in her sixth-grade science class in the Georgian village of Kveda Samebia. While there is still a shortage of schools and teachers in many rural areas, the majority of Russian children complete high school. Girls, in particular, seldom drop out.

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Tatyana Lavrentyeva, a 23-year-old officer of her Komsomol (Young Communist) cell, speaks up at a cell meeting (left). Tanya, as she is called, is in charge of planning the group's social activities. She is taking night classes at Moscow's Machine Tool Institute to get her engineering degree and working in the design department of a tool plant.

Tanya gets a facial at a Moscow beauty parlor. Her salary of 80 rubles a month is adequate for now, since she lives with her mother; it will go up to 132 rubles when she gets her degree. What little leisure time she has, she likes to spend dancing, hiking or cross-country skiing with her boyfriend (and fellow engineer) Anatoli Kozlof.

On a long walk through wintry woods near Moscow, Anatoli stops to warm Tanya's hands. Tanya hopes to marry him after graduation and to have "at least" five children—but she will not give up her career. "It's the role of woman to be a mother," she says, "but that isn't enough."

speaking as a representative of the system. But I see, in that moment, that her "official" personality covers a warm and feminine nature.

Indeed, the "official" Soviet woman is mainly a poster image, seen everywhere and essentially meaningless. Yet the Soviet Union does have real-life heroines who symbolize the real-life aspirations of its women. Cosmonaut Valentina Tereshkova is currently the most lionized; the government press gives her star treatment, even to the unusual extent of publicizing her private life.

The nearest thing to an idol for younger women is probably Bella Akhmadulina, a 28-year-old Moscow poetess. Her appeal is partly intellectual, touching the growing public of educated Soviet girls. A creamy-skinned, exotic-looking beauty whose dark, red-tinted bangs have been widely copied, Bella was a poetic prodigy in her late teens. She was courted by the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose passionate love poems to her were a national sensation in the late '50's. She married Yevtushenko, divorced him, then married a successful, handsome writer named Yuri Naguibin. The Naguibins live (by Russian standards) a glamorous existence. Their Moscow apartment is the scene of frequent gatherings of writers, actors and painters; the vodka flows, and flowery Georgian toasts are interspersed with poetry readings and animated literary discussions.

For the average Russian woman, in contrast, life is apt to be colorless and prosaic. *Working Woman*, for example, has none of the usual Western ladies'-magazine material on how to make oneself more attractive to men, none of the pictures of elegant clothes and interiors. Its pages are tightly packed with inspirational texts about workers and work, plus practical advice on sewing and cooking and dressing.

"If something as sophisticated as this were published in the U.S.S.R., it would have an unbelievable sale," a lady architect told me, wistfully leafing through a copy of *Harper's Bazaar* I had brought with me. "We long for elegance—in clothes, in homes, in manners. We crave beauty."

Fifty years of revolution and social reform, of war, terror and economic strain lie behind this craving. Those hard years and a disciplined society have deprived Soviet women of many of the traditional privileges and amenities of womanhood. They have far too little living space or leisure, to say nothing of the comforts and graceful touches women take for granted in the West. They

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have been called to do men's work, including the most grinding, dehumanizing toil. They have suffered physical hardship and the eroding loneliness of widowhood and spinsterhood (World War II and the Stalinist purges killed an estimated 20 million men). The scarcity of men created a crisis in the relationship between men and women, and weakened family ties among Russians who lived through those terrible times.

Yet I found that it is all too easy—and quite wrong—to look at the lady welders, the lumpish clothes, the stern-faced "Party Women," and to conclude that Soviet woman has been somehow defeminized.

She does, in fact, have a buoyant, vital, feminine charm peculiarly her own. Raised from childhood in a continuous succession of group activities, she is likely to be gregarious and companionable. Her level of education is high. She is able to meet men on men's ground—and is not necessarily less of a woman because of this. An actress named Tatyana Samoylova, star of the movie *The Cranes are Flying*, makes the point this way:

"The 1917 revolution revealed our potentialities. Women participate in the whole growth of the country and share the challenges with men. They may lack outer femininity, but I believe that the inner world of Soviet woman is richer than that of her Western counterpart, for she is much more involved in her country."

The central fact of a woman's life in the U.S.S.R. is her work—not housework but career work. Employment is a moral obligation, and most Soviet women simply do not conceive of themselves without a job. I heard the theme in many conversations: "My work gives me self-respect and independence. . . . Women who stay at home work as servants, degrade themselves. . . . I like the feeling of contributing to a common, higher cause. . . ."

Soviet women work as engineers, construction superintendents, architects, plant foremen and mechanics. They account for 75 percent of the nation's doctors, a third of the lawyers and more than half of all the professional people in the country. No job or profession is totally closed to them.

Only in Russia, perhaps, could one find a woman running a subway or a riverboat. Zinaida Troitskaya, deputy director of Moscow's metropolitan subway, is in charge of all the rolling stock and over 7,000 employees. Olga Silnova, who, at 38,

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commands a cruise ship on Leningrad's Neva River, started as a sailor and coal loader. She is married to another captain and prides herself on being able to match male sailors in anything except swearing. "That," she says, "is a male privilege."

Mrs. Silnova and her husband make the same salary and find they need both incomes in order to live and to keep their two children in boarding school. Soviet wage scales make it impossible for most families to get by on the husband's paycheck alone, and this, of course, is one of the main reasons almost all women work. In fact, a good job tremendously increases a woman's chances of finding a husband in the first place.

Apart from this, "homemaking" in the Soviet Union has little to recommend it as a full-time pursuit. Every aspect of daily life—shopping, washing clothes, getting repairs done—is complicated and painful. All too often a whole family—parents, grandparents and children—live in one room, sharing a communal bathroom and kitchen with other families. The government is now building apartments at a furious pace to make up for the years under Stalin when civilian construction was almost totally neglected, but is barely able to keep up with the population growth.

I asked my friend Tina, a young teacher in a Leningrad technical college, to introduce me to a typical family. Through her, I met the Trubovs and got a firsthand look at Soviet home life.

On a very cold winter afternoon Tina and I took a fast electric train from Leningrad to the suburb of Lubovo. The town is centered around a vast chemical plant known as the Red Star Plant; it has a fair-sized stadium and a Palace of Culture, an auditorium built in neoclassic style with huge, unfunctional columns and crumbling plaster ornamentation. The main street, Lenin Prospect, is lined with shops—a large *gastronom* (food market), a meat market, a furniture store, a couple of hairdressers, a fabric shop (like all stores in the U.S.S.R., these are government operated).

The six members of the Trubov family live in a crudely finished, five-story apartment building, occupying a three-room apartment with bath and small kitchen. Ivan Ivanovitch, the head of the household, works as a foreman at the chemical plant, and his wife, Anna Petrovna, has recently gone on her old-age pension after many years as a worker at the plant. The Trubovs have two daughters. Lisa is 17 and in the last grade at Lubovo High School. Alla, 30, is an electrical engineer, as is her husband, Sasha Panov. It is usual in Russia for working-class parents like the Trubovs to have children with university educations. Sasha and Alla work at responsible jobs at the power plant, while Anna Petrovna takes care of their 10-month-old boy, Kolia.

Zina Babilodze (in kerchief) sits down to dinner in her Georgian home with husband Dmitri and 11 of the 13 children who won her a medal as a "Mother Heroine of the Soviet Union." Family works on a collective farm.

The Trubovs awaited us with a huge, festive meal—Anna Petrovna's pickled mushrooms, salted apples and meatballs, washed down with vodka.

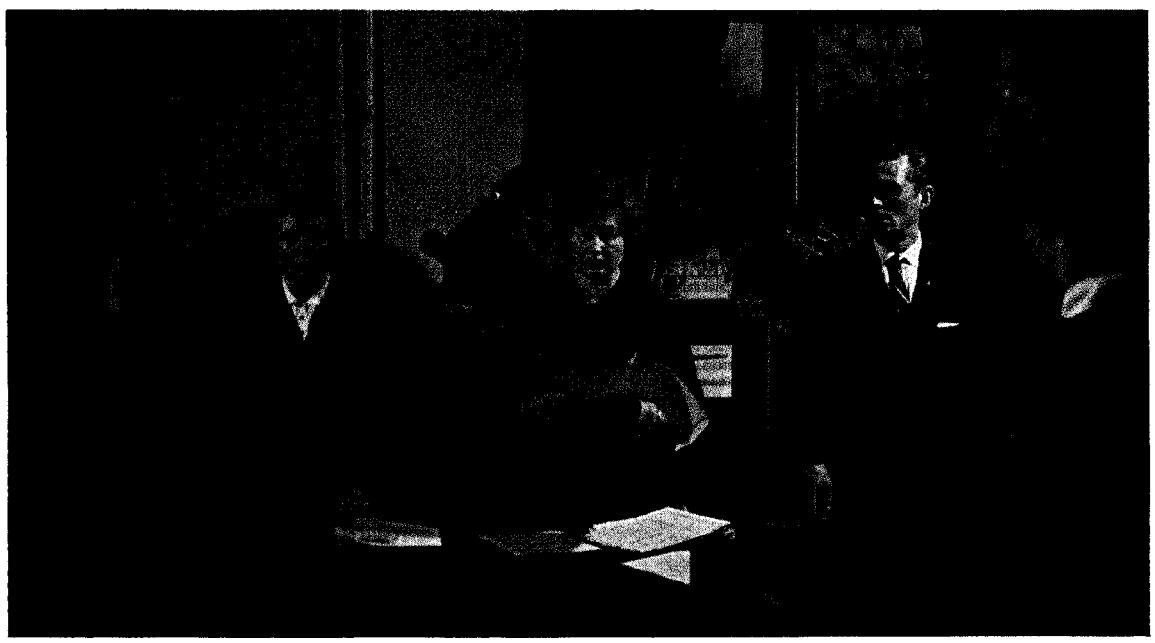
Alla assisted her mother in serving the meal. She is blonde and pretty, but perhaps a shade too plump by Western standards. She wore a becoming blue dress, high-heel shoes and pink lipstick, and it was hard to imagine that she is a successful engineer. Lisa, the younger, was dressed in slacks and a sweater and looked and acted very much like a Western teen-ager.

The family wanted to know everything I could tell them about President Kennedy, who is a great hero among Soviet women. We talked about politics (the Trubovs couldn't believe that American elections were really free), and the conversation turned to TV and poetry. The family had recently seen the young poet Yevtushenko read his poems on television, and Lisa said she admired him very much. Sasha Panov, a serious, intense young man absorbed with philosophical ideas, declared that Yevtushenko was "too much of a show-off."

The Trubov's apartment was neatly kept but crowded with all sorts of household possessions. Lisa is the literary member of the family, and the corner of the dining-living room which she occupied was overflowing with books. She had four portraits tacked to the wall, including those of the poets Yevtushenko and Voznesensky and one of President Kennedy. A portrait of the classic Russian writer Nikolai Gogol was the only one which the family fully approved. They consider Lisa to be something of a "pigeon," the Russian equivalent of beatnik, because of her avant-garde tastes.

On another wall hung a rug showing playful bears in a forest scene; paper flowers and cut-glass vases and machine-made ceramic statues were scattered everywhere. In the kitchen Kolia's diapers hung drying on a cord.

It took me several visits to get to know every member of the family, and it still amazes me how six people of such different ages and cultural levels can live together in harmony. The motherly, generous personality of Anna Petrovna no doubt had much to do with this. A portly woman who once was very pretty, she is still full of energy and spirit, and ran the household with authority. She cooked one hot meal a day on the gas range and



A beginning and an end in Leningrad. At left, Vladimir Andreyev and Lydia Suponitskaya stand with relatives after their wedding in one of the ornate "marriage palaces" the government has set up to counter the drabness of the civil ceremony (features here include piped-in music and the Romanovs' old chandeliers). Above, City Court judge Tamara Baranova and two jurors grant a divorce to a childless couple who pleaded they "no longer have anything in common."

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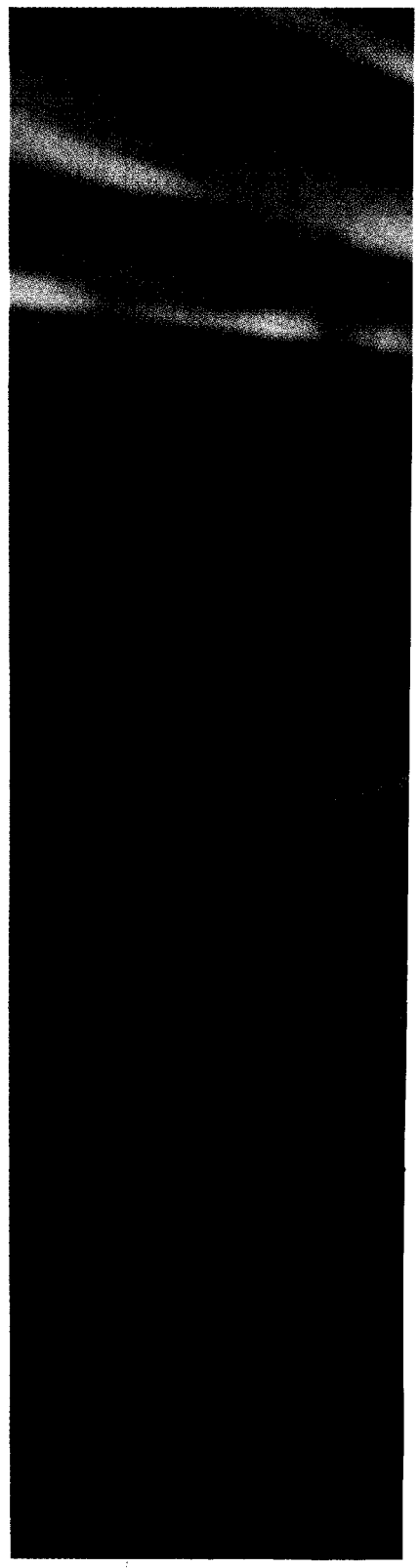
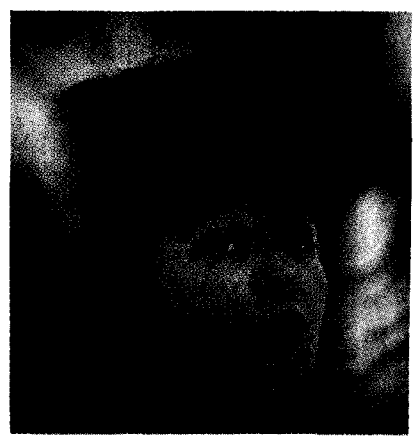
Riverboat captain Olga Silnova stands at the bow of her 150-passenger craft, which plies Leningrad's river Neva. Her husband is skipper of another boat on the same river.

Spacewoman Valentina Tereshkova (below), currently the No. 1 Soviet heroine, poses at Moscow's Lenin Museum in front of heroic mural which depicts the October Revolution.

Subway executive Zinaida Troitskaya (opposite, above) is in charge of rolling stock in Moscow. She wears medals won helping defend the capital against Germans in 1941.

Welder Zinaida Lebedeva (far right, below), a highly skilled 28-year veteran at the Leningrad Metal Works, earns more than the average Russian doctor. Women still do a sizable share of the rough, heavy work of the Soviet economy, but growing automation—and the women's own driving urge to improve their education—is gradually changing the pattern.





Poetess Bella Akhmadulina, the glamour girl of Soviet letters, is idol for young women

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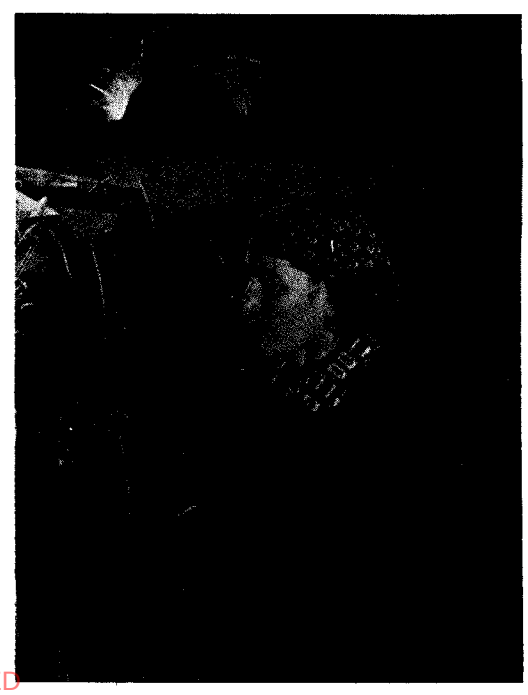
served several other meals a day of sandwiches and tea, did the family laundry in the bathtub and found time to play with the baby if he cried. She was the perfect incarnation of the tireless Russian "babushka," or grandmother.

On a later visit, Alla and Sasha Panov took me along to a party at the apartment of another couple, Marina and her husband, Genia. The hosts were both mathematicians in their late 20's, and most of the guests were young scientists like themselves. The guest of honor was a dark-haired, pretty girl named Sonia, a biologist who had just published an important paper in genetics.

After supper the young men drifted into one corner of the living room and began to discuss literature, including James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, which had just been published in Russian (they thought the play was too "dogmatic"). The girls stayed at the dining table, nibbling cookies and drinking sweet Caucasian wine—except for Sonia, who had come to the party without her husband, and preferred to talk to the men.

Marina, Alla, Lydia (a mathematician), Nina (a physicist), and I talked about clothes. All four women were wearing nylons, and I remarked that everyone had been wearing heavy woolen stockings when I was in Russia two winters before. "Nylons make me feel more feminine," said Marina. "But they're expensive, like all the clothes here, and hard to find. Or else they have the wrong shades."

"Our great trouble is with cosmetics," said



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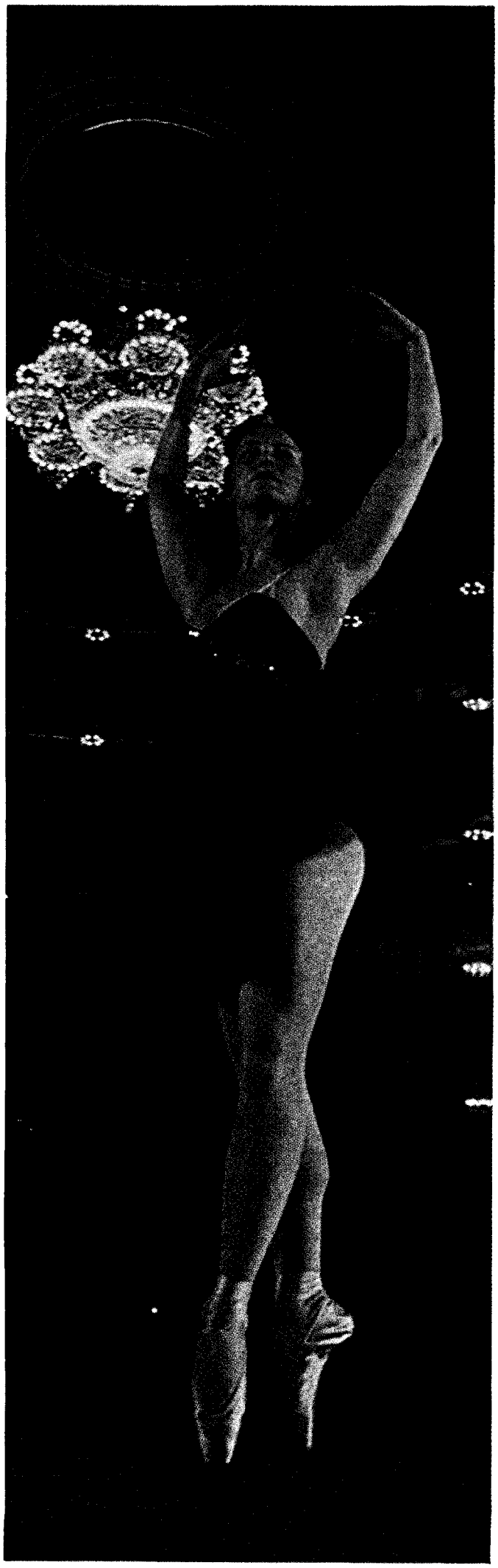


Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya, rehearsing for the role of Odette, pirouettes on the stage of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater. Bolshoi and Kirov ballet schools pick the most promising students from among thousands of applicants.

Lydia, a pretty girl with long, straight black hair. "Our face creams are excellent, but lipstick and eye shadow are another matter. I don't wear them, but I feel sorry for the girls who have to wear this coarse stuff." I asked where she had bought her pretty white dress. "My mother makes all of my clothes for me," she said. "Since I married Georgi, I have no time left for sewing. Whatever free time we have we spend together. Sometimes we just walk around the city. Of course, when Georgi is finished with his doctorate, we will have an apartment of our own. Then we will stay home a lot."

Overhearing Lydia, Georgi jokingly complained: "All Lydia can talk about is her dream of a cozy life. You just wait, we'll soon have an apartment and a whimpering kid. Why don't you relax and enjoy student life?"

The chitchat was reminiscent of a suburban cocktail party in the U.S., and yet there was a difference. The women were not just wives and girl friends, but fellow scientists. I remembered how Madame Vavilova told me she felt about marriage—that it should be "an association between people who share intellectual and moral aspirations. A husband is likely to become bored with a wife who has only her femaleness to attract him."

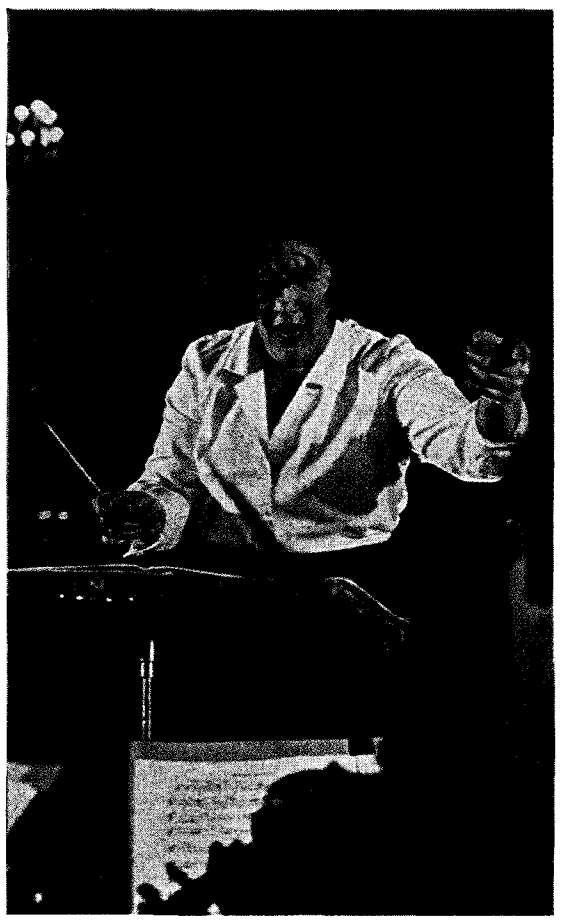
Soviet husbands, in fact, are often hard-pressed to keep up with their wives. The women, as a rule, are more fervently civic-minded than the men, and they relish the sense of being a cog in the vast socialist scheme of things. A taxi driver I had in Moscow—a pretty blonde of 23 who worked in the daytime and studied languages at night—complained to me that her fiancé would not join the Komsomol or take an interest in politics. "He was spoiled by his mother who brought him up alone," she said. "Sometimes I think that one of my purposes in life *is* to make him partake in our country's affairs." Her plans for this summer's vacation are to persuade her fiancé to accompany her and some other young people to the Ukraine to help harvest the wheat crop.

Another Komsomol girl, a beautiful, 24-year-old Intourist guide named Oksana Mikhalova, declared that she wanted to "help bring up a new man in our society with a near-absolute Communist morality. . . . We still have people who follow exclusively their individual interests, ignoring the interests of the community." Oksana wasn't parroting a Komsomol proclamation—she really meant it.

It is hardly surprising that such women may discomfit the men who court them, live with them and compete with them. A lady engineer named Anna Ivanova, a handsome, feminine, middle-aged woman, told me she thought Soviet men miss the traditional male role of supporting and protecting their women. She thinks this might be partly responsible for the tendency among Soviet men to excessive drinking and the kind of rough, boorish behavior which the Russians call "*nekulturni.*" (The frequent cartoons in the humor magazine *Krokodil* portraying such scenes as drunken men wiping their boots on their wives' curtains have more than a grain of truth.)

Other women are less disposed to be charitable. A pretty young teacher from Kiev told me she felt most Russian men "simply don't cooperate as much as they should" with housework and other chores and often aren't as ambitious as they should be. Too many Russian women, she thinks, want only a man and a quiet life. What women should do, says this girl, is be "more assertive."

I got the male point of view from Sasha Panov, who is a great admirer of Ernest Hemingway's novels. "Our women often seem to think that men's fates are more glamorous, that we are freer than they," he said. "This is an illusion. Unlike the Hemingway hero, who had war or revolution or



Conductor Veronica Dudarova of Moscow's State Symphony imposes her will on her predominantly male musicians. "I sometimes have to stop being a woman," she says. "I need sharp teeth and a strong spirit."

Movie actress Lucia Saveljeva, playing her first role as Natasha in a new production of WAR AND PEACE, *wears false moustache and tries to read her future with candles and mirrors. Lucia was "discovered" in the Kirov Ballet.*

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Moscow's Rainbow Girls, a fleshy road show with overtones of New York's Rockettes, were a smash hit when they opened in 1960, although they would once have been considered decadent entertainment in Russia. Here the girls do a Roman-gladiator routine for an audience in Tashkent.

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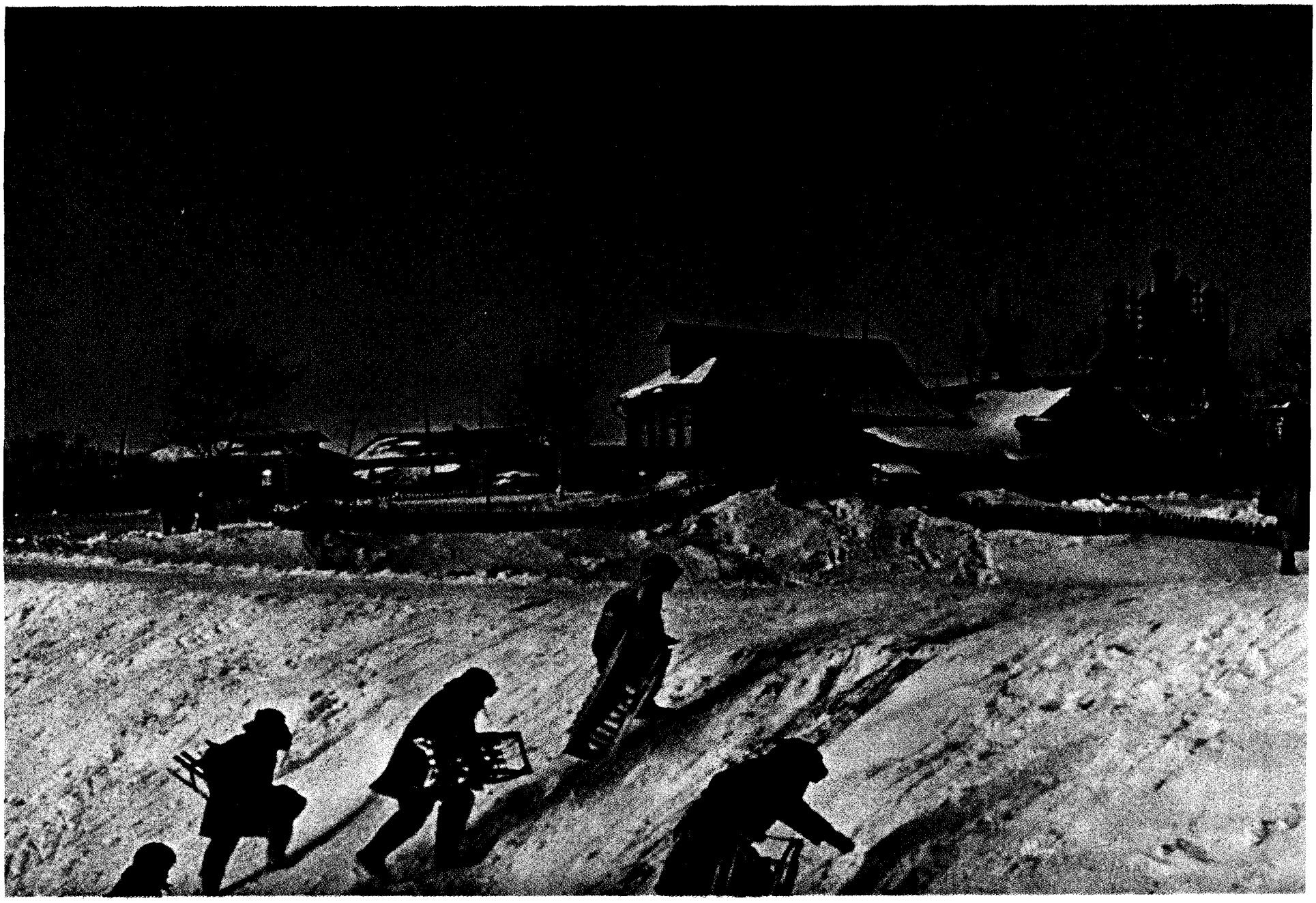

lion-hunting to assert his masculinity, the average Soviet man can only assert himself through *not* helping his wife with the housework!"

The fact is that Soviet women's equality is not complete. Women are proportionately scarcer at the topmost levels of government, industry and the professions. On all job levels, men tend to occupy the key positions; it is not unusual to see two or three women shoveling gravel into a truck while a man sits in a cab smoking a cigarette. The man is the driver—he doesn't have to shovel gravel.

Women usually have more work to do than men because they are responsible for most of the domestic chores in addition to their outside jobs. Oksana Strelets, a 28-year-old electronics worker at an instrument plant in Kiev, lives in a three-room apartment with her husband Pavel; 34, son Genia, 9, baby girl Yelena, and Pavel's mother Tatyana. On every day except Sunday, Oksana wakes at six A.M. to make breakfast. At 7:10 she leaves the house for work, dropping the baby off in the plant's nursery. She works straight through from eight A.M. to three P.M., six days a week, assembling printed circuits. Then she takes the baby home, leaves her with her mother-in-law and goes to buy groceries; this usually takes at least an hour and a half, since there are lines everywhere in Soviet markets. She cooks dinner and serves it about seven P.M., while Tatyana feeds the baby. After dinner, Oksana cleans the apartment and does the laundry by hand. The family has no washing machine or refrigerator, although they do have a TV set.

By Soviet standards the Streletses are fairly well off. Their rent is only $8.80 a month, medical care is free, and their combined pay of $324.50 a month lets them save for a refrigerator and a car, although Yelena's arrival forced Oksana to quit work for six months (two months with pay, four without).

For millions of other Soviet women, conditions are harder. Many still do not yet have a nursery at their disposal and must leave their children with family or neighbors. For country women, even the sparse amenities of urban life are apt to be unattainable. They live in 19th-century dwellings with no plumbing, fetching water in buckets and washing clothes on riverbanks. Rural schools are usually inferior to city schools—and since a Russian woman's education virtually fixes her social and economic horizons, the woman on the collective farm often has little hope of advancement.

There is still another schism among Soviet women—the line between the older generation which lived through the war and Stalinist terror and the girls who never experienced these things.

"The real tragedy of Soviet womanhood today lies in the fact that so many women are altogether deprived of family life," Madame Vavilova told me. "Because of the war, there are countless women who were never married, or were married only for a year or two."

Tatyana Strelets, one of countless widowed babushkas who babysit for a new generation, could not keep back the tears as she recalled her youth. In 1937 Stalin's police took her husband away (why and where she never learned), leaving her alone at 32 with four young children. Then her home in the Ukraine was destroyed by German bombing, forcing her and the children to live in a hole in the ground and covered with straw.

"It was so bad I cannot talk about it," she says. "When the war ended, things were easier—but I was too old to enjoy them."

For such women, the trappings of femininity are not likely to mean much. Engineer Anna Ivanova was one of many who told me that the young women in Russia teach the older ones how to dress rather than the other way around. She herself was dressed somewhat severely in a navy-blue suit, while her 20-year-old daughter looked soignée and fashionable in a pale-green woolen dress. "My

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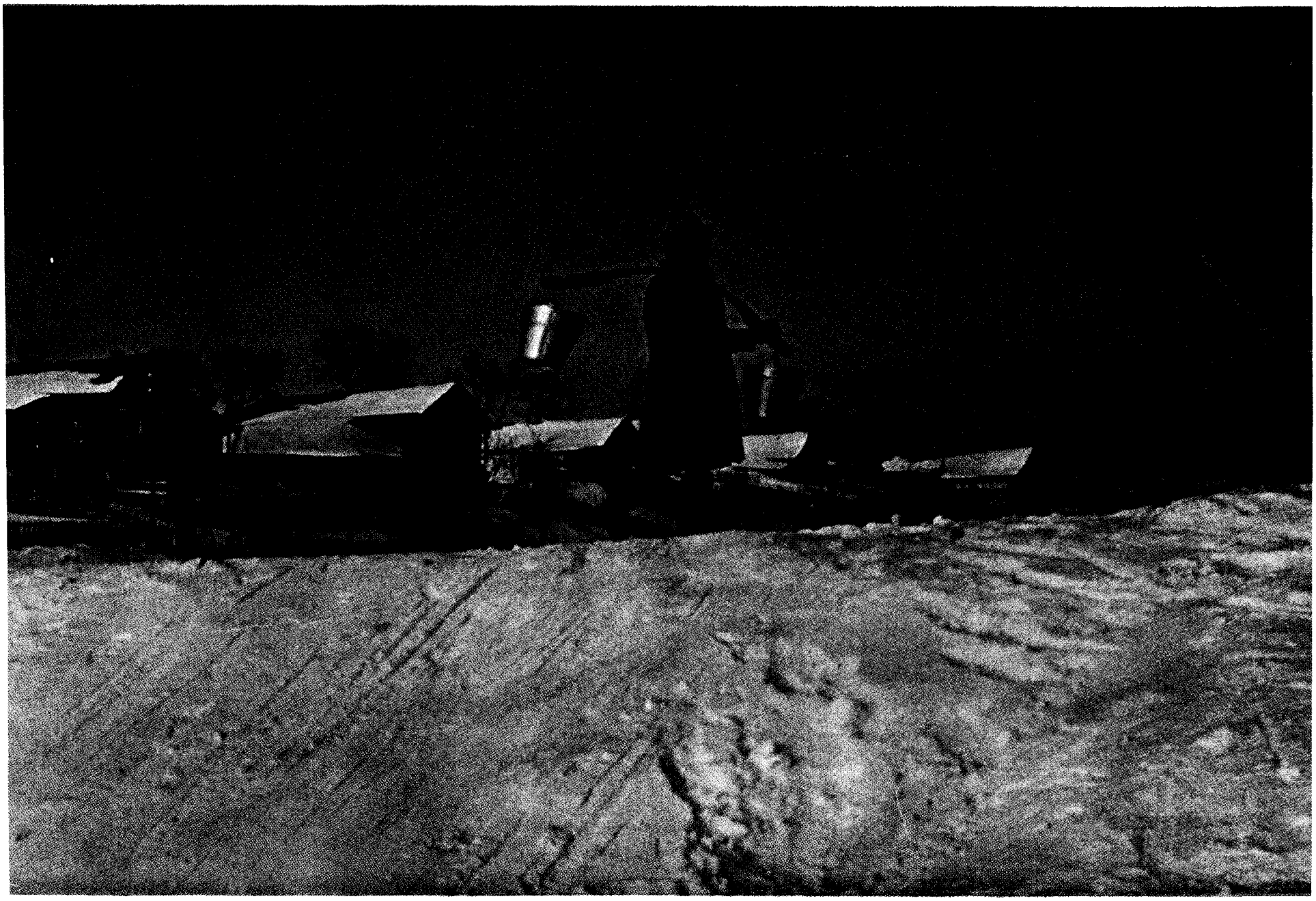
Old Russia lives on in villages like Troparyovo, only ten miles from Moscow. An old, unused church looms against a bleak sky; a woman with water buckets trudges home from the well as the town's woman doctor makes her rounds and young sledders savor the last few minutes of evening light.



daughter's kind of dressing was taboo when I was young," says Madame Ivanova. "No self-respecting woman would dream of putting a necklace on."

For the older generation, the relationship of men and women has all too often been nothing more than "living with someone"—a Russian euphemism for casual sexual relations which usually do *not* involve living together. Sexual adventures still are the customary thing for middle-aged husbands on business trips, known as "commandirovkas."

By contrast, there is a reaction against promiscuity and a longing for stable married life among the younger people. Not that they are puritanical; the Russians in general are quite uninhibited in matters of physical love. The basic moral attitudes of Soviet youth are similar to those of American adolescents, although the social environment is different. The emphasis is on group activities; instead of dating individually, young people will go to a movie or a skating party in crowds.

Premarital sex is socially acceptable as long as the couple seems to be serious about each other and intends to get married eventually. One of the greatest spurs toward marriage is the simple fact that there are few opportunities for lovemaking outside of the home. Brigades of Young Communists, wearing red armbands, regularly patrol parks and other public places to check on teenagers' behavior. Few young people have access to an automobile or to a private apartment.

Soviet law enters into family matters at what in most countries would be an extralegal level, playing the role of parent and educator. Since small families are now encouraged, abortion is legal. Divorce is normally fairly easy to obtain and inexpensive, but before granting it the court holds a "moral" meeting and tries to reconcile the parties.

Edmund Stevens, an American correspondent who has lived in the U.S.S.R. for many years, is convinced that Russia "is still fundamentally a man's land." He thinks Russian men would prefer to make homebodies of their wives if it were economically possible, that they will always look upon dishwashing and such as "women's work" and resist the trend toward absolute equality.

What Sasha had to say about the appeal of Hemingway's novels reflects this male yearning:

"These beautiful, passive women who never work and who live for love alone, like Lady Brett—what an exotic vision! The virile men, full of deep thoughts, with enough time to express them and pay court to women. You have no idea how unlike our lives this is. All the leisure the heroes enjoy—Soviet people today have little leisure. We work and work and work. We are like bearings in a huge machine. . . ."

The huge machine itself is changing and developing, of course, and indications are that it is now geared to produce more leisure time, more living space and more consumer goods for the people who make it run. These comforts will make a profound difference in the quality of Soviet life, particularly for women. They will reduce the drudgery, smooth the rough edges and encourage that "outer femininity" which the Soviet woman so often lacks. Younger women, such as Intourist guide Oksana Mikhalova, already have a sense of that easier, more graceful existence and are eager for more of it. "I'd like to remain a young woman," says Oksana. "I don't want to be an old woman when people are finally free of material worries."

Yet I left Russia convinced that no matter how much the Russian woman wants better homes and better nylons, these will not induce her to give up any part of her professional standing. For all the things she lacks, she already has a great deal that women elsewhere seldom experience. She has a pride and an energy peculiarly her own and, whatever husbands may prefer, she is not likely to return to a life of domesticity, or to abandon the challenges which have given her a unique fulfillment. □

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Is anybody out there?

Space scientists say yes, and the Mariner rocket may soon provide strong support for laboratory clues to life on Mars.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER
Photograph by DAVID ATTIE

At this moment, winging along millions of miles out in space, a windmill-shaped spacecraft named Mariner IV is preparing to send back at least some of the answers to centuries of speculation about life on the planet Mars. In years past, scientists have imagined a highly developed civilization on the mysterious red planet, and only 27 years ago the nationwide panic stirred up by Orson Welles's now famous radio dramatization of a Martian invasion left no doubt that millions of us were willing to believe that Mars is inhabited by hostile beings—preferably small and green. In later

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years Mars became to the credulous the launching pad of flying saucers, and it continues to be a rewarding locale for science fiction. For the idea that we share the solar system with intelligent neighbors is too intriguing to abandon.

Mariner IV, which weighs 575 pounds and has solar-power cells spread over a wing span of 22½ feet, was launched by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration from Cape Kennedy last November 28. Cost of the project, including Mariner III, which failed, is $126 million. Speeding along a great curving course at velocities up to 73,000 miles an hour (relative to the sun), Mariner should be nine million miles from Mars by the time this issue of the *Post* appears. It is scheduled to make its "fly by" at a passing distance of 5,600 miles on July 14. By that time it will have traveled 350 million miles in seven and a half months and will be 134 million miles from earth. It is by far our longest and most accurate cast into space, and if Mariner continues its strong, steady stream of radioed messages, it will achieve a clear first in space. For the Russian Zond 2, launched only two days after Mariner and expected to be strong competition, has, according to a May 5 statement by a leading Soviet physicist, gone completely silent.

No scientist expects to see humanoid creatures waving bulb-tipped antennae at us from the 22 pictures Mariner is to televise back to earth. Camera shots taken from several thousand miles above the Mars surface would hardly reveal individual Martians, even if they were 100 feet tall and wore neon eyebrows. But the photographs and various items of radioed data Mariner will transmit should throw new light on some of the theories that have brought astronomers into head-on controversy for more than half a century.

A panel of 36 eminent scientists, appointed by the National Academy of Sciences to appraise our plans for exploring Mars, has urged this effort be given "the highest scientific priority in the nation's space program over the next decades." The panel, headed by Dr. Colin S. Pittendrigh, Princeton biology professor, and Dr. Joshua Lederberg, Nobel Prizewinning geneticist of Stanford University School of Medicine, concluded in its preliminary report that "it is entirely reasonable that Mars is inhabited with living organisms and that life independently originated there."

The Mars game is a logical pastime, for we pass nearer to it than to any other planet except Venus, whose thick mantle of clouds hides its surface. Mars, which swings close to earth every two years, was only 62 million miles away in March and will be even closer—34,900,000 miles—in August of 1971. It resembles the earth in many ways, though its diameter is only half as great as ours. It spins on its axis to make a day only 40 minutes longer than our own and, unlike the moon, it reveals its entire surface to us. Blowing across it are occasional white clouds (possibly moisture) and huge yellow clouds (dust storms). Because it is farther from the sun than we are, Mars takes almost twice as long to cruise around it—687 days to our 365.

What makes Mars especially earthlike are its seasonal changes. In winter each pole is covered with a white cap of ice, snow or frost (depending on the interpretation). Much of the surface between the poles is a reddish desert, similar in tint to the red soils of our tropics or the Painted Desert of the Southwest. This gives Mars its distinctive color when visible in the sky. As each polar cap melts and spring advances on Mars, areas once thought to be seas are swept by a wave of darker hue. The color is often called green, but most authorities today say it is gray and that the green is an optical illusion caused by the contrast with the red deserts. This is nevertheless the "vernal quickening" which Percival Lowell and other astronomers attributed to the sprouting of vegetation.

But is it really vegetation? And if so, what kind? What varieties of plants, or animals, can thrive in the presumably thin, cold, bone-dry, oxygen-poor air of Mars? Transferring the old nursery rhyme to a Mars setting, "Can you or I or anyone know/How oats, peas, beans and barley grow?"

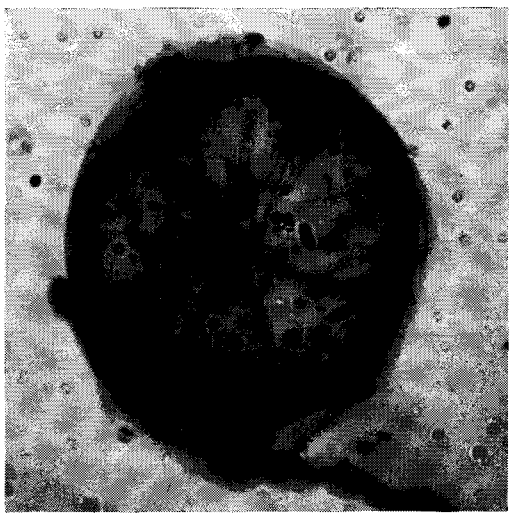
One way to play this version of the Mars game is to take the astronomers' rough analysis of the planet's atmosphere—made by spectographically examining the light reflected from its surface—pump the prescribed gaseous ingredients into a glass jar, or under a sealed plastic dome, and see what will grow there. If earth species can withstand the sudden, unfamiliar stresses of thin air and extreme temperatures, then we might reasonably expect to find that related forms of life, having benefited from several billion years of evolutionary adaptation on Mars, are now thriving there.

Not all recipes for the Martian atmosphere agree. One widely accepted analysis lists 94 percent nitrogen, 4 percent argon, 2 percent carbon dioxide, and traces of water vapor. Whether oxygen exists is still unsettled. The barometric pressure is very low—from a 12th to a 100th of that at sea level on earth. And Mars temperatures range from a summertime high of 70° F. during the day and 20 below at night to 150 below zero at the poles in winter.

A leading practitioner of "Mars gardening" is Dr. Sanford Siegel, a resourceful biologist and chemist at the Union Carbide research laboratories near Tarrytown, N.Y. "I expect to see men land on Mars during my lifetime," says Doctor Siegel, who is 36. Siegel's immediate aim, however, is to determine the extremes of environment under which plant and animal life can exist.

Doctor Siegel strayed into Mars "farming" by way of experiments on plant-growth accelerators, such as the hormones that stimulate root development. But he had for some years been stretching his agile mind over problems of extraterrestrial life. When he began to put plants under environmental stress, he was surprised to find that many of them did not require air in order to thrive. One might have expected this of such hardy perennials as rock lichens, which grow only an inch a century, or the ubiquitous reindeer moss that is equally happy above the Arctic Circle or in the Carolinas. In fact, lichens had been suggested by Dr. Gerard Kuiper, the University of Arizona astronomer, as a possible form of Martian life. But Doctor Siegel found that not only lichens withstood the rigors of simulated Mars atmospheres; also surviving were beans and barley, rice, rye, cucumbers and dozens of other varieties of plant life.

Common garden beans did well in five percent oxygen. (Air contains 21 percent.) Mint shoots grew better in ten percent oxygen than in air. When Doctor Siegel made the test tougher by introducing the wide daily temperature fluctuation typical of Mars, he made the even more amazing discovery that plants in low oxygen withstood freezing better than those growing in air. When air-grown cucumber seedlings were frozen for an hour and then thawed, they drooped and died. Cucumber seedlings reared in only two percent oxygen came through the same trial straight, upright and strong.



Microorganism grown in "Jupiter garden" is like fossils of prehistoric Earth creatures.

The ability of bacteria and viruses to survive such extremes of oxygen supply and temperature had been known for some time, and Doctor Siegel has long assumed that microbes will be found not only on Mars but on the even less hospitable surface of the moon. But his discovery that higher forms of plant life could also withstand a Marslike environment, and that low oxygen would actually improve freeze-resistance, was quite unexpected. It was not only of practical interest to farmers and food processors, but also attracted the attention of NASA, which saw its relevance to space travel and extraterrestrial life and promptly gave Doctor Siegel a research grant.

So far no seed plant has matured, flowered and produced new seed under these hostile conditions, although a cactuslike South African plant called Haworthia pushed up healthy young shoots as the adult leaves withered. And many other plants, grown first in air and then transferred to the Mars gardens, survived for periods as long as 300 days. Even cactus, which would die in an ordinary New York winter, grew in the subzero cold of the laboratory Mars chamber when its oxygen supply was reduced to five-hundredths of one percent.

Doctor Siegel and his associates also subjected mealworms, the larvae of a small beetle, to the Martian climate. Here, too, more survived when "protected" by low oxygen than when living in normal air. Finally the biologists put some little pet-store turtles into a "Mars dome" and pumped the atmosphere down to a tenth of normal sea-level pressure—the equivalent of an altitude of 55,000 feet. The turtles remained normally active—swimming, crawling about and devouring their usual ration of ant eggs. But during the 90 days of their Martian exposure they underwent a puzzling drop in

Surrealistic photograph shows Dr. S. M. Siegel with types of life that survived in his "Mars garden."

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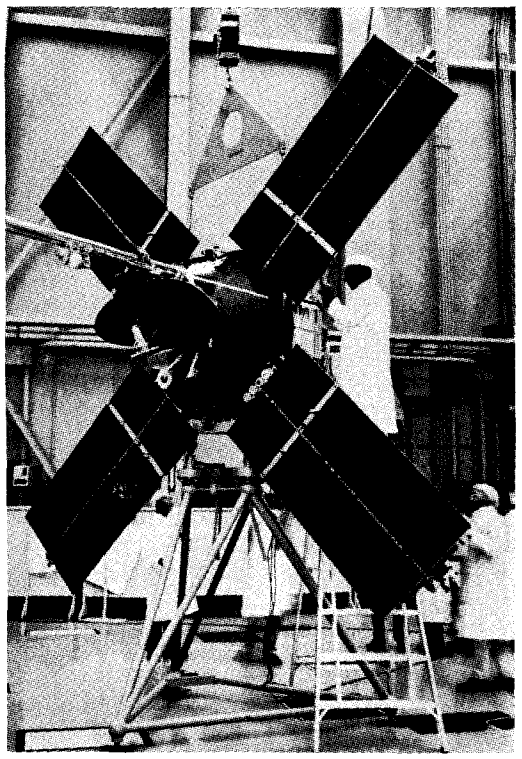

Technicians ready Mars vehicle for launch.

Are Martians themselves trying to communicate with Earth?

LIFE ON MARS

blood volume. One of them, when cut open for examination, had almost no blood in his system, yet he had been active to the last.

As these experiments show, oxygen may not be the universal blessing we usually consider it. Actually Doctor Siegel's findings call attention to a phenomenon that all biologists recognize but sometimes forget. Says Siegel: "The science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke once had a Martian express the opinion that life probably couldn't exist on the planet Earth because of the high concentration of a toxic gas called oxygen. We all know that prolonged high levels of oxygen are toxic. What we haven't sufficiently realized is that many body tissues function under relatively low levels of oxygen because the protective action of the cell walls keeps most of it out. I believe that when plant or animal tissues are frozen, the ice crystals puncture the cell walls, exposing the inner cell to toxic concentrations of oxygen. But if you keep the oxygen low in the surrounding extracellular fluids, less oxygen will enter through the ice punctures, and the cell's potential for repairing the holes takes care of the situation."

Employing other methods of "pushing life to the extremes," as he terms it, Doctor Siegel was amazed at the tenacity of various species. When he switched to a Jupiter-type atmosphere—ammonia, methane and hydrogen—he found that green plants died but molds and many bacteria grew in lush profusion, including a strange microorganism shaped like an umbrella or miniature jellyfish. This tiny organism, which grew in a culture of soil collected from Harlech Castle in Wales, remained unidentified for months. Then what seemed to be the identical organism showed up in photographs published in *Science* of two-billion-year-old fossils recently found by a Harvard botanist near Lake Superior.

Although it may bear no resemblance to present-day life on Mars, Siegel's umbrella organism and its fossil relative could tell us something about the origin of life in the solar system. Although Mars is probably a very old planet, Jupiter is in a primordial state, rather like the earth's when life was emerging here. A characteristic of a primordial planet is an atmosphere rich not in oxygen but in ammonia and methane. And here in the umbrella creature is a life form which can apparently thrive in such a mixture.

Actually there is already other good evidence that the first forms of life may have sprung from the ingredients of these ancient atmospheres. Dr. Stanley L. Miller and Nobel laureate Harold Urey demonstrated some years ago at the University of Chicago that electricity discharged in a jar of methane, ammonia, hydrogen and water would synthesize amino acids—the chemical building blocks of proteins that are the basic components of living things. Thus lightning flashing through the primordial clouds could have sparked the first life on the planets. Recently Dr. Carl Sagan, a Harvard astronomer and an avid researcher in exobiology, has carried this experimentation a step further. Irradiating certain organic molecules with ultraviolet light in the presence of phosphorous salts, he has produced small amounts of ATP (adenosine triphosphate), the key energy source in biological systems, including our own muscles.

"If these compounds can be made in a few minutes in the laboratory," Doctor Siegel says, "it is certainly reasonable to think that such a synthesis could have occurred on the planets in the course of a few billion years."

One ingredient that most exobiologists agree is essential to life as we know it is water, and much of the Mars game is a speculative dowsing for it. Spectroscopic studies reveal very little water vapor on Mars, but it is believed that substantial quantities of water do exist on the planet—perhaps in a thick layer of permafrost or in dust-laden (and therefore invisible) pools of brine. Another source might be the Martian soil itself, which may be composed of a brick-red hydrous oxide known here on earth as limonite. "There may be enormous quantities of such water on Mars," Doctor Sagan explains. "If Martian organisms have evolved the ability to tap it, with enzymes, the Martian surface may appear to them as wet as a fresh-water lake."

Conjecturing about water brings us to the famous canals, whose discovery almost a century ago did more than anything else to build up the image of intelligent life on Mars. Not that earlier astronomers hadn't speculated on Martian life: The famous Hollander Christian Huygens spotted the prominent, heart-shaped, dark area, Syrtis Major, in 1659—four years after he discovered the rings of Saturn. In a charming little volume, *The Celestial Worlds Discovered, or Conjectures on the Inhabitants, Plants and Productions of the Worlds in Planets*, published in 1698, Huygens pointed out how ridiculous it is that we should think it impossible that "a rational soul should dwell in any other shape than ours."

But speculations concerning life on Mars did not become a really popular sport until the Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli discovered the canals in 1877. They were so straight, he said, that they "looked to have been laid down by rule and compass." Although Schiaparelli did not suggest that the 133 canals he saw were artificially made, Percival Lowell, brother of Harvard's President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, seized on this idea and discovered 224 more canals from his observatory on "Mars Hill" at Flagstaff, Ariz. Lowell seized upon the supposed irrigation system and embroidered it into a full-fledged Martian civilization. "There are celestial sights more dazzling, spectacles that inspire more awe," he wrote in *Mars as the Abode of Life*, "but to the thoughtful observer who is privileged to see them well, there is nothing in the skies so profoundly impressive as these canals of Mars . . . threads to draw one's mind after them across the millions of miles of intervening void."

Draw men's minds they did. And Lowell did much to encourage the intellectual stretching. He depicted the Martians as highly intelligent beings who had outgrown war and were conducting a heroic cooperative effort to save their planet from death by drought. "Thus not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited," he wrote, "but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making." From time to time came reports that the Martians themselves were trying to make our acquaintance—by wireless, by flashes of light, or by spelling out messages of planetwide dimensions with their canal system. A *New York Times* article in September, 1921, reported a suggestion that we acknowledge such messages by forming words in vegetation on the Sahara Desert.

The wireless theory, though not taken seriously by astronomers, enjoyed a certain status because it had been proposed by Guglielmo Marconi, the famous inventor of radio communication. Even today, radio astronomers remain alert for signals from intelligent beings "out there." Only last April a Soviet astronomer reported a 100-day cycle of fluctuations in radio emissions from a point believed to be billions of light years away, suggesting that this cyclic nature of the signal could be evidence of its artificial origin. The Russians later denied that they had claimed the signals were from intelligent beings, but they still maintained that this "might" be so.

The puzzling thing about the canals is that some astronomers see them and some don't. Many have regarded them as optical illusions. Others, such as the Lowell Observatory's Dr. Earl C. Slipher, whose death last summer at 81 closed an outstanding career in Martian observation, believed "their existence as true markings on the planet has been clearly established," though he admitted that opinions differ on interpretation. Dr. William M. Sinton, a younger member of the Lowell staff who has made important contributions to our knowledge of the Martian atmosphere, says his own vision is not sharp enough to see the canals through the telescope, but he sees them in photographs. "I think most of us here feel there is something there that is long, and more or less straight and fairly narrow."

One reason why honest men disagree over the canals, and one reason they are more clearly seen on hand-drawn maps than in photographs, is that for fine planetary details, visible only in fleeting moments of clear seeing, the eye is better than the camera. The latter, set at slower shutter speeds to soak up more light, tends to blur such features. This has been proven by the sharp-eyed Air Force cartographers mapping the moon from Flagstaff. They saw and drew many small craters that are not visible in the best films made through earth-based telescopes but which were revealed in the closeup Ranger photos.

Will Mariner IV settle the canal question? This first bird in the Mars exploration program was not specifically designed to send back evidences of life. It is intended mainly to acquire engineering information that will help direct more elaborate Mars craft in the future, and to collect information about radiation, magnetic fields, micrometeorites and the density of the Martian atmosphere. The single television camera, snapping 22 pictures at a fifth-of-a-second exposure and relaying them back from a tape recorder at the rate of 8½ hours per photo (to conserve battery power) may, however, give us exciting clues about life on Mars. Shooting through a small reflecting telescope from a range of about 5,000 miles, the camera is expected to define markings as small as six-tenths of a mile across. "Because of its distinctive shape, a canal or even a narrow river would show up," says Dr. Thomas Vrebalovich, the man in charge of photoscience at the NASA/Jet Propulsion Laboratory. "So if there are big-enough canals along the camera's 4,000-mile photographic path, Mariner should pick them up."

NASA hopes to land its first unmanned Mars craft in 1971, and we may be ready to put the first astronaut on Mars sometime in the 1980's. Meanwhile Mariner is a window to new knowledge, standing open at the end of a dizzying million-mile-a-day journey. If, as many now believe, life is not unique to our planet, and if life—even one based on completely different chemical and biological patterns—flourishes on Mars, then we may expect intelligent life to exist among the sextillions of other planets orbiting quadrillions of other suns. As the national study panel has commented, "What is at stake [in the space-exploration program] is nothing less than knowledge of our place in nature." □

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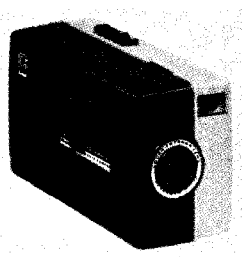

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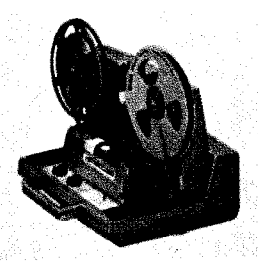

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DON JUAN

Was he a genuine lover of mankind, a born reformer, a natural revolutionary—the essence of everything that is fine in the Irish nature? Or was he a bloody humbug?

It was twenty-odd years before I saw Rika Prevelakis again, encouraged to visit her by, of all people, Charlie; for, of all things, fun; and in, of all places, Athens. "You will have no trouble in finding her," he assured me. "Everybody at the University knows her well."

She did not look her forty-five years, though she had grown stout, motherly, and quizzical. Her hair was still black. Her skin looked so delicately soft and pink that I at once remembered our old Dublin joke: "Charlie, does her face powder taste of Turkish Delight?"—and his cheerful wink in reply. Nothing really betrayed her age except those Swiss rings she wore, too tight on her plump fingers, the faint necklace of Venus on her throat, and the hard ball of her calf. I gathered that her husband, whom I did not meet, was an exporter of fruit; and judging by her charming house, with its modern paintings and pieces of modern sculpture, he was a highly successful one. She told me that her eldest son—she had three—was twenty, a figure that startled me by taking me back directly to the year after her famous visit to Dublin. So she had made up her mind about Charlie as rapidly as that!

She was delighted to get firsthand news of him, asked many questions about him, and although she now clearly thought of him with a certain good-humored self-mockery, it was plain that she still remembered him with a warm and grateful affection.

"He made me come alive," she said so simply that the hackneyed words sounded as fresh as truth.

We chatted for nearly an hour. At the end, just as I was leaving her, I said, "I'd be interested to know how you would sum up Charlie at the end of it all?"

She laughed and put on a stage Anglo-Greek accent: "My husband always say, and my husband ees a wise man, that whenever he ees asked hees opeenion of any man, he avoids the opeenion and sketches the leetle portrait."

Wise man, indeed, I thought as I walked away from her delightful house whose garden overlooked the winking blue of the harbor of Piraeus. Opeenions? If I asked any ten men who had known Charlie in his heyday, I could guess the sort of jurymen's anthology I would collect:

1. Charlie Carton? I'd trust him with my wife! For five minutes.

2. You know, I honestly and truly believe that he was the most outgoing,

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IN DUBLIN

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN Illustrated by Des Asmussen

warmhearted, affectionate young fellow I ever met.

3. A cold, self-indulgent, self-centered, unprincipled pleasure-seeker.

4. A genuine lover of mankind, a born reformer, and a natural revolutionary. Damn few people like him left in Ireland today.

5. What an orator! Brilliant! And so gay. A most amusing chap. A dreamer and a rebel. The essence of everything that is fine in the Irish nature.

6. Would you not agree with me that he was rather a nice blend of Don Juan and Saint Francis?

7. Had he any principles at all? I've seen him weep over a sick child in the slums one minute and the next minute deceive a woman pitilessly.

8. No, I don't think I'd say that Charlie ever had many principles. One thing about him, though—he was a damn good sport. A real man's man. I liked him.

9. If you want my frank opinion of him, he was a flaming, bloody humbug.

10. Soft. To the marrow of his bones. Mush. Incapable of tenderness because incapable of fierceness. Ask any woman. The only good thing they could all say for him would be that if he deceived them, he damn soon undeceived them.

There was that night he lent me his small flat in London. The telephone rang every half hour from midnight on. Always the same woman or girl.

"No," I would reply, "Mr. Carton isn't here. I'm only a guest, occupying his room for the night." Or, "I assure you Charlie isn't here. For God's sake, do you realize it's one o'clock in the morning, and I'm trying to sleep!" Each time, she said the same forlorn thing: "Well, just tell him I just rang up just to say good-bye." After half an hour, back she would come again, and again, and again, until, between fury

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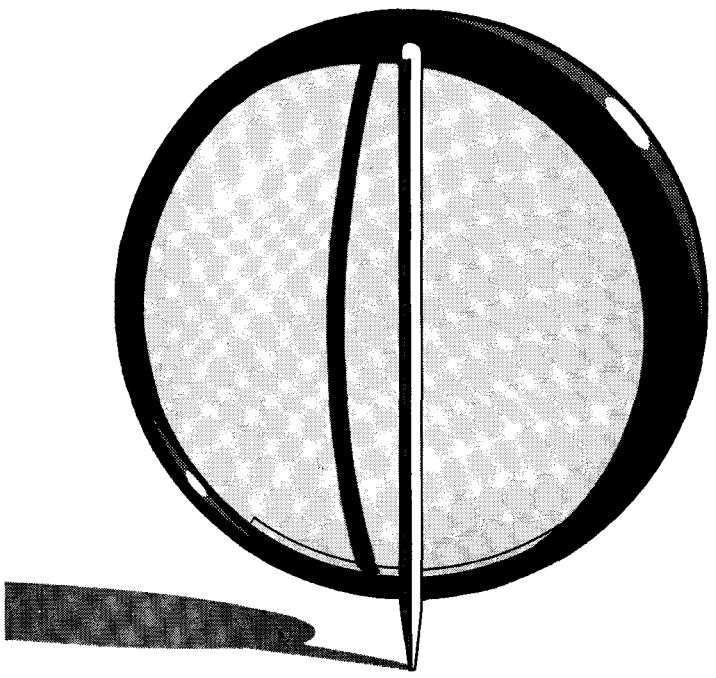

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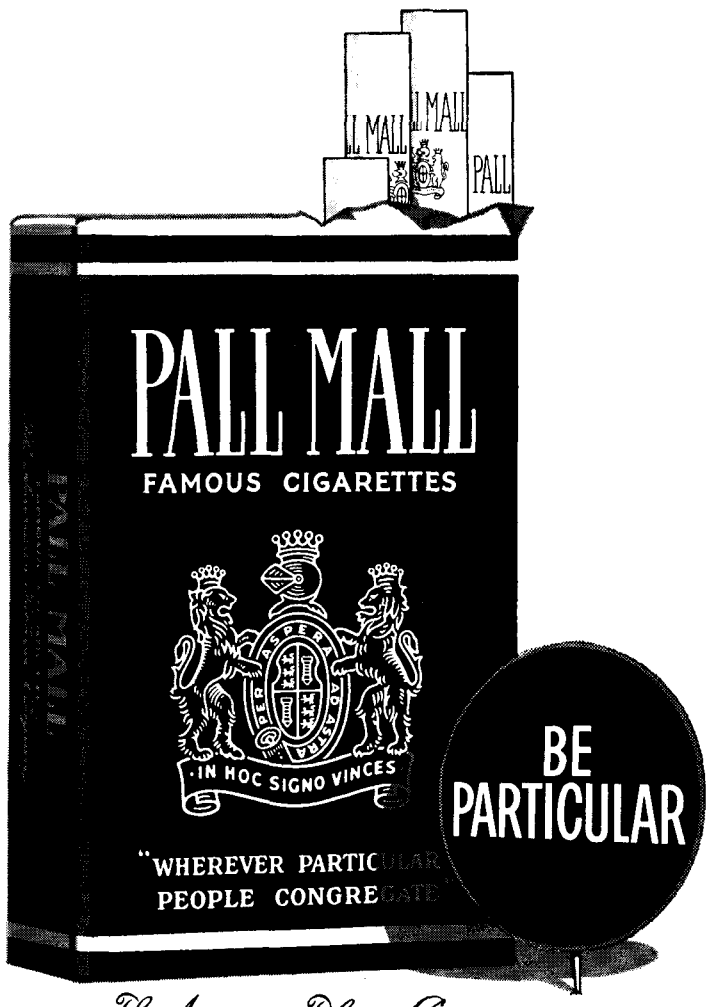

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and pity, I began to wonder whether he had not been expecting exactly this when he had so generously offered me the loan of his room. In the end I appealed to the operator. In a tired, polite, English, three-o'clock-in-the-morning voice, he said, "I'm very sorry, sir, I've explained to the lady that Mr. Carton isn't there. It does no good, poor thing. Besides, I'm obliged to put the calls through. And mark you, this is costing her a pretty penny—she's on long-distance from Strasbourg."

A Salvador Dali would have painted him with a woman looking out of each eye. His handsome, boyish face would have delighted any painter of the High Renaissance in search of the epitome of the power and prime of youth—though it would have been a Florentine painter rather than a Venetian, because of Charlie's colorless skin, his buttercup hair, his teeth so small and perfect, his heavy-lidded eyes; and because, in spite of his bulk, he suggested surface rather than roundness, depth, or solidity. Neither his face nor his body ever made you conscious of his bones. Stripped for the boxing ring, his body looked so soft, so almost feminine, that nobody who had not already seen him box would have taken him for a stayer. But he was a stayer, and a frequent winner—obstinate, agile as a boy, a fender rather than fighter, winning always on points of skill. He outboxed his men and outflirted his women.

His boyishness was a fake. Even today, when he must be about forty-one, he is still eager, laughing, garrulous, completely indifferent to appearances, uncombed, almost unkempt, genuinely feckless. He never did give a tuppenny damn about money or possessions, and as a youth he was generally broke, which may have been the main reasons why, even in his schooldays, women wanted to mother him and love him. It must have come as a shock to them to discover that his fecklessness was all-embracing, in every sense of the word. Their pretty boy was as hard as nails. I thought of him the first time I saw that well-known portrait of Lodovico Capponi by Bronzino in the Frick museum—an elegant young idler, as you might think, until you looked into his cool, gray, X-ray eyes, and they made you jump as though you'd spilled a drop of boiling water on your hand.

One of our jurymen remembers him as a natural revolutionary, another as a rebel. He was born into the wrong place and the wrong age to be either to the full—Ireland after The Troubles. How happy he would have been in the thick of them! If he had been shot then, he would now be one of our best-loved boy heroes. He was born too late; the Spanish Civil War was almost over when he was leaving school—together with the not-all-that-young schoolmistress who took him camping in a pup tent all around England for the whole of that summer.

"She completed my education," he used to say, with his usual happy grin. "What happened to her? I don't know. She got sacked, of course. Oh, yes, she wrote to me. But"—with a graceful circle of his strong, slender hand—"we had completed the medallion of our love."

That was the way he always talked—romantically—and behaved—ruthlessly. He used to say, "I'm not really all that Irish, you know! The Cartons were always Cromwellian settlers. And you know how it is with these colonials. One moves on."

"Would you," I asked Rika Prevelakis, "say he was ruthless?"

By way of reply, she recalled their last encounter. I already knew (we all knew) something about it. She frankly filled in the details.

It happened at the time of his famous Monster Public Protest Meeting in 1941. He was then one of Ireland's active Communists (had we twelve?); in public calling himself a member of the Irish Labour Party, which, as everybody knows, was and is about as left as my right foot; calling himself a Socialist in private; and (his own confession) in his bed or his bath loudly declaring himself a Marxist. The date is vital. 'Forty-one was a tough time anywhere in these islands for anyone to be a Communist. The Russians were still holding to their nonaggression pact with Hitler. The many thousands of Irish in the British army felt they were there to fight Communism as well as Nazism. Dunkirk was over. So was the Battle of Britain. But when Spain invaded Tangier, which reminded us all of the existence of General Franco, and the Germans entered Athens, which reminded Charlie of Lord Byron, it seemed the perfect moment to appeal to Ireland about the rights of small nations. Accordingly, Charlie and his friends boldly announced a Monster Public Meeting "in honor of Greece" for the night of May 4th. The timing could not have been more awkward for all concerned. If they had waited until June, Russia would have been fighting Germany. And four days before the meeting, this old flame of Charlie's turned up in Dublin.

I doubt if he was twenty then. She was in her early twenties—small, dark, reasonably pretty, and so enchanted to find Charlie up in arms in defense of her country that her prettiness bloomed out in a sort of fiery beauty. In every way but one she was a most appealing young woman, as all who met her agreed; and most of us did meet her because, from the minute she arrived, Charlie was madly trying to fob her off on his friends. (With her, also, it appeared, he had completed the medallion of their love—of his love, anyway.) Her one unappealing characteristic was that, although she was highly educated—she was then teaching Greek and Greek history in London to Foreign Office chaps—and well informed about most things, shrewd, hard-headed and clear-eyed, she was pathetically unable to perceive that Charlie detested her in proportion as her pursuit of him, and his flight from her made her look abject and ridiculous.

"It's awful!" he sweated. "It's like a blooming honeymoon! She never lets up for one minute. Can we have breakfast together? What am I doing for lunch? Where am I going for dinner? What about tonight, tomorrow night, the day after tomorrow? Listen—be a sport, for God's sake; take her out to lunch for me and lose her somewhere in the mountains."

One immediate result, during those days before the Meeting, was that we all had her on the telephone.

"Can I speak to Mr. Carton, please?"

"Hello! Is that Rika? I'm afraid

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Charlie isn't here. He's never here. He doesn't live here, you know."

"But he must be there! He told me to ring this number if he didn't turn up!"

"Turn up where?"

"In St. Stephen's Green. At three o'clock. Beside the bust of James Clarence Mangan."

In the soft spring rain? With a drop on the tip of James Clarence Mangan's green nose? What a good idea for getting shut of a girl! But it was not good enough for Rika.

"Well, he just isn't here."

"I will ring again."

"It isn't any good. He never is here."

"I will ring again. He told me to keep on trying. When he comes, please tell him to wait until I ring again."

We kept asking ourselves and asking one another why he was so devious with her. Why, if only in sheer kindness of heart, didn't he give her the straight uppercut? Was this the soft streak in him? She revealed that, whenever he could not avoid meeting her, he would sit by her side, hold her hand, gaze into her eyes and, in his rich Irish voice, recite poetry to her, Byron for preference:

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!
thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone
can bind. . . .

If she raged at him he would say, soothingly and softly, "Let the doves settle, Rika! Let the doves settle on your looovely head!" Once, being still as tempestuous as (in his admiring phrase) the stormy Aegean, she found him gripping her hand and asking, "Do I hold the hand of Queen Maeve?", to which she unwisely replied, "Who is Queen Maeve?", only to find herself at once bewildered, delighted, infuriated and irrecoverably lost in a gold-and-purple tapestry of Celtic myth and legend:

"Our past, Rika, is so old and so rich, like your great past out of which you have come to us, so filled with wonder and mystery that it surrounds us like the murmuring night sea, crowded with the dim faces and the lost voices of our dead, whose whispering words we never cease to hear and can never hope to understand. In that dark night of the Irish memory there looms always our bull-goddess Queen Maeve, surrounded by the tossing heads of the eternal sea, her herd of white bulls up to their bellies in the green pastures of the ocean, her spear aloft, her great eyes rooolling. . . ."

She was never to know how that story ended. Dazed and mesmerized, in the very heat and heart and height of it, she saw him leap up and cry, "My comrades await me! The battle approaches! Meet me in Davy Byrne's back room in an hour's time."

And there he was pounding down the stairs, with her shouting over the banisters, "But if you aren't there?", and him shouting up from the bottom of the well, "Ring 707070!" She had waited for the length of four whiskeys in Davy Byrne's. She had then found that there is no such telephone number as 707070 and decided that she had misunderstood him, until she saw it the next day in a bookshop window. *I Did Penal Servitude.* By 707070.

By the morning of the Meeting she was beside herself. Up to then she had grudgingly accepted the fact that his secret preparations for the Meeting were a reasonable explanation of his disappearances and nonappearances. But when the Meeting would be over and done with? She knew that that would be either the end or the beginning of everything. Early that morning, so early that the gulls were still screaming down on the garbage cans, she found herself awakened by a knocking on the door of her hotel bedroom. He was standing in the corridor, carrying a suitcase, his collar up, his buttercup hair in his eyes, and his eyes staring. He laid the suitcase at her feet and said with a terrible earnestness:

"Rika, when the Meeting ends tonight the whole city will be a caldron of excitement. There may be riots. Blood may flow in the streets. Unless I am in jail or dead, I will come to this hotel at twelve o'clock tonight with a motorcar. I know the night porter. A grand young fellow from Kerry. One of us. Absolutely reliable. He will let me in by the back door. We will fly together into the mountains, where a friend of mine has a lime-white cottage with a roof of golden thatch beside a dark lake where the ripples are forever washing in the reeds and the wild water forever lapping on the crags, and there at last we will be alooone."

"But," she asked, clutching her dressing gown to her neck, "how do I really know that I can really trust you to come?"

He glared at her. "Trust? It is *I* who trust *you*. This suitcase contains everything I possess—papers, books, letters, plans, maps. Enough to ruin me for life! Is this hand I grasp the hand of a weakling or the hand of Queen Maeve?"

("Idiot that I was," she sighed, "I said 'Queen Maeve.' ")

"At midnight! Be ready! Be waiting! My Grecian bride!"

(Throwing out her arms like a pope, she cried: "And he was gone!")

She went to the Monster Meeting. ("I *attended* it," she said mockingly.) The evening was a trifle damp. Charlie had said that College Green would be thronged from end to end. Rika found a gathering of about three hundred people, most of whom looked like evening strollers, invited by a loudspeaker—and gently shepherded by an Inspector and six guards—off the main thoroughfare of College Green into a *piazzetta* called Foster Place. This broad, brief dead-end street, mainly occupied by banks, is used during the day as a parking space and commonly used by night for small public gatherings such as this. She soon observed that the organizers of the Meeting, having placed their decoy speaker at the farther or inner end of the street, then drew up a convertible motorcar at the other, or open, end for their main speakers, with the evident intention of leaving themselves a ready line of retreat into College Green if things turned nasty. Across the backs of the convertible's seats they had laid the kind of shallow packing case that is used for transporting such flat objects as sheets of glass, wallboards, or pictures, a platform just about wide enough to support and display one speaker at a time.

The pilot speaker—a young Trinity College student named Phil Clune, who was later to become chief financial adviser to one of the new African

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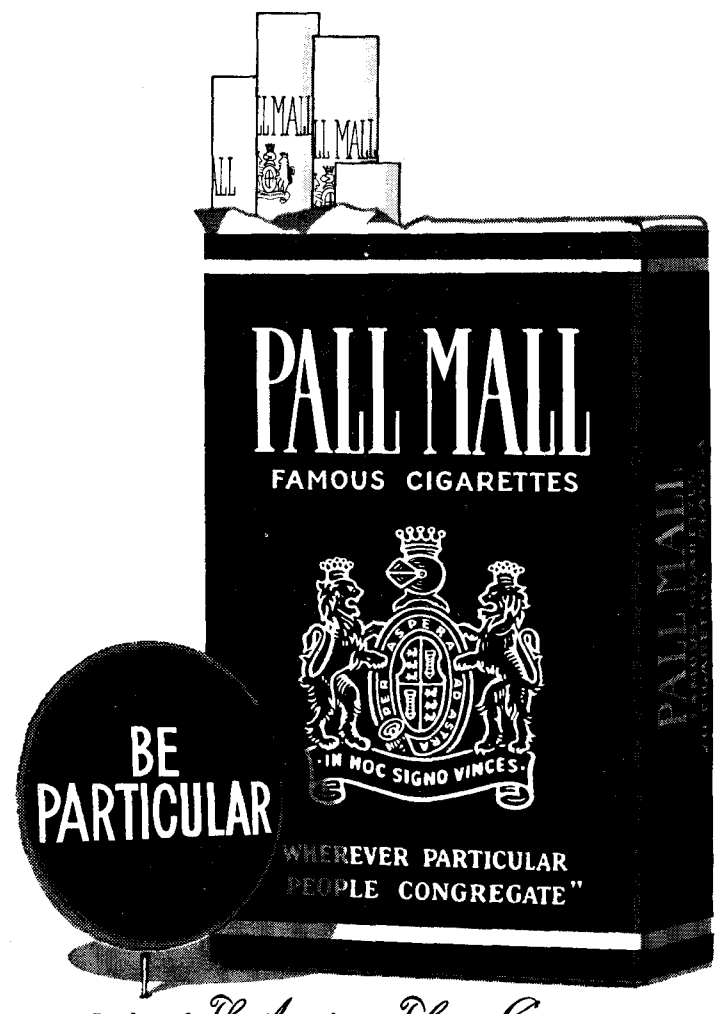

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nations—was both careful enough and lucky enough not to provoke his audience to anything more serious than a few sarcastic interruptions along the lines of "Lord Byron was a dirty scut!" or "And what did Greece do for us when we wor fightin' the Black and Tans?" or, in bland disregard for Phil's age, "And where wor you in 1916?" She found it all deflating and confusing until the crowd had to turn right around to face the main speakers. Then things began to warm up a bit while still remaining confusing; especially when what she called "a butchy-looking woman with cropped gray hair like Gertrude Stein" started to speak of the Greek church as a citadel of truth, liberty, and outstanding moral courage. This produced shouts of "What Greek church?" and "We don't recognize no Greek church," which made her feel that it was her duty to explain to those near her what the Greek church really was—the main effect of which was to break up the opposition into small, growling groups arguing among themselves about which Greek church recognized Rome and which recognized Constantinople. These arguments subsided when the butchy woman started talking about "the deplorable silence of the Prisoner of the Vatican," whom she referred to, rather overfamiliarly, as "Papa Pacelli." The result was such angry cries as "His Holiness the Pope to you, ma'am!" and "Hey! Are you from Belfast?"

At this point, if Rika had known her Dublin properly, she would have realized that it would only be a matter of minutes before somebody would start singing *Faith of Our Fathers*, and then it would be high time for all prudent men and women to start edging off to the shelter of the nearest bank doorway. Instead, she started elbowing to the front, where she saw Charlie insistently plucking at Gertrude Stein's skirt and madly whispering something to her that made her quickly wind up whatever she was saying about the Red Dean of Saint Paul's and lumber down off the packing case.

Charlie at once leaped to the rostrum, his arms spread, his yellow hair blowing in the wet wind, his splendid voice ringing out:

> *"Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!*
> *Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!*
> *thou art,*
> *For there thy habitation is the heart—*
> *The heart which love of thee alone*
> *can bind. . . .*

"My friends! I give you a clarion call that I believe no man or woman listening to me can fail to answer. Up the Republic!"

The crowd did not say a word in answer to this clarion call—which was probably exactly what he wanted, since they at once fell silent to listen, though possibly they were more dominated by his fine orator's voice and his burly boxer's body than by the actual words he said.

("Oh!" she recalled. "He looked superb. I fell in love with him all over again. Say what you like about him, he had presence. He had guts.")

"My friends!" he shouted. "We are an old and ancient race whose past is so old and so rich, so filled with wonder and mystery that it surrounds us like the murmuring night sea that defends our green shores, like the whispering Aegean whose antique memories forever ripple among the reeds and lap upon the crags of ancient Greece. That darkness of Ireland's primordial memories is crowded tonight with the dim faces and the murmuring voices of our beloved and rebellious dead, whose words we never cease to hear and every syllable of which we fully and clearly understand, whether it be Queen Maeve of Connaught among her herds of milk-white bulls, the tossing foam of the sea, her great spear aloft, her thunderous voice calling to us to remember our birthright, or the quiet, sad figure of Cathleen the daughter of Houlahan passing through the shadows like an uncrowned queen."

(Rika shrugged. "Yes, he had only been practicing on me. But I felt it made me his colleague! And I was proud of it!")

"My friends!" Charlie was bellowing. "What do those voices say to us tonight? They say to us: 'As we are free and as we will remain free, so must all mankind be free and forever so remain.'"

At which point he whipped a small tricolor from his left-hand inside pocket and waved it over his head—a gesture that actually produced a few approving cheers.

"But, my friends, I said '*all* mankind'!"

At which he whipped from his right-hand inside pocket the blue-and-white flag of Greece.

"This is the flag of fighting Greece! Tonight we fight under two flags in Freedom's name. Long live Liberty!"

He got a few more cheers. He now produced from his left-hand outside pocket the black swastika on a red ground.

"Does this flag stand for that liberty?

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep your eye on Kooser—I think he's planning to go over the wall tonight."

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For your liberty or for the liberty of your children? What can you say, what think, what feel? I will tell you what I think of it."

And, like a conjurer, he produced half a dozen matches from his vest pocket and struck them alight on the seat of his trousers. The Nazi emblem burst into flames. ("I had it well soaked in petrol!" he explained to us afterward.)

"A sign!" he roared, as the emblem flamed and fell. "A sign as black as treachery and as red as blood. And only in blood can all its cruelties be avenged!"

At this, the Inspector and his six guards began to edge forward. After all, Ireland was officially a neutral country, even if we were more neutral *against* Germany than *for* it, and the Inspector had issued stern warnings before the meeting began that no word should be said contrary to Irish neutrality. But Charlie's next words made him pause, indecisively:

"I mean, my friends, the blood coursing through your veins, pulsing in your hearts with pity for the children in our slums, our unemployed wailing for bread, our aged sick neglected and dying all about us, the thousands of our young men—aye, and our young maidens—mounting the gangways day and night to emigrate to foreign shores. Your warm Irish blood can remind you only of the triple cry of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' that led so many of our young men in every age to die for the Republic. That blood is the Rights of Man! That blood is the color of universal brotherhood!"

Reaching behind him, he received, unfurled and waved, blazing in the electric light of the street lamps, the red Soviet flag.

At one and the same moment a collective howl of rage burst from the crowd, a female voice began to sing *Faith of Our Fathers*, the Inspector and the guards breasted toward the car, the mob surged forward, the car rocked, and Charlie, to prevent himself from being thrown down among the lions, grasped the lamppost beside him and clambered up it like a monkey, still waving the red flag, still shouting, "Long live Liberty!"

I could see it all in Rika's eyes, immense as two television screens.

"You know, those Irish policemen were marvelous! They got in a circle around the car and the lamppost. One of them climbed up and pulled Charlie down by the legs, and the Inspector said, 'Run, you bastard!' And, my God, how he ran! Some of the crowd ran after him, but he was too fast for them. I kept clawing at the Inspector and shouting, 'I am a Greek girl!' He caught me and threw me headfirst into the car, my legs up in the air, just as the car started and ran away with me. The butchy woman, four or five men, and the red flag streamed behind the car. After a few blocks, the policemen stopped in a long, quiet street, pulled me out and dumped me on the pavement, and drove away off down that long street into the fog.

"My face was bleeding. My stockings were torn. I was a sight. When I got up, I saw I was opposite the Abbey Theatre, and I will always remember the play they were playing that night. It was called *The Whiteheaded Boy*. When I saw it, I thought of Charlie. My God! I said to myself, he may want to hide in my hotel. And I ran all the way to it. I cleaned myself up to look my best for him when he would come at twelve o'clock. I packed my bags, though I was shaking so much I could hardly do it, and then I threw myself on the bed and I cried for my whiteheaded boy. I cried because he knew I had seen him run, because he had been shamed into running for his life, because he was homeless and an outcast. Then suddenly I saw his suitcase, and I thought, My God, the police may come here searching for him and find all his papers and letters and plans. I managed to lug it to the windowsill—it was very heavy—and I stood it up there outside the window, and I drew the blind and the curtains, and I lay down again to cry and to wait.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Silly boy! I'm beginning to think you have the right number after all."

"I woke up at half past one. I ran downstairs to consult with the night porter, Charlie's friend. He was a nice, sweet boy, about seventeen or eighteen. He told me he had never heard of Charlie Carton. And that was when I knew that Charlie would never come. But what was I to do with the suitcase? I decided to take this boy into my confidence. I told him that Charlie was a patriot and a hunted man. I shall never forget what he said to me. He said, 'Miss, if he's for Ireland I'll do anything for him.' I cried when he said that—it was so warm, so Greek. When I told him about the suitcase that I must protect with my life, he got a bunch of keys and a screwdriver, and we went back upstairs together to see what we should do with this terrible suitcase. Between us, this boy and me, we dragged it in from the windowsill—it was by this time soaked with the rain—and we laid it on the floor, and we worked on it, and at last we managed to open it."

I shook my head. Not because I did not know what was in it—Charlie had told me—but in pity for her.

Rika looked out of her window, down at the waters of the port of Piraeus. "I suppose," she said, "in everybody's life there is one moment of shame that one never forgets. This was my moment—when that boy opened that suitcase, that nice boy who would have done anything for Ireland. It contained two bags of sand. Nothing else." She laughed merrily. "He really was a rascal! I told the boy, 'This is probably dynamite.' All he said was, 'Yes, miss.' I stayed in my room until the morning broke. Then I took the boat for London."

I think if Charlie had been with us at that moment I would have struck him. I said, "Some people would be less kind about him than you. They would say he was a poseur, a sham, an actor."

"Oh, no! He was much more than that! Much more! He was actor, dramatist, producer and play all in one. And we were his audience. He was always trying to act out some play of life that was real to him for as long as he imagined it, though it was always only real in the way a child's soap bubble is real. A dream full of swirling colors in the end floating away, exploding silently."

"Wasn't that a bit hard on the people who had to be his coactors?"

"You mean people like me? Very hard. If we were foolish enough to think that any of his plays would last. Not hard if we knew that at any moment he would ring down the curtain and start another play in some other theater, in some other city, in some other country. Even then, of course, it was hard on his fellow actors whom he left behind out of a job. He was inexpressibly selfish because he was hopelessly romantic. Always dashing away. An artist whose only art was his life. Not a very good artist, I grant you, but, still, an artist."

"Some people would say he was just a Don Juan."

"I hope not! That most unhappy race of men. Always chasing shadows. Always hoping. Never sure. He is married."

Was it a statement or a question?

"How did you know?"

She smiled. "We all marry. If it comes to that, Don Juans—and Donna Juanitas too—are of all people the most certain to marry, in order to be sure of love at least once, before they die or become impotent. To feel sure that their search was—oh, well, it's too difficult. It took me a long time to work it out. Until I did, I hated him more than I have hated anyone else in my whole life. And," she said, grinning, "I'm very good at hating. When I realized that he just had to be what he was, I no longer cared."

"Have you ever written to him?"

She looked at me coldly. "I am a happily married woman, with three sons. I am a professor. I have an adoring husband. I have a lovely home. Why should I write to him?"

"He has not forgotten you."

She smiled a gratified smile, and we shook hands.

"Give him my affectionate greetings. And all my sympathy."

I glanced at her, startled until I saw that she did not mean it derisively. Her last question was to ask what he was doing now. I told her: a salesman for sanitary equipment. She was still laughing as she closed the door.

As I walked down through the narrow streets about the port, I wondered for a long time what I would say if somebody asked me for my opinion of her. Would I say she was like all experienced women—sensible, practical, and absolutely without illusions, despising above all those fantasies of which even the oldest men are never entirely free? Or would even she sometimes remember with a tiny, secret, happy smile certain earlier days when she had been a little otherwise?

I was amused when I told Charlie of our meeting in Athens, and he at once asked eagerly if she remembered him.

"Indelibly!" I said.

"And is she still beautiful?"

"More so than ever!"

I watched his X-ray eyes narrow, then widen with the lovely image they received, and then, ever so slowly, relinquish another dream. He had little bags under his eyes. His hair was thin as dust. I thought he looked damn silly as he said, "Oh, well! We had completed the medallion of our love!"—and made a graceful circle with his slender hand. □

In writing of the revolutionary fervor of Charlie Carton, Sean O'Faolain has revolutionary memories of his own to draw upon. In his autobiography, VIVE MOI! published by Little, Brown and Company, he recalls his experiences as a soldier in the Irish Republican Army: "I was never cut out to be either a soldier or a killer. . . . The great majority of us were given such . . . jobs as the gathering of more or less useful information, watching over the billets of the fighters, scouting, carrying dispatches, doing police work, helping to trench roads or fell trees across them in order to hold up reinforcements when an ambush was due. . . . Otherwise we hung around, drilled, waited, felt nervy, groused, and were supremely proud and happy whenever even the most modest task made us feel we were really doing something positive in the struggle for independence."

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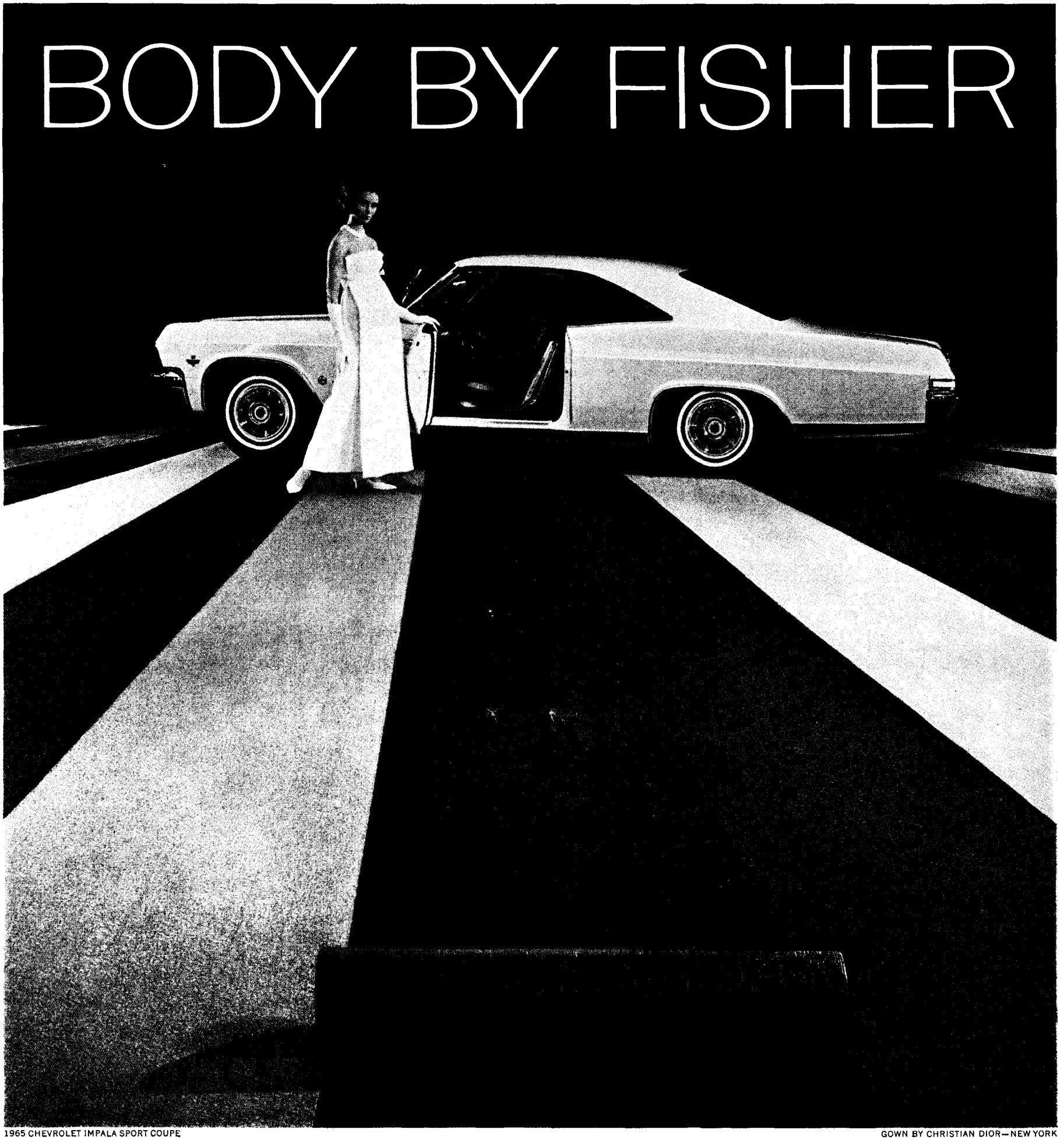

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DOVISCH AMONG THE SAVAGES

A high comedy of discovery

BY HERBERT WILNER

Call me Dovisch, another wanderer survived to tell a story.

Since I saw you last Wednesday, I had an American misadventure—a preposterous, outrageous, comic misadventure, if you will, but a thoroughly *American* one. I find myself obligated to share it with you, a class in American Literature, Early Period. Yes, I know what you are here for: I announced last week that this hour was set aside to talk with you about your final examination. Thus come all the bright faces at eight in the morning at the end of May in yet another spring in a part of California that has only weather and no climate, thus no season, hence no time. Except finals time. What kinds of questions will Dovisch ask on his final exam? A short route to a high grade to know beforehand the kind of questions. So no one is absent today. Perfect attendance for the first time in—how many weeks?

Nevertheless, I shall share this experience with you. I promise it will be preparation enough for your finals. I share it with you fresh and unrehearsed, because it didn't end till two o'clock this very morning. Six hours ago. No, that's not right. Today is for a flyer, but it is also for facts. My colleagues would remind me: dates, figures, facts—toughness. At the bottom of all knowledge and every wisdom, a fact. It is the gossip of the corridors, what my colleagues accuse me of. And some of you have heard it in the corridors, or over coffee, or in your other classes. I know how they accuse me, leavening it with an intolerable affection: Dovisch, the rainbow-maker. So the hard fact of it is that my misadventure did not come to its end at two this morning. It continues still, because I am obligated to share it with you, and I am going to share it with you, delicacies notwithstanding. And you will not learn from it because you will not see the immediate profit to yourselves because you will not imagine it can have anything to do with your final exam. You begin already to put down your ballpoint pens, to close your notebooks, and on some of your faces I see that smile reserved for moments like this when you know I am about to go the long way around. There goes Dovisch again, the rainbow-maker on another flyer. Students of Early American Literature, Section 2, listen to me. My little misadventure *is* your finals. And then I begin, Dovisch fashion, accented by way of the Bronx, inflected a little by a history somewhat older than the American, the inflection slightly exaggerated this morning.

I went last week to Pyramid Lake. I went alone after my last class on Wednesday. I went in my car. I curse cars every day of my life, but I went to Pyramid Lake to be alone, to hold conversations with no one, so the car was a matter of free choice. For those of you not from this part of the country, know that Pyramid Lake is thirty miles north and slightly east of Reno. It is thirty miles long and ten

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miles wide. I went to Pyramid Lake to test myself in the experience of solitude, and to know at first hand the distinctions to be made between solitude and isolation. I had four whole days to spend there. It will come to some of you as no surprise that I had never in all my life sustained a period, however brief, of true solitude. Isolation, yes—isolation always—but not solitude. So the four days, seized from my work and my family, seemed time enough for a deliberate test. I took a sleeping bag, which I bought for the occasion. Dovisch in a sleeping bag? I took a sweater, a flannel shirt, changes of socks, and so forth; also canned fruits and a can opener, and boxes of zwieback borrowed from my daughter. I have a credit card, so I needed no money even for gas. I took fifty cents for bridge tolls, and no more. And my checkbook. This is something I must explain.

I did not start out intending to make things difficult. I wanted, if possible, to experience joy in my solitude, not hardship. Thus my food arrangement. I was not going to test self-reliance in the form of survival. That's not what Emerson meant. Thoreau either. I was going to test solitude, in which self-reliance was a mere consequence. I can't fish. I have never in my life gone fishing. And if I did fish and caught a fish, I could not trust myself to build a fire. And if I caught a fish and built a fire, I would have had to have brought along the fishing equipment. Also a pot for cooking. No, I was altogether less encumbered with the canned fruits, and I admit a fondness for sweet syrups and a distaste for fish. I must insist upon the fact that I went responsibly to Pyramid Lake for pleasure, not hardship. I left out money not because I sneer at it. I am Puritan enough to know its grace. But in my wallet it would remind me always of purchase, and that would imply some other person who sells, and though he might through all my stay be absent, the money in my wallet would be an emblem of his implication in my life and a diminishment of my solitude. I took the checkbook because solitude is the essence of responsibility and has nothing in common with thoughtlessness. You see, I tried to be practical in everything. I have a wife and four little children. There are emergencies in such a world. I will soon tell you of some of them.

So, directly to it. The time goes. This is our last meeting. I must get it all in. I tell you, I see America now. I can open my fist and watch it dance.

I arrived at Pyramid Lake on Wednesday at five-thirty in the evening, having traveled east to find the West. I went through Reno and then north. Motels, restaurants, gas stations, domiciles for the divorced, the divorcing, the gamblers. The un-epic frontier of our present time. Then northward through the desert mountains. Sagebrush and female slopes and hollows. Late sunlight shifting colors, purple and violet and blue and a flare of red, shimmering, shifting. Mountains shifting in the light. The windshield dances. A curve in the road, a descent, and there to the right, below the lowering line of the desert mountain, Pyramid Lake. A table top in a naked world. Not a tree. Not a cloud. The whole lake in one turn of the head. A great belt of not quite water under a balloon of sky. Into which enters, into that universe of silence, the *phtt phtt* of the old Plymouth, inside of which is Dovisch, Professor of American Literature. Specialist in Emerson; seminars offered also, for a touch of the old country, in Dostoevski. Inside of Dovisch, before this naked world all in silence, the heart empties with a gush, a roar reaching into the corners of *our* Promised Land.

Terrifying landscape. Perfection for solitude. I must impress you with it through *my* eyes, but I have no power for such description. From where would I get it? Born forty-two years ago in the Bronx, Simon Dovisch, second son to Morris and Esther Dovisch, immigrants from Russia, that eastern world tilting off Europe. Raised on the fourth floor rear, sharing his brother's room with a view opening to other windows on the fourth floor with coal-smoked bricks between, and raised in the streets, raised to games of ball, at which he was inept, and among the squealings and the yawpings of those to whom solitude would be death and for whom isolation was a way of life. And with books. Immersed then, drowning in the vivid American history: splashed and

"Madman! Spiteful lunatic! You have ruined my car. You have pulled out all the insides. My car will never go again!"

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America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Briefly the problem is this: The State Department has five million to stabilize their government, and the CIA has ten million to overthrow it."

drenched with Pilgrims and Puritans and Quakers, Revolutionists and Rationalists, fur trappers and Indians too, poets and novelists and cowboys and presidents, prairies and mountains and deserts and oceans, gleaned, all of it, from black type on a white page, millions of pages by a light bulb on the fourth floor rear in the Bronx. Later in libraries. Here now, on the Western shore, a Professor of American Literature.

Professing it from books, but not having it in the blood. The books were not the things. Things. Things. Things. To fish, to hunt, to build a house, to farm, to conduct a business, to predict a season. To name a tree, to name a flower, to name a fish, a bird, to control a single practical art—to repair, say, a car, a preposterously complicated car. Things. Things. In them resides the power of all description.

Dovisch alone at Pyramid Lake, in a naked world of silence, seeking solitude, testing whether he can so late in life experience it at all, in order to understand by experience one of the conditions of what he teaches.

Students, I take pride in telling you I remained at the lake all my allotted time. You must understand what it was for me if you are to share my experience of what came to pass at the end of it. That first night. Arrivals are stunning. Impressions are immediate. You never know again all that lives in the first encounter. And now, a mere four days later, I cannot recover those first minutes of coming upon the lake. Because none of what followed ——

Look. I did this the first day. I arrived in the evening at five-thirty. I drove on. I did not want to stay where the highway came directly to the lake. There was something like a diner there. Hot dogs, soda, so forth. Close and deserted, it could nevertheless be a point of gathering. I follow the lake road some miles farther. The sun glaring. Barren everywhere. I park the car. I open a can of stewed pears, a box of zwiebacks, and I have my supper at the lake. I sit and stare. Dovisch alone. Later, the sun going down. A dish of flame. Thoughts of my dear family in our friendly life-insurance-company housing project. Thoughts of my students, of you. Thoughts of America. Then a chill, the sudden cold. I put on my flannel shirt, my sweater. The growing darkness. I prepare the sleeping bag. Ah, that first night of trying to sleep in that wretched sack—smile all you want—rocks and stones underneath. And I told them in the shop where I purchased the sleeping bag. Look at me, I told them. A tall man, feet like canoes. Ample room, ample room, he assured me. American entrepreneurs. But I was too big for the bag, the bag too small for me. In physical discomfort begins the wilderness of imaginings. The enemy of sleep.

In the total darkness, in the universe of silence, what else, what vast night life crawls and slithers here? Snakes? Rattlers? Spiders? Tarantulas? Calm yourself, Dovisch! Achieve solitude. I ransack such knowledge as I have of flora and fauna. Miserable knowledge. I could have written all that I knew on a part of one zwieback and have made a supper of the part remaining. So the first night was full of imagined horrors. I have from a cockroach childhood on the fourth floor a loathing of crawling things.

You can imagine, then, the depths of my self-contempt when I commenced to believe I would not even make it through the first night. Not only the lumps and clumps of stones beneath me, but the wretched sleeping bag too small. Not only the stones and the sleeping bag, but my eyeglasses too. If the stones and the bedding should keep me awake, I should at least enjoy the stars. When in his life did Dovisch sleep with stars? But with his eyeglasses off, who could see the stars? With his eyeglasses on, how sleep at all? And if the stones and the sleeping bag and the eyeglasses were not enough, comes now the wild imaginings of crawling things.

Ultimately, I resigned myself. I overcame my imaginings. Ultimately, I slept.

Came then the first of my pink dawns at the lake. Let me summarize those blessed days. Let me give you the light and the tone and the angle. You squirm. You ask yourselves: Of what relevance? Is there at least a story? But the story is also the arrangements for the story. Didn't the writers we have studied arrange? Didn't Hawthorne? Didn't Melville?

Know then that I sat for long hours in the sun-bright places at the side of the lake. That I walked for miles along the rim of the water, my pants rolled, feet naked, head naked to the naked sun. My eye grew accustomed to naked distance. My mind thereafter sought relief from panoramic registrations. It ordered my eyes to closer recognitions. I forced myself to look for long, uninterrupted sequences at nearer things. At pebbles, rocks, pools of water, boulders that were porous, at the pores of boulders, at brush; at silence itself I looked and listened. I spent a whole hour tossing one pebble into shallow water, retrieving it each time. I spent a whole hour watching a large bird flying high in great circles—watching me, perhaps. Crow, eagle, hawk, falcon—who am I to know the names of birds? For a whole hour we were hundreds of feet apart, but eyeball to eyeball.

Look—picture my days at Lake Pyramid this way. Know that my days were symmetrical. Know that I lived inside them with great precision. Picture me there from up close as a tall, gross-featured, big-footed, clumsy man, alien to where he stood and what he gazed at, reddening in the sun, his hidden heart slipping into the thrill of un-isolation. Picture him there from afar as but another sparrow in the great void, not without a little grace, a small addition of human design against the barren mountains overlooking the blue and stony water under the height of sky. Hear me whistling Mozart melodies into the Nevada air.

Students, in this landscape so strange to me, I learned how I loved the great, secret, mythical history of my country. Yes, *my* country too. In my solitude, I lost my isolation, and I would have laid down my life for my country's secret heart. Yes, Dovisch on a flyer, but fly with me if you will. Because for the first time in my life I *felt* the difference between solitude and isolation. And for the first time in my life I forgot the fourth floor rear and its crazy summons to books. I could not wait to get back to share some of this with you in the beginning of this hour, to give you a particle of my new feeling. But how would I say it? More Dovisch rainbows. But fate waited. My misadventure waited. So—the arrangements made and the story at last.

My time was up, and I threw my litter into the car. I left not one trace of my presence there. The bird who had watched me was long since gone. Would its eyes remember Dovisch? Who knows? It was Sunday. It was yesterday. It was two in the afternoon. I was exuberant. I had stayed out my time. I had learned. Which of you cannot by now picture Dovisch in his exuberance? I almost could not find my car keys. Trembling fingers fumbling in pockets. The beginning of panic. Voluntary solitude is one thing, but who am I to confront an enforced one? Calm, calm, I urged myself. There were the keys in the glove compartment, where I had left them. The return home then.

I turn the key. I press the pedal. Nothing. A little *erk-erk* noise in the big silence, and then nothing. Calm, calm, I urge myself. First the fuel. But how should it be the fuel when I had filled up in Truckee with just such a precaution in mind? I am almost afraid to look. If there was a leak and in three days it all ran out, where should I walk now for gas? I turn the key and look. Plenty of fuel. The needle almost to the three-quarters. It was a mistake. A clumsiness of the fingers. My excitement to get home. To see you here this morning, to tell you. Again, then, on the pedal. Again nothing. *Erk-erk-erk*, and nothing more. In the middle of nowhere with a damned, cursed old Plymouth that won't start on a Sunday afternoon, with a lecture class to meet on the next morning, having promised, given my word to review for the finals, not to mention a devoted family, the oldest child only seven, but who knows already how to worry. Calm yourself. A voice into the panic, into the silence, into another *erk-erk*, another and another. I ransack such facts as I have gathered of cars that will not start. Another zwieback full. Gathered from the general mechanic atmosphere and previous car catastrophes, like old people in hospitals who know their organs in proportion to the number of survived diseases therein. So a car that won't start: wet spark plugs? How could that be in a desert? Once with an old Studebaker there was trouble with the vacuum advance. A vacuum advance. Who could remember what it was? Where in the engine would I find it? Once with an old Ford there was trouble with a voltage regulator. Again, who knows where such a thing is to be found in an engine? Would you believe me when I confess I do not even know what voltage is? Is a voltage regulator something to believe in? Tinker Toys for children. Apparatus. But if the ignorance derived from a lack of faith should cost you your life in a desert? or attendance at your job? or the peace of mind of your family? There's the rub.

So smile at me and my car pickle. Do you pause ever to count up all the things to which you have delivered faith and are ignorant of? Girls here who drive cars to campus. Do you know what makes them go? Gasoline. Is that an answer? Then food alone would keep alive a dying man. Do you know, when you press a button, why the elevator should go up or down to the designated floor and not through the top of the building or through the bottom of the cellar? Do you know why an airplane should fly? Why these senseless tubes in the ceiling should light up when I press a button? Not to mention computers. Or X rays. Or a radio. Or television. Listen—our

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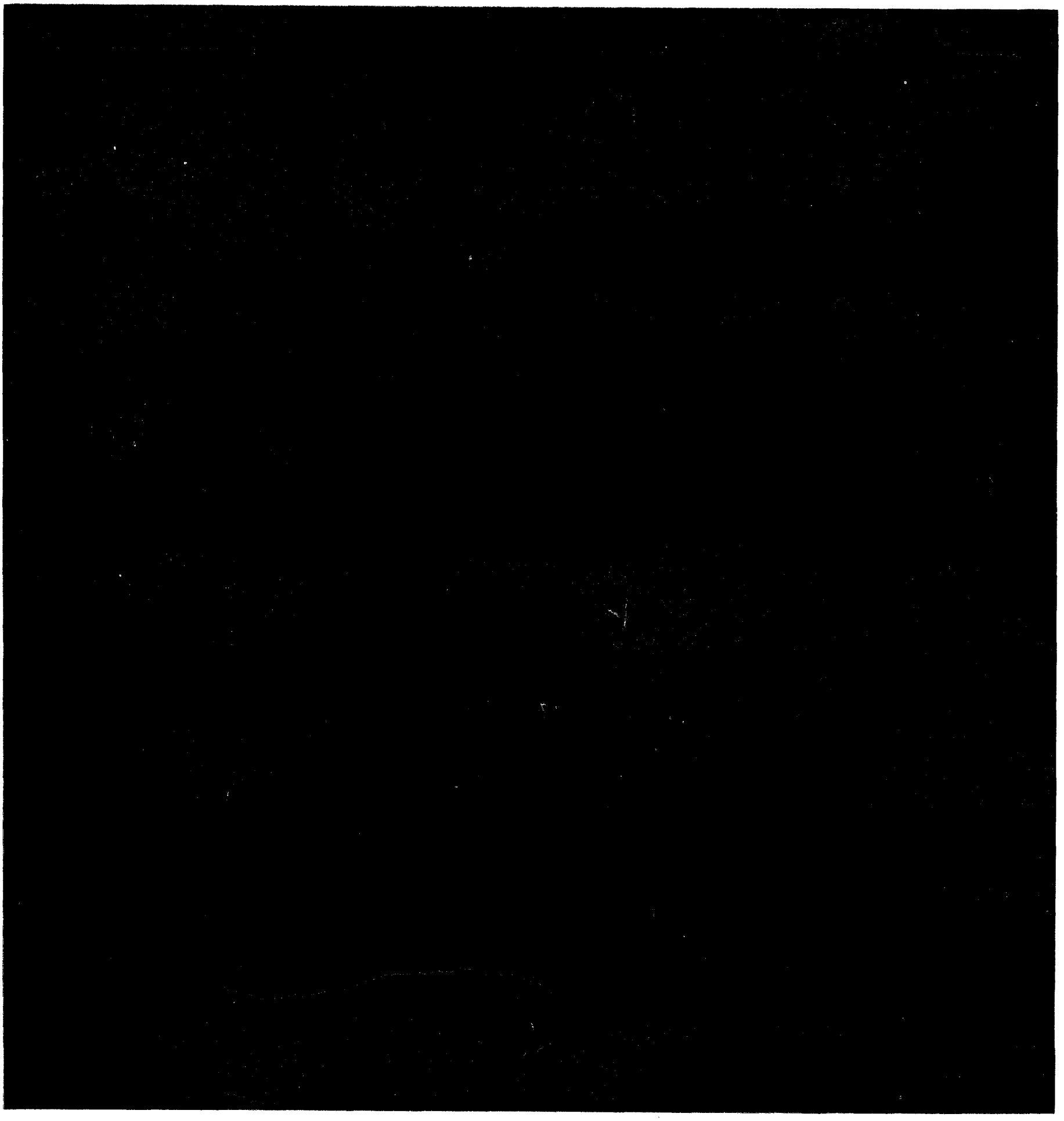

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Benjamin Franklin, whom I treated so scantily in the first semester. Sandwiched between Puritans and Emerson, who could afford to pause there? But who would deny that he was one of those who lived with his feet on the ground? That I despise the man is another story.

The battery. Of course I thought of the battery. Three days and I had not once used the car. But the battery was only three months old and the guarantee was for eighteen. So go cash in a guarantee at Pyramid Lake. A million eighteen-month batteries, and Dovisch gets the lemon. Another old story. The question was a push. Where could I find another car to push me in that sand and sage where I had pulled mine off the road? Calm. Calm. Perhaps not the whole battery. A cable connection, perhaps. I too had heard of such things. For luck I try once more. *Erk-erk*, and then nothing. I open the hood. I see the battery and the cables thereto, one with the plus and one with the minus. What all that means, I never knew. Gingerly, I touch the wires. My heart leaps. Indeed, one seems loose. I turn a little, and it tightens. I rush back to the car, turn the ignition. *Erk-erk*, nothing more. Again with the cables—pinching, stroking, prodding, pushing, punching at last, punching the senseless cable, the stupid battery, and for good measure the hot fender. *Erk-erk*.

Listen—the hour flies. To make it short: I need a push, and the solitude is over for me. To walk then and return in a car with help. I take the keys. I walk. I walk and walk. At last a sign. Four miles to Nixon. It is already an hour since I first tried to start the car. Three o'clock now and who ever heard of Nixon? A community, a hamlet, and people nevertheless. Nixon in an hour, I assure myself, and perhaps a car I can flag down along the way before then. I am a good walker, an old Manhattan tramper. A deep breath for fortitude, and off I go, driven by hatred of cars, hurried by my anxiety about driving at night on highways.

There is no time to give you the hike in the hot desert sun. Fill in as you will. All history is incomplete. Only imagine the anger, the distress, the reasonable panic. The sweat, the dust. The beginning of trees, an oasis. The sight at last of a car on the highway. I get out in the lane. Exultant, I wave my arms. How lucky that I so soon see a car! Would you believe it that they nearly ran me down? A gang of boys, maybe college boys, car-tinkerers. Maybe any one of them could have helped me. Am I innocent to believe any one of them would have, if I had had the opportunity to explain to him what it was all about? But can I make a speech to a rocket? Seventy, eighty miles an hour they went past me, swerving into the other lane in the last minute, and at the same time I leaped into a thicket of sage on my side. One of them had the gall to stick his head out the window and shake a fist at me.

I brushed myself off and resumed walking. Only then did I think for the first time of the appearance I presented to others. Since the Wednesday morning of my departure, I had not shaved. My nose and forehead, I knew from old experience, would be shining like a McIntosh apple—sunburn. My khaki pants were some other color now, and no end of wrinkles everywhere from struggles with the undersized sleeping bag. My T-shirt smeared from where I leaned under the hood of the car, and my hands all dirt and grease from playing with the battery cable. What sort of welcome could I expect at the first house I came to? Bedraggled and begrimed, how would I be received on someone's property uninvited on a Sunday afternoon?

Came then the first house. Not a house, a shack. Albeit under a few trees and with a porch, and before the porch not one but three cars. Not a person in sight. Behind the dwelling place, on a small slope, cows. But on the other side of the road, another shack, and only one car. I decide for that one. Three cars on a Sunday before such a small dwelling place means company, visitors. Not, it seemed to me, an encouraging atmosphere for a plea of distress, a call for help. I crossed the road, noticing the newness of the car. A shack to live in, but a new car for leaving and returning. Another small porch. Three, four steps, the wood answering back to my feet. Good, I tell myself: for the door to the right of the steps is half open, and the noise of my approach forewarns them I don't come in stealth. Outside, the brilliant sun; inside, all dark. And already a foul odor. Better that way, I encourage myself. Poverty and even filth will be less offended by my own appearance. I knock, not timidly, not too loudly. Good luck to you here, Dovisch, I announce to myself, implore. Then I tell myself at once: Ask only to use the telephone, to call the nearest service station.

There is no answer to my knocking. I knock again, somewhat louder. I wait. No answer. There is the odor, definitely foul, reminiscent for me of dark corners in schoolyards, of relief stations on certain desolate subway stops. Also sounds—a chair scraping, perhaps. But no footsteps, no speech. I call out: "Anyone at home?" And that, in four days' time, is the first spoken language I have addressed to a listener. Do you know the experience of separation from your own voice? I thought: Should I push the door open the rest of the way or knock again? I push. Not vigorously—politely. The light from outside floods in. They are standing there blinking at the light, watching me.

A man and a woman. Puerto Ricans, I tell myself. No, Mexicans. What would Puerto Ricans be doing there? Short and thick and swarthy, wide foreheads, wide noses, like Gauguins—but no sparkle: sullen, suspicious. They keep blinking at the light. They look at me, and they look at each other. Dark black hair, both of them. The man in a sort of crew cut, but not cut down enough. The hairs standing up like quills, and greasy. The woman's too, but lank, uncombed. He wears dungarees and one of those faded blue worker's-farmer's shirts, also denim. She is bare-armed in a dress that merely hangs from her, that needs a belt, a collar, a something. Will they even understand English, I wonder, as I begin my introduction, my explanation, my need.

Students, I am not a good reporter, not a good observer to begin with. Furniture I am blind to. I can stare at stuff in the house of a stranger or friend and not remember the very next day what was there. But did you need to be a reporter to stand where I stood yesterday afternoon on the threshold of that shack (no one had yet invited me in) and not know at once as you tried to explain your predicament that there could be no telephone in such a place? Perhaps there was not even electricity. Between the two of them, where they stood, there was a little table on skinny legs—a bridge table—piled with dishes and beer cans, and on the table was a thick, half-burned candle. So you see how I had to shift my explanation toward a plea for direct help. What I do remember is a potbellied stove with a tilted flue, clothes on hooks on one of the walls, and in a corner, by itself, nothing near it, like a museum piece, a single contour chair on those pipe legs. Mail-order modern. Red yet.

So—were they, in all those exchanges of looks between them, understanding a word of what I said about my car, my plight, my explanation of and apology for my ragged appearance? I must confess I said nothing of my professional occupation. Instinctively I imagined it would make no impression, or it would actually run a risk. Anywhere in Europe it would have been my first announcement. Put that in your notebooks and make of it what you will. I ended with a mention of my children and my wife, and the worry my absence from dinner tonight would cause them until I could get the car started and find a telephone. Did they understand? Another exchange of looks between them. Then at last the man speaks. One word.

"Sunday."

No accent, least of all a Mexican accent. But with spitefulness. That haughtiness of the permanently deprived addressing the temporarily deprived.

"Yes, Sunday," I say. "My wife alone on a Sunday and worrying that something has happened to me. The accidents on highways these days." I look toward the woman. I have, you noticed, dropped the plea of children. I get the impression this is a childless place. Who can guess what resentments it causes? Again the exchange of looks between them. Except for the turning of their heads and the blinking of their eyes, they remain all the while motionless. And I am still only on the threshold. He talks again. Two words now.

"How much?" he says.

"How much what?" I ask him. I look again at the woman. I am forced to say she was ugly. That stoop, that arch and thickness between the shoulder blades. The filthy hair. That sullenness, that stupefaction of face. She looks again at the man.

"Sunday," he repeats. "You pay how much?"

"How much do you want?" I say.

"How much do you give?" he asks.

"How much do you get paid an hour?" I ask him.

No response. Like wood. Nevertheless, in fairness, in fact, though I am but a poor businessman, I do admit the bargain is on his side, and, humanity apart, the right too. I cannot conceive of what I intruded upon between those two, but I am the intruder, and in need.

"Ten dollars if you get the car to start," I tell him.

Again the looks back and forth. This time a little perceptible heightening of effect. The impact of ten dollars in this place, in these lives.

"Fifteen," he says. "Fifteen for the car to start."

I smile to him. I shrug. All this from the threshold still. The smile and shrug of my people for centuries with their backs against the wall. "It will take you," I tell him, "ten minutes to get there, two minutes to push, ten minutes to get back. But all right, fifteen."

"Ten anyway," he says.

"Fifteen is all right," I say. "I made a bargain. I gave my word."

"I hope you and mother will like each other."

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"Ten anyway," he repeats. The woman moves now for the first time. She scratches.

"Anyway what?" I ask him.

"If the car don't start, ten dollars anyway."

Bitter, money-sucking pessimist! Go romanticize peasants. What could I do? I agree. I refuse to contemplate the possibility that the car should not start. What could be wrong with it after bringing me all this way here without incident and sitting there undisturbed for four days, what else but a battery?

And so then to his car, the key for which he removes from a chain around his neck inside his shirt. Can you imagine? And though it was parked right outside his shack, the doors were locked. Well, I do not make much of it. Who is really to blame him? A brand-new Chevy with red-leather seats. What efforts it took to buy it, the labors now to keep paying for it. Did he come all the way from Mexico—under what hardships?—to live here—in what alienation?—and not have some chrome glitter of our ways rub off on him? So let Professor Dovisch sweat blood with the old Plymouth that won't start and let the laborer of the shack have his firebox that he was driving now a wild seventy miles an hour. Compensation, perhaps, but also a source of reassurance. When they drive like maniacs, they know all about cars.

He had nothing to say to me. We sat the first minute in silence. There was almost a foot between us in height—the advantage on my side. I must say it helped me to contemplate with a little less anxiety the financial arrangement I had made—the fact that I would have to pay with a check, and somewhere find a pen, and commence with identifications. And what would he make of such identifications? American Association of University Professors, Modern Language Association, New England Historical Society. He would have to settle for the gasoline credit card.

I mentioned at the beginning of the hour that I would tell my misadventure despite certain indelicacies. Let me say, then, that in the man's car on the way back to the lake and to my own car, whether from understandable tension or from the unrelieved diet of stewed fruits, whatever it was, my stomach commenced now to emit noises. To cover the awkwardness, though I had determined I could be as sullenly silent as my companion, I began to speak.

"My name is Simon Dovisch," I say to him.

He nods.

"And your name is ——?" I ask.

"Mike," he says.

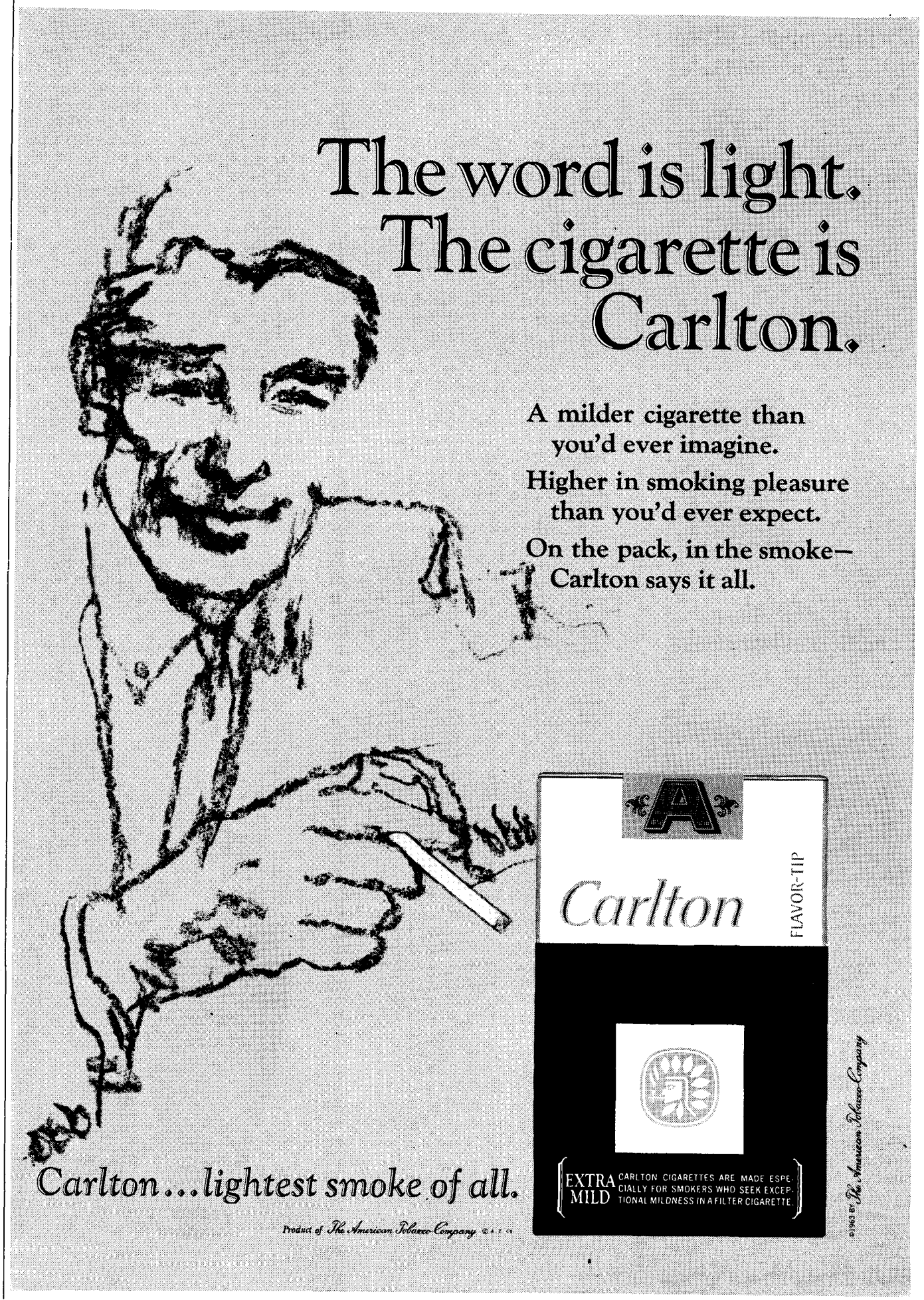
"Mike what?" I press him. Why should I alone be the vulnerable one? Why should I have given away everything and he nothing?

"Mike," he repeats. Nothing more, and stares straight ahead. A profile, I am forced to say, that looks as if it got finished off with a bang from a flat shovel.

"This is an impressive country," I remark. I confess a twinge for the stuffy ambiguity of the word I chose. "A beautiful country," I correct myself. No answer. I try again. "The kind of country," I observe, "in which, for four days, you might say, we were almost neighbors." Like a stone he sits behind the wheel, not even a blink of the eyes. An elbow on his door where the window is open, the arm up, the fingers drumming on the roof. With one hand seventy miles an hour, seventy-five. What else can I try with him in this simple way that's demanded of decent human exchange? Can I offer a hint of what I was doing at the lake? How would he understand it? From where do human connections come anyway? Who was alien in the car that I should talk and he shouldn't answer and that ten inches between us should be a whole Mississippi? Do I make mistakes not knowing country ways? Is there a right subject for conversation with him that I have not the instinct for? The colors on the hills? Or even Reno: gambling? Or something personal—a compliment to his car? Or something more manly, albeit speculative, about the common labor before us of starting my car, and by which, if he would respond, I could sneakily test his air of authority over such matters as batteries and vacuum advances? Or something historical, as, for instance, not too long ago Indians had lived here?

Indians!

I had no sooner shaped the word in my head when my eyes gave it back again, in type, recollected all at once from the road map I had used on the way up. Near Lake Pyramid, Nixon. Printed next to Nixon, each word under the other inside the lines designating borders of the allotted land, the words: Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. An Indian! Not a Puerto Rican, not a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Mexican—a Piute Indian. Simon Dovisch in a car in the Far West with an American Indian.

"You're an Indian!" I exclaimed.

Students of American Literature, Early Period, I call on you to appreciate that moment. I am not one of those who hides his faults. I leave myself open. I do not hedge on the personal if it will but throw a particle of light on the common subject. But I call on you now to admit with me, would I, could I, am I the one to shout out, "You're an Indian!" and mean it as a curse? What was it if not plain and unchecked Dovisch enthusiasm? A joy for an unexpected enthusiasm, this embodied experience, new at least to me, of meeting and traveling and about to labor with an American Indian—Piute. Could I have meant anything but a form of my own congratulation for his identity? Did he have to, at seventy-five miles an hour, slam on the brakes? Did he have to nearly kill us both, the car screaming and squealing and twisting on the highway and not stopping till I had jammed one hand on my side of the dash trying to brace myself and skinned an elbow on the door handle? Did he have to turn on me then and show his teeth in a snarl God meant only for creatures of the jungle who go on four feet with heads turned down? He holds out his hand to me.

"Five dollars till here," he says.

"What's the matter?" I plead. "What did you do that for?"

"Five dollars till here," he repeats.

I can feel the heat of his eyes, and though I have done nothing I dare not look at them.

"You could have killed us," I say, and thought to say, Do you run a taxi, the mileage and fare and destination based on unfounded resentments along the way? Bending my wrist, rubbing the elbow on my thigh, I try to explain. But how? Can I bring him into the exuberance out of which I spoke? Can I tell him that, on the contrary, I love Indians? How shall I love Indians? I never met an Indian before. And if he who sat there snarling at me with his hand out was a prototype of his race, or even his tribe, why should I pretend to love them?

To make it short, I apologized. I had said nothing for which I had to be guilty, but there was no other way. On top of the apology, I offered five dollars more. Twenty now to get the car started. Thus Dovisch, the rainbow-maker, is also a man of bribes. That flicker appeared in his eyes again. We resumed. This time I chose silence.

Come we at last to my car, there as I had left it, hood up, no one else in sight, a forlorn object: a machine which doesn't work. Immediately, then, another disagreement. I want him to push. He wants to look. I explain how it could be nothing but the battery. He looks under the hood. I look with him. He orders me into the car.

"Start it," he says.

What do I know of cars to quarrel with him? Perhaps he is a man of craft, after all. But if I could start it, would I have walked all those miles to find him, Indian or not? Into the car then, the hood up before my vision like a metal wing. My head out the window to hear signals from a body I no longer see. "Start it," he says. Again, *erk-erk*. "Stop it," he says. "The battery?" I suggest. "A push?" I plead. "Start it," he says. And this time a variation, an *erk-erk* with a gasp at the end, an asthma. Nevertheless, a slight improvement, a promise. I see him now come past my side of the car on the way to his. His face, as he passes, a mask of sullenness and resentment. I get out to follow.

"You know now what it is?" I ask him. "Is it the battery? Are you going to push?"

He stops with his hand on the door of the trunk and looks up at me. A hostile look. If it is the way of his people, then too bad they learned no written language. They would have left us a great literature, for they are melancholy enough. If it was merely his own way, then my heart goes out to the woman, ugly or not, he lives with in the shack.

"Fix," he says to me, leaning over the trunk. Nothing else. Then opens the trunk and rummages inside and walks off, going around me without another word, holding in his hand some kind of tool that I tell you did not inspire confidence. Too big to be a scissors, too small to be a shears, not a screwdriver, not a wrench, but almost a pliers. I follow after him. I try to summon control and decency, also a little command, and yet a degree of deference for the unhappy incident on the way here with him. Helplessness for my ignorance and plight—that, I didn't need to summon.

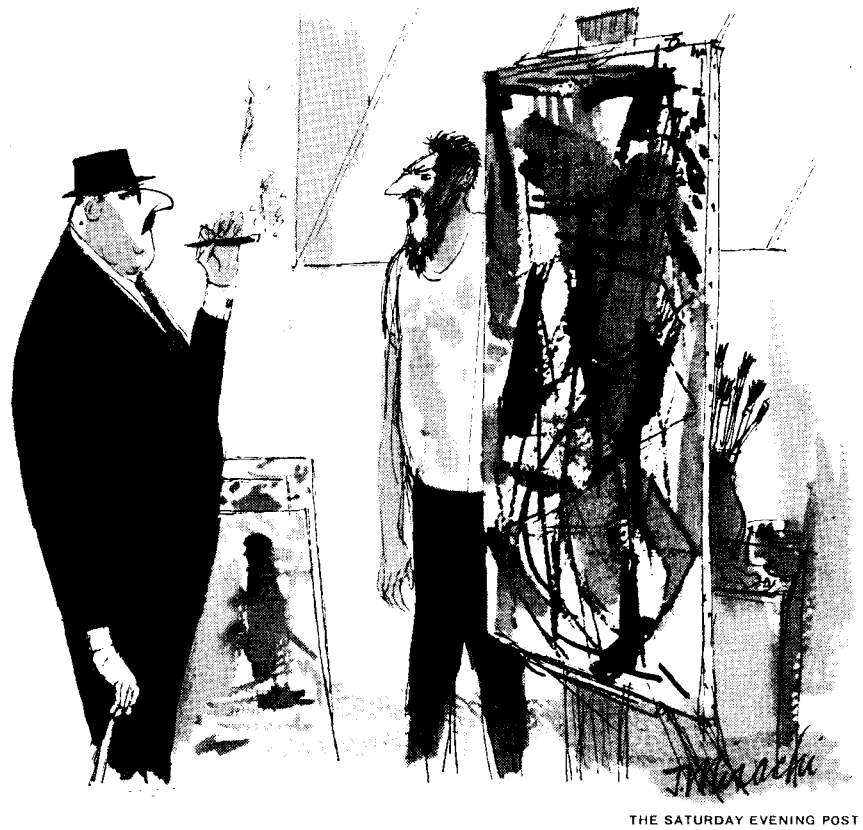
"Would you mind telling me what's wrong with my car and what you are going to do now?"

Delicacy set aside, the last part of my question was addressed not to his ear but to his behind. He was already gone, altogether under the hood, his body draped over its insides like a dungaree rag. Should such a man inspire confidence in the ignorant and dependent? Who's to say? Doctors also will probe and prod with gadgets on your own body and tell you nothing. But I must confess I had no confidence. Call it the prejudice of a provincial man. God knows I regard mechanical work as toy-tinkering, a skill on the idiot level of man's capacity. But to each his own, and from each, nevertheless, a kind of emanation, manifesting the essence of the work itself, the man at or in his work. Thus a professor of sociology, say, shall be known by his bow tie and pipe, and the smack of brightness in his face, like an insult. And the true professor of literature, by the weariness of spirit. And so with auto mechanics. Also an essence. Was it that he lacked the boyish gleam of the eyes you see in the born mechanic let loose before an automobile, a refrigerator, a clock, an anything in need of repair? Was it his sullenness alone? Was it the strange implement he carried as a tool? Was it merely, finally—face it, Dovisch—my own bigoted preconception that an Indian and an engine make for no better combination than Dovisch and an engine do, admitting, as I face it, that I hold myself above such a combination and hold him not up to it? And on top of it an Indian who might be bent on spite for what he ineradicably regarded as name-calling?

I squatted down to see better what he was up to. It was already four o'clock. I could see now the instrument he had carried. He had placed it on top of the engine. All covered with rust, between a wire cutter and a pliers. He was head down into the engine, grunting, his hands, both of them, pulling at something, yanking. Was this a part of a skillful operation?

"What are you doing?" I shouted. "What are you pulling on like that?"

You must understand I was still not used to talking. How much opportunity had he given me? It was the unmodulated sound of my sudden voice that frightened him into snapping his head back. He banged it against the hood. Then he turned his head toward me, a side of his face against the engine, his eyes all white, with terror, or anger—who knows? But his hands kept on pulling. And then I heard something snap. It was as clear as a bone fracture in total silence. He began inching out of the engine, his arms working now, hauling, the way a sailor pulls in rope, a housewife a clothesline. And coming out after him, draping over the engine



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and then coiling on the desert floor, was half the insides of my car. Who knew a car had such insides? Bowels, I tell you. A regular vascular system. Wires and wires. black ones and red ones, and then a piece of tubing, and a piece of hose, and more wires, and some sort of chain. And he kept on hauling it all out, backing off further and further from the car and hauling on it, his own face now a picture of surprise. You can imagine the horror with which I regarded this performance. From where could I find voice and words to tell him what I felt?

"Madman!" I cried. "Spiteful lunatic! You have ruined my car. Look at what you did! You have pulled out all the insides. It is all there on the ground. My car will never go again."

Let me not make it a big thing, the feelings I endured. Suffice it to say I wanted to punch him. Instead, I pulled at my hair. You see, it was more than my car he destroyed. It was the whole sense of my experience, of belonging—all that I had fought for in my solitude in those terrified nights, the silent days. What recourse now? Salvage what? Was it for the car alone that there passed now, at last, some expression on his face? He glanced at me and then looked at the heap of car guts at his feet, his small eyes widening and his heavy mouth falling open in an uncomplicated look of—what shall I call it?—astonishment?

Students, listen—you are free to leave. I can't keep you, those of you due for another fifty-minute injection somewhere else—Geology, Speech for the Classroom Teacher, Spinoza. I have used up all my time, a lecturer and not a storyteller. Some could go directly in, but Dovisch must go layer by layer. Because aliveness itself is the crisis. But you know the end of the story. Here I am. I got back. Go, those who need to; stay, those who can. If I haven't come yet to that last layer which opens on at least the conditions of your final exam, then add up consequences as you will. Not a threat, not a bribe—another fact. Facts are facts. Leave your term papers here, those who go.

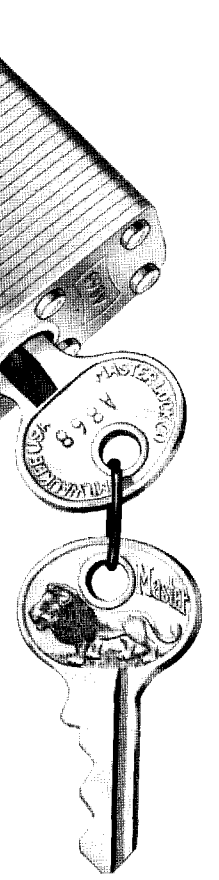
So, then—half of you gone. More than half. Let it be so. I will not, for all that, change my style. A picture is also a picture, and a picture we made then, Dovisch and Mike the Piute. It's hard to believe it happened only yesterday. The time for it seems to have been histories ago. The two of us soon to become three, and then four, and five if I may count that passive Cleopatra whose description you can relay to your fellow students who walked out.

See us then on the highway, car chained to car, Dovisch in the old Plymouth pulled by the Indian in the new Chevy, having removed a chain from his trunk and lashed us bumper to bumper. Crawling now on the highway toward Reno that follows the Truckee River along the valley in the desert through the purple-shifting hills in the growing twilight. Fancy diction, but we were on our way by my command to find an open gas station. The guts of my car stuffed back under the hood. And me staring with constant hot and maybe tearing eyes at the constant backside of the head in front that belongs to him who pulls. Always twenty feet away. And Dovisch ponders. And now I say a curse upon the analytic mind. That it kept me from resigning myself to my recognition. Which spoke this way to me, the recognition—which is the beginning of all compassion. Said to me then: Wherefore not peace in this peaceful place, albeit you are being hauled? The man who hauls you, is it not a labor for him as felt with pain as it would be if he hauled you with his back instead of an engine? Regard the slope of his shoulder that crowns his back. Heaped with humility which is born out of his very anger and spite. Born out of remorse for the harm he did me that might have been done to revenge a mere word I spoke that he imagined was a name I called him. All the old stuff: pride and defeat and foolishness and sorrow, and damage too. From Russia to the Bronx, and from God knows where to Indian Reservation, Nixon, Nevada—an old story. A shack and slop jars and beer cans, a sputtered candle and a contour chair—red. And a woman to live with made ugly not by nature (what woman is ever by nature ugly?) but by deprivation, designation, contamination. But then is it my fault?, I plead. A Simon-come-lately to this total land, and a stranger altogether to this specific place. But for him who calls himself Mike, how shall it not be in some part my fault? For if Dovisch is a rainbow-maker, why shouldn't the mind of the other have some license to abstract? So resign then, Dovisch, to this moment

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It'll be easier than you think, Mr. Brewer. After you give up wine and women, you won't feel like singing."

RUGGED



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given to you as a gift, and feel for him who pulls you in the desert as though he pulled you on his back. But comes the question. Does he pull me for the money? Not as we are stretched and held as men across the rack of his chain, but for twenty dollars? And if it is for money, do I owe money to him who wrecked my car? And if my car is wrecked and I need some other way of getting home, does he owe me? And if he owes me, is it money? Can I collect?

With such questions the sweet elegy of dependent journey is done with, finished. Arrive we then, after miles, at the gas station, my mouth sour, the time now almost five. In two seconds flat my benefactor is out the door, has the cars unchained, and with two words justifies all the cruelty of my analysis. His hand out and his back to the station: "Fifteen dollars." See what he was up to. Because I had raised from fifteen to twenty the amount I would pay him for starting the car, he raises from ten to fifteen the amount I should pay him for not only *not* starting my car, but for destroying it. At least wait, I reply acidly. At least see what happens here. No answer. A glance toward the station, and a nervousness of face. The wide mouth twitches a little. He shifts from foot to foot, a thick, arrogant body. He holds the chain, the main length of it coiling on the asphalt, and a foot or two of it hanging from his hands. Like a weapon. This I need now to cap my quiet intention—bloody violence.

There is only one attendant I can see at this small station, a Negro. Yes, a Negro. Am I responsible for the racial distribution of Nevada? He is watching us as soon as we arrive, and he is still watching, leaning against the window of the office—whatever you call it where they keep the money and the oil. He wears one of those one-piece things from the Army. His arms are folded on his chest. I said he looks at *us*. He looks at the Chevy, and he looks at the back of the Indian. There is a charge, a tension to how he looks. Even from where I stand, I can feel its current. This, too, I need: petty anthropological animosities. He gives no sign, the attendant, that he will come to us. He leans there, arms folded, glaring.

"Listen," I say to the Indian. "I solicited your help. What you did, I invited. I understand that. What your motives were, that's for a debating society. Some other time. Now, whether I pay you ten dollars or fifteen, I need first to get squared away. Surely you can wait five minutes, since, as a result of your help, I might have to wait until tomorrow. Now let me pass."

I walk around him. I walk to the attendant. I summarize the situation. I ask him finally for the use of his telephone for a long-distance call, collect. I need to eliminate my own anxiety for what will soon be a worried wife. I need to have the time and latitude to do whatever has to be done. There is the nagging problem of money. Not only that I don't have cash and I might confront skepticism about a check. But the checking account itself now at the end of the month will take just so much for the repair of a cursed car. Know then that all the time I told my story and endured my fears, the attendant never once looked at me. He looked always at the other one. At his back, because the Indian hadn't turned. I repeated my immediate need. I raised my voice to repeat it. "May I use your phone? It's an emergency. Can't you people see that? My wife ——" Then the Indian turned. Then the attendant moved. He came off the window. He dropped his arms to his side. Over his breast pocket in red embroidery, the name Wilbur. A lean man with a sharp moustache and ears back on his head as though they had been sewed. A little pointed also. Not a word to me. Once a glance. A slightest turning of the head and a shot with the eyes. He takes two steps forward.

"You gonna get off? You gonna beat it?" Not to me. To the Indian. The Indian looks back at him.

"I got money now," the Indian says. "I got fifteen dollars from him."

The attendant takes two more steps. "The boss says *you* come back here, even if you have fifteen ***hundred*** dollars, I keep you off. You gettin' offa here?"

"No boss here now," says the Indian.

"Piute, me and you together makes me boss."

I run up to him. "Wilbur, I told you. My wife. I need to use your phone."

Now he spins on me. Movements like a boxer. "I call you Mister, you call me same. You don't hear me callin' you first-name basis."

Another one. In the middle of nowhere Dovisch flushes out these advocates of niceties. That I'm the one in the human crisis, that they ignore.

"Look ——"

"I already looked. I see a Piute haulin' a tramp in here that ——"

"Now just you wait a minute."

"—— ain't too smart either. 'Cause you hired a guy to fix your car that went and wrecked your car that likely pulled a wire on it in the first place some night you were snorin' away out there and now you got to pay him for it."

"Liar!"

Not the Indian's protest. Mine. If the Indian at that moment took himself to be insulted, I can't report. He merely stood there, his back almost on the door of his car, the chain still hanging from his hands. Once he turned his head to look down the road. Otherwise he looked at the attendant. Not yet with plain hatred. Something worse. His face, his whole body pinched with watching and waiting. And the Negro, arrested from his walking toward the other one by what he had stopped to tell me, was arrested still by the epithet I had impulsively flung out at him. I had to. I didn't intend by it to take sides in whatever miserable history the two of them had made together. How, anyway, could I have been on the side of the one who had done me so much harm? But to believe that the harm had been done even before I saw it? To believe that it had been done so that I couldn't see it? While I slept and dreamt, overcoming fears of animals and crawling things? While I made blueprints for an architecture of ideas about my country? It was more than I could bear. Picture now the Negro himself frozen to the spot. Confused for the moment. Confronting suddenly a second enemy. Diverted from the one idea of the Indian which was obviously all his mind could hold from the first moment he saw the cars.

So I apologized. Why not? What pride did I have at stake here? I asked once more for the use of the telephone. I called him Mister. I told him he could call me Simon. I told him all right, he could forget the telephone. Would he at least look at my car? Would he try to repair my car?

"This ain't no mechanic place," he says. "On Sunday I pump gas," he says. "I don't need no lookin' in your car," he says. "He got his hands on it, you can send it back to Detroit. Take it to a dump. Maybe you get somethin' for the tires."

"To a dump? Listen, let me call my wife. Let me ——"

"Boss says nobody use the phone."

"But this is an emer——"

Enter once more the Indian. Hear again the voice of love. Two words spoken with a flatness you cannot make out of speech with two such words. Not

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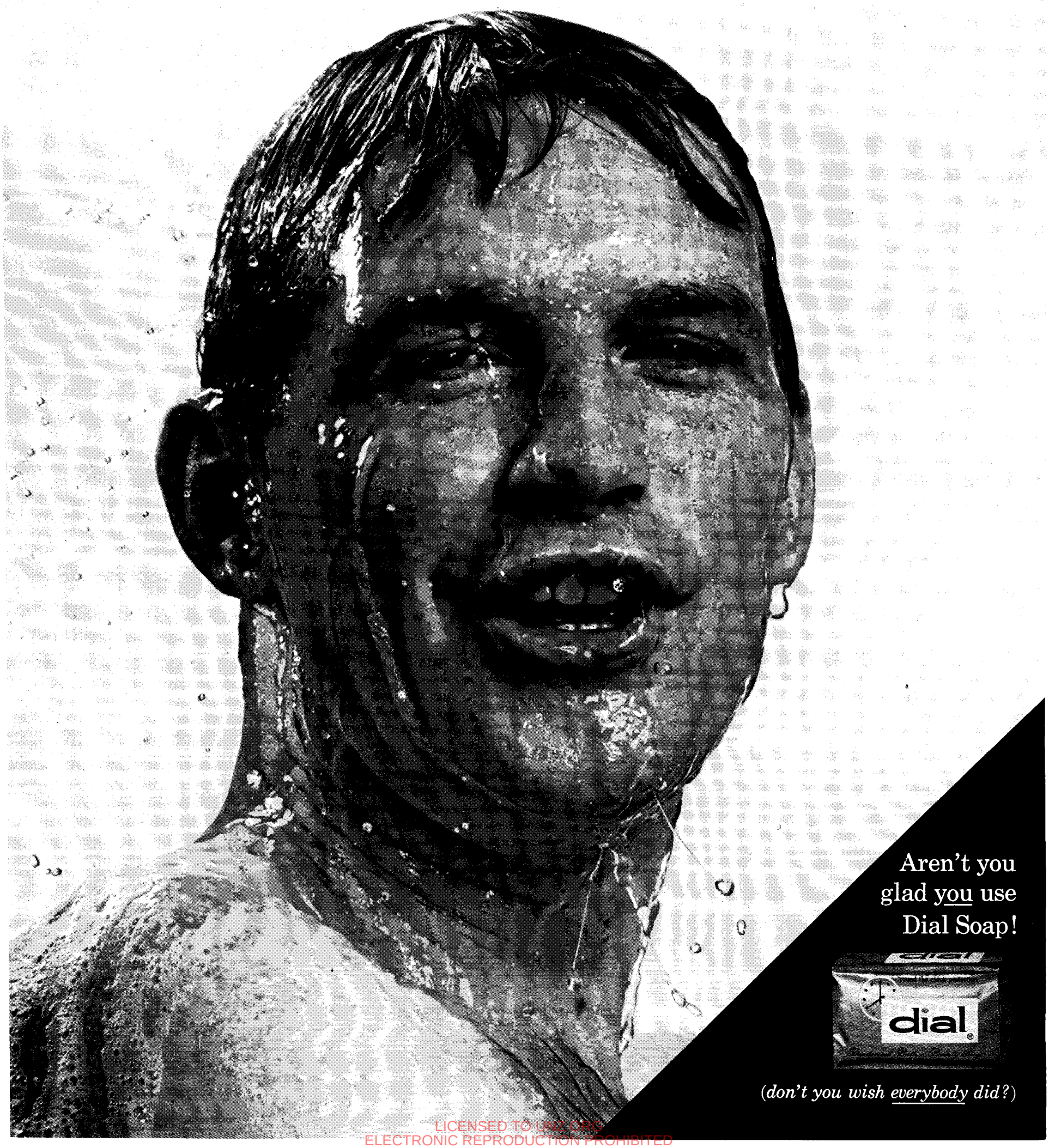

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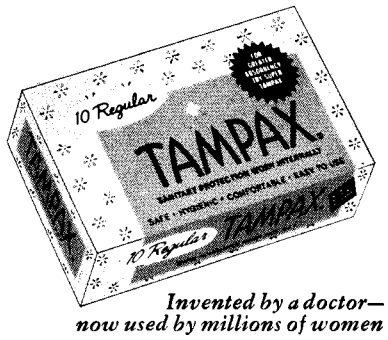

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

on the spot. It takes centuries. Spoken with the mouth, it goes along the ground the way a snake moves.

"Cotton picker," he says.

Good-bye Negro attendant. Like a track star, like a shot: back to the office and in the door and then out the door with a yard of iron bar in his hands they use for tires, running with it over his shoulder behind his head. Good God, murder!, I say to myself as he runs past me, and I see the Indian turn sideways and brace his legs and let out two more feet of the chain and raise it to the height of his shoulder and almost close his eyes, as if he prepared himself to lash out when his hearing told him to and not his vision. Or else thinking of it as a kind of foregone conclusion, a suicide, and who wants to greet his own death with wide-open eyes? They will murder each other, I say to myself, or out loud—who knows?—and begin to close my own eyes and raise my hands to my ears to keep out the sounds of iron and bone. I raise my shoulders and lower my head and almost turn away—waiting, waiting. Nothing. The attendant has stopped in his tracks a little better than the chain length away. His iron bar is still raised. They confront each other, their chests heaving as though they had already fought. Their faces twisted with fear and hatred—nostrils and lips. Dark skin and darker skin. A madness here.

What goes through my mind, frozen there? I turn lunatic myself. I analyze: What did the Indian mean? Why did he choose that time to fling his curse? Was he on my side? Was I back again to his remorse for my plight that made him empty his sac of venom at the attendant's refusal to allow me the telephone? Or was it the mere overflow of hatred that drowned his need, his claim, his greed—whatever you want to call his idea of the fifteen, the ten dollars he could get from me? Because what he chose to say he must surely have known would provoke what it did.

So picture us. Make the tableau. It was not there for me then, but I see it now. Off the highway a little gas station with two yellow pumps and a small office. A dot in a desert country. One way with the road is back to the lake and the Indian Reservation. The other way is to Reno. The dry, tough land and the shifting, shimmering mountains and the miraculous stony water. Sunday at five P.M. When even solitude itself ceases to have value and all men past thirty should be home—shack, palace, or insurance-company housing project—in the tumultuous retreat of family. Picture, then, that neighbor of a bird I had looking down with hawk vision at that spot of a gas station in that vast empty land, seeing three alien specks of men inside that spot on the vast land, all of them motionless, waiting, not for the consolations of an alien man to a more alien man to the most alien of men, but for murder.

Come down from there and the bird and see it with Dovisch, who, lugging the Bronx with him, finds in man himself all the universe. Dovisch looking at the other two, poised with implements of murder. The hatred in their faces, which is the willingness to murder, dreadful to see. And dreadful to see, also, the fear in each that he himself will be murdered, which is all that holds them back. Muscles in the hands, in the faces, too tight to be too long held back. Dovisch saying to himself: Outsider, alien—did you start this? Did you bring it on? But a moment for panic, not questions. Finished with analyzing. In panic, to the drowning man, the pictures, the fantasies. Picture Dovisch, then, picturing salvation. To be out of there. To be back with family, with books, back here in this classroom with you. Then cries out to himself: To hell with books! To give it all, his whole kingdom, for one skill: to repair a car. Picture him staring in dread at the two men who begin at last to put the slightest pinwheel of motion into the tableau, making half circles about each other across the diameter they still fear to diminish, the weapons poised. And see Dovisch making fantasy as he looks, seeing himself in a Disney rescue, rushing to the car, opening the hood, the flash of masterful Benjamin Franklin hands and the restoration of wires, tubes, hoses, chains, and in an instant in the car, the car starting, and Dovisch, all in the same timeless Disney instant, lowering the window and calling out: I don't understand you. I never understood you. The lake was a lie. Gentlemen, goodbye!

Picture finally what I did do, a madman equal to them. Between an iron bar and an iron chain, and between the savage intentions born out of the heartache of their own isolations, strides Dovisch. In dirty clothes, in a four-day beard, off a diet of zwieback and stewed fruits, and in a celebration of or recoil from the hot blood of abstract insights, with his arms outstretched, one for each of them so that they could have fractured his wrists at a single impulse, offering for peace what he has taken from his wallet: identification cards. And a brief illustrating lecture that must have gone something like this:

"Madmen, what are you doing? You are going to kill each other. For what? Listen, I am no tramp. That I don't belong here, I grant you. But not a tramp. Are you Russians that you tell everything from a man's clothing? See—here. Take the cards. Look. Identification. I'm Simon Dovisch, Professor of American Literature. See this one—The New England Historical Society. And this one—The Modern Language Association. This one, too, from my university—Simon Dovisch, Ph.D. That's Doctor of Philosophy. Take them. Read them. Put away the chain. Put down the bar. I only came here to recover something I lost that I never had. Take them, please! Read! Study! Peace!"

I have returned to tell you they put down their weapons. They looked at me as though I alone were the one madman, and they looked at the cards I held out the way I would have looked at tarantulas held out to me. But they took them. And they looked at them. And they looked at each other. And then at the cards again, turning them this way and that. And then they spoke to me. The Negro says, "I ain't afraid of him." The Indian says, "I pulled you. You pay fifteen dollars."

Nobody heard the new car come until it parked behind my Plymouth. I ran to it.

"You have to help me!" I begged to the window.

A Cadillac, white like a white whale, and as long, and with fins and flukes too. Behind the wheel, lowering the window so he could hear me, this—what shall I call him? What is the term I have heard you people use against yourselves—WASP? White Anglo-Saxon Protestant? Well, I have never used it. I deplore it. It is your own form of Bronx snobbery injected from behind. I use it now as a shortcut from your own shorthand. I would say, rather, that he was a papermonger. Insurance, banking, credit, stocks, even publishing, even a registrar in a college—except for the Cadillac. In his fifties he was, with silver hair, a Palm Springs sunburn, a straight nose like a knife

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We can be thankful that we're not in the orchestra."

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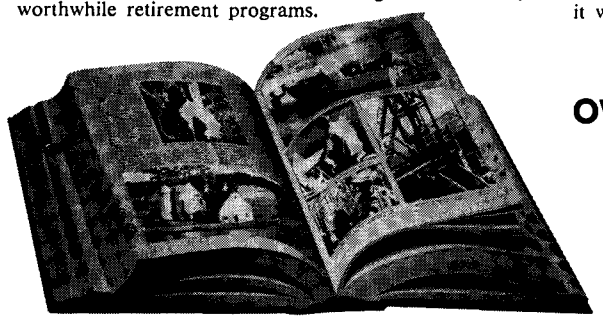

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blade, a tight mouth, a light-gray suit. Later I would notice the transparent film of nail polish. But much before that—indeed, a moment after I noticed him—I would notice who sat beside him, the Cleopatra I promised some while back to describe to you for the envy of your fellow students who have abandoned us.

I asked him to help me. What I then, at the first moment of his arrival, like salvation itself (yes, I confess, I was grateful at once that it came in all the pompous authority of a Cadillac)—what I then told him I can't now recall. It would have had such phrases in it as "destroyed my car," "my wife will be frantic," "murdering each other," "Professor of American Literature," "only my checkbook," "four days at the lake," "fruits and zwieback," "excuse my appearance"—and so forth. He looked at me only once while I was talking, the look of a long moment, of taking someone in. Then he never looked at me again. He had summarized Dovisch. But his face was alert and firm, and I must confess my heart went to calmness, rubbed and soothed by this stranger's—who in all other circumstances would have been so inimical to me—by his Cadillacs of certainty. Came then the gas-station attendant to the car. Edges me from the window. Makes an at-your-service smile.

"Fill 'er up?"

"Just a minute," says the stranger, like a slap across the face. And turns to the Cleopatra beside him and says, "Go ahead. Use it, now that we've stopped." She makes a reply I can't hear, and he says, "Yes, here. It won't kill you." Her door opens and she walks to the office.

I promised a description. Say only that she was no older than some of you here. Say also that she could not have been his daughter. Even a blind man could sense that right away. And let me say her hair was beautiful, and her own color, blond, like sunlight. And almost no makeup, makeup only on the eyes, but a quality in the face of something between good health and a frost that made the face more blatant than all the sticks and paints and rouges in Woolworth's could have. She wore a white dress—bare arms, bare back, bare shoulders—and was as tanned as he was. Listen—we are, what is left of us, a mixed group here. Propriety is a value. Furthermore, my place here before the room and behind the desk is a position of trust. A prig is a bore, but a libertine is a coward. Suffice it to say that what she wore she filled; what she filled she wore. And say also that her walk to the office and whatever rest room she would find there was a short parade under the desert sky. The attendant watched her, the Indian watched her, I watched her. Only the stranger himself did not watch her.

When she disappeared, I edged at the attendant, nudged him from the window, and began again with the stranger on my baggage of miserable phrases.

"Yes," he said, and cut me off. He opened the door and swung his legs out. A trim man. Squash and swimming twice a week at the athletic club. Also a wedding ring. You may wonder that I notice it after my admission of my incapacity to observe. Then wait till you are forty-two. He addresses the attendant.

"Fill it with super. The oil's all right. Check the water." Then to me: "I'll take you as far as Sacramento. You can get a bus there. I'll give you the fare."

I am broken by his kindness; also with my own resentment. I mention my car, a badge of ruined shame beside his great white whale.

"You have no choice. It's Sunday." He turns to the attendant, who is already pumping gas, wiping windows. "You have this man's car towed to a mechanic tomorrow. Leave it here overnight."

"I can't do that. My boss ——"

"Tell your boss a letter from my office will cancel his franchise. Tell him I can have this place closed in twenty-four hours."

So—an oil man.

The attendant stares at him, wipes the windows. End of debate. God in His wisdom, seeing my troubles, sends me not an Emerson, not a Thoreau, not even a Franklin, but a regular James Bond—or his father. Comes then the Indian, not to me, but to the stranger, and still dragging his length of chain.

"He owes me fifteen dollars," he says.

I looked once to the attendant. Will he go again for his iron bar that he had placed against the pump with the arrival of the Cadillac? No. He stops his cleaning of the windows to watch the outcome. His face is full of pleasure and deliverance. The stranger gets out of the whale, stretches his legs, turns to me. He inquires of details. I give him details. You understand that the moral situation behind my business arrangement with the Indian is now complex. Yes, I hired him to start the car. But I stipulated for a push. The surgery was his idea. In sum, my answer to the stranger is yes and no. Shakes his head, then, the silver-haired stranger. Obviously ambiguities are outside his territory. He turns to the Indian. One sentence. A question.

"What's the name of the Indian Commissioner here?"

Exit the Indian, trailing the length of his chain. Smile on the face of the attendant as wide as vengeance. The Indian, my so-to-speak neighbor of four days, tearing off in a lamentable assertion from his exhaust pipe and a shouted obscenity one can barely hear. But for me, before he shut the door of his car, he reserved a special look: accusation, betrayal, or some secret shared—who knows? Reenters now from the Palace of Fine Arts, Miss America. Another parade. Dovisch rejoins the staring. A polite walking aside by the stranger and his possession. Hushed conference. Looks from her toward me. Dovisch shrugs. And now a look for me from the attendant, even a laying on of hands, at least a finger on the shoulder, a warm smile. But for what?

So now a trio in the car, myself in the back, the deep, black-leather seats of a Cadillac. Another first for Dovisch. The stranger starts the car. No *erk-erk* here. The power of God's chosen continent in the turn of a key. Which he turns off again.

"You want to make that call home?" he asks. She turns and regards me. That mere flesh could hurl such a challenge. Another old story.

"No need now," I reply.

Off then to Sacramento. Good-bye, old Plymouth. Dovisch from the rear murmurs gratitudes. Stranger from the front in brief disclaimers. Pays respects to higher education and learning. "They ought to raise salaries," he concludes. Dovisch deeper into the corner, arms over chest, bottom lip out. A long and uneventful journey back, if you exclude from eventfulness the growing frequency of exchanges of hot glances in the front seat, the sliding of thighs. Dovisch stares out the window. An intruder, yes, an isolate always, but not yet a Peeping Tom.

The misadventure, then, almost at an end, but not quite. I said at the beginning that I did not get home until two A.M. Wherefore, then, you should ask, all the consumed time? Departing a little past five P.M. yesterday, it is not nine hours to home. Know, then, that two hours were spent in Sacramento waiting for the bus. Know that two hours *before* that were spent in front of a motel. Dovisch pacing like a patrolman, waiting for the two of them to get done with their business. Having rescued, having saved me, having as much as said to me: Aren't you lucky that I came along instead of another Professor of American Literature?, the stranger says now: So eat a little crow. Do I need to spell it out? Can't you see the rainbow finished now? Poor, thingless Dovisch is the emblem itself.

In Sacramento, after long silence in the car, the beauty asleep and the stranger quiet, and even Dovisch in a surfeit of his own, speaks now the stranger, out of nowhere addressing me.

"I took a course in Lit. once. Never knew what he was talking about."

Pronounced, of course, before the bus station, when there is time for Dovisch to retort with nothing more than another "Thanks" because the stranger turns now to put in my hand the money that is the bus fare home. Dovisch closing the door lightly, not to wake the dozing Cleopatra. Good-bye, Prince of the Silver Hair and Master of All Situations. Then to the bus, and then home to keep up his wife all night in a narration of what I have told you now. Checking with her wise soul the relevance of it all for your final exam. When I make rainbows and take my flyers, she is there, bless her days, like a shining thing. And checking with her all night, too, on remaining ambiguities. Today's schedule, for instance, for the return to that blinding landscape to retrieve my car. And my identification cards. Which means, this afternoon, another visit to that shack and the Indian. Or to let it go. Let him paste the one I gave him on the wall somewhere. Paste it over the red chair. Whichever one I gave him, let him be an honorary member of the society. And let it suffice, too, for my own resignation. Enough can be too much. And when it comes to enduring, too much is inadequate. Endure, endure—and not the least of it now, I confess frankly, is that half of you should walk out in the middle of all this Dovisch vulnerability, prior commitments notwithstanding. Well, I am not altogether drowned. I have my own survival weapons. Ishmael and his floating coffin, Dovisch and his final exam.

Listen, leave me your term papers on the way out. Your final exam? Only this. A critical appraisal of my original intention and of what befell me. Include a moral estimate of the characters involved. Answer to the question of lawful and human guilt. Discuss deprivation. Also rescue. And don't neglect the car. Support all your assessments with liberal reference to as many of the works we have studied this semester as will shed particles of light on such dark problems. References to be factual (God bless all my colleagues) and fanciful (you know, rainbows).

That's all. Dovisch is finished. I'll see you at our finals. □

"I won't mind if you tell I was really adopted."

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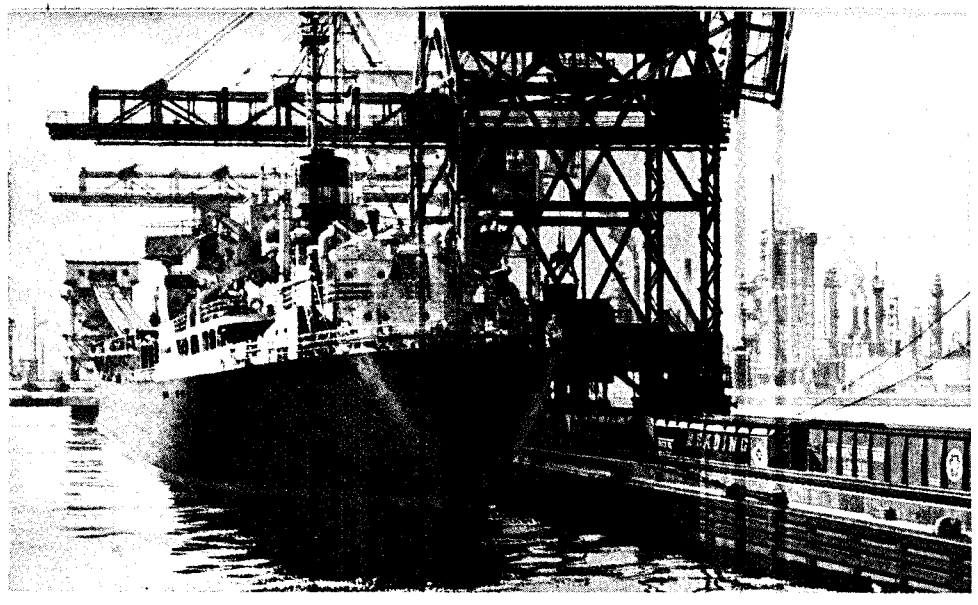

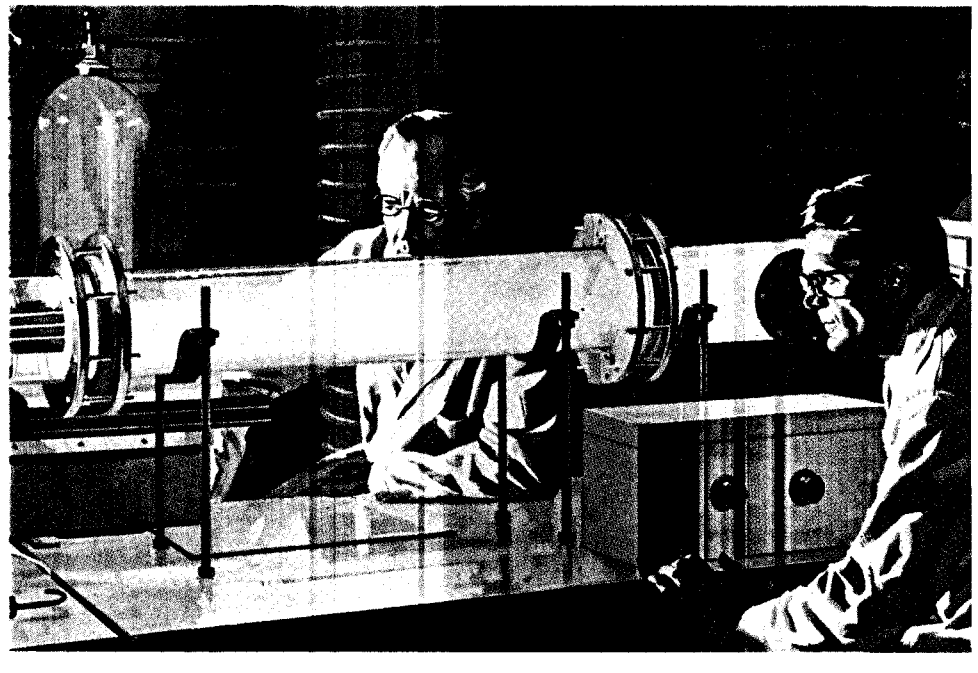

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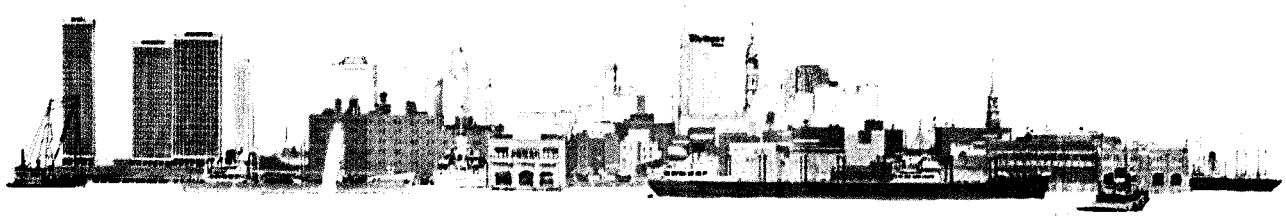

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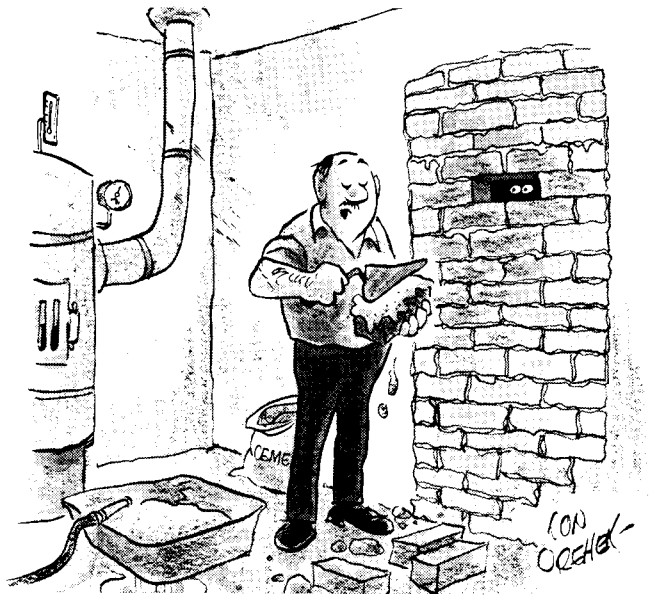
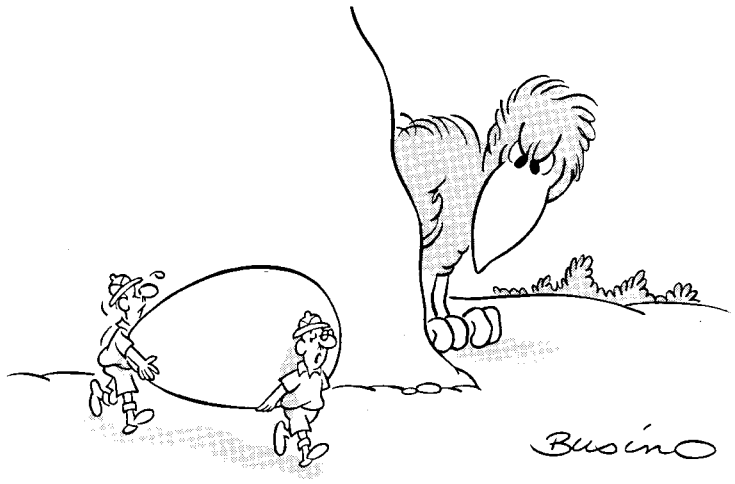
Post scripts

"*If you're really a prince, how come you're giving me warts?*"

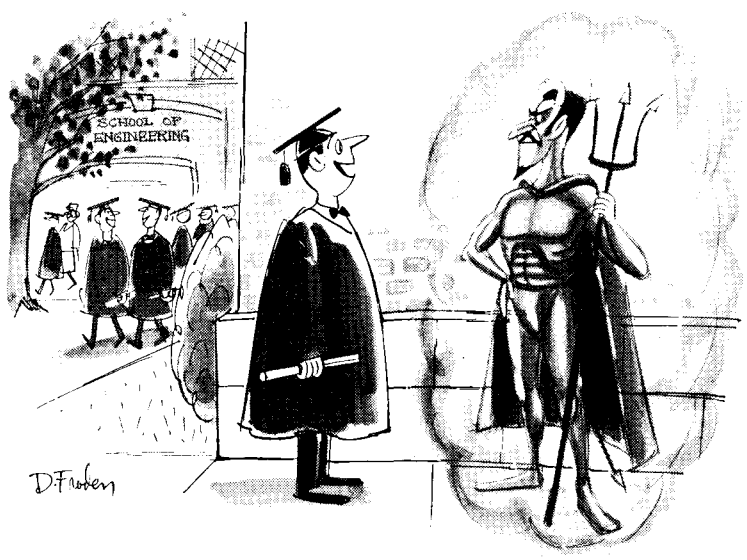


"*This is your last chance to apologize, Evelyn!*"

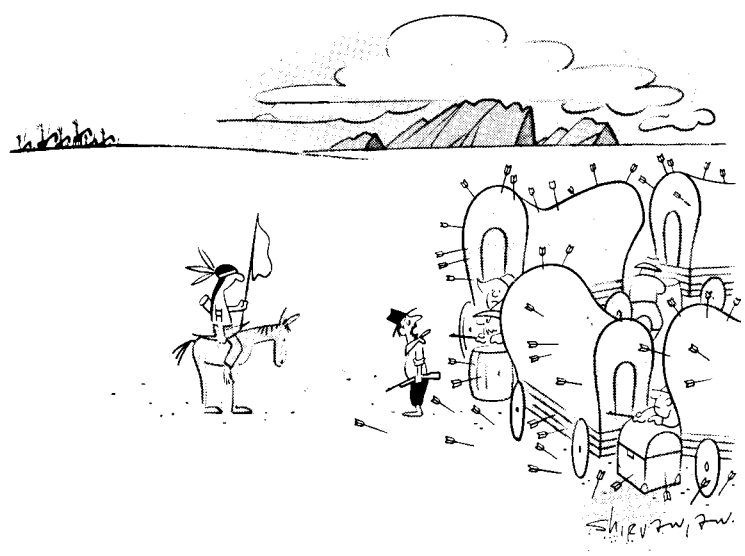
"*I put a transistor radio in it.*"



"*Act nonchalant.*"



"*Are you crazy? Du Pont made me a better offer than* that!"



"*They want to know if they can get their arrows back.*"

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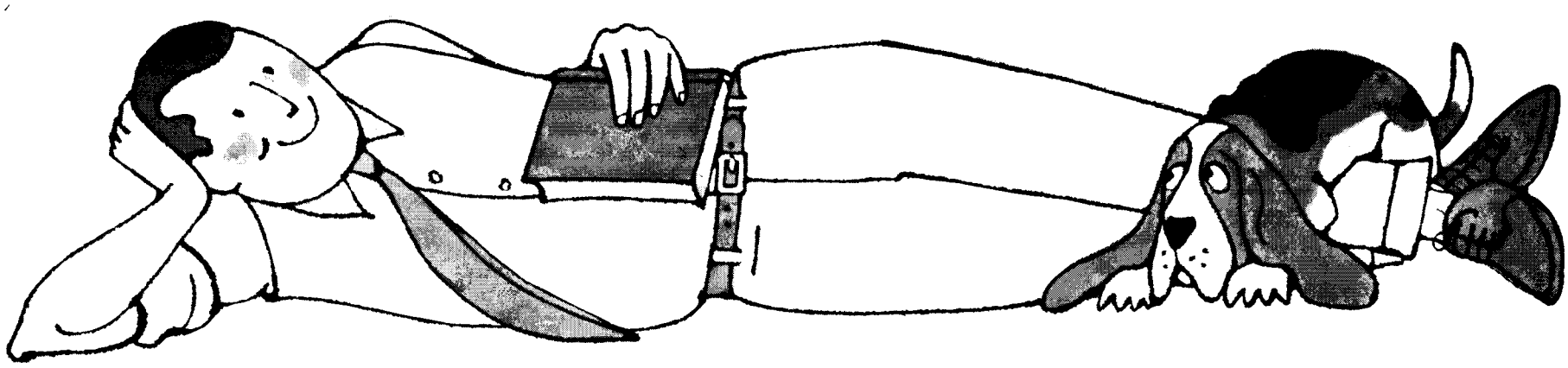

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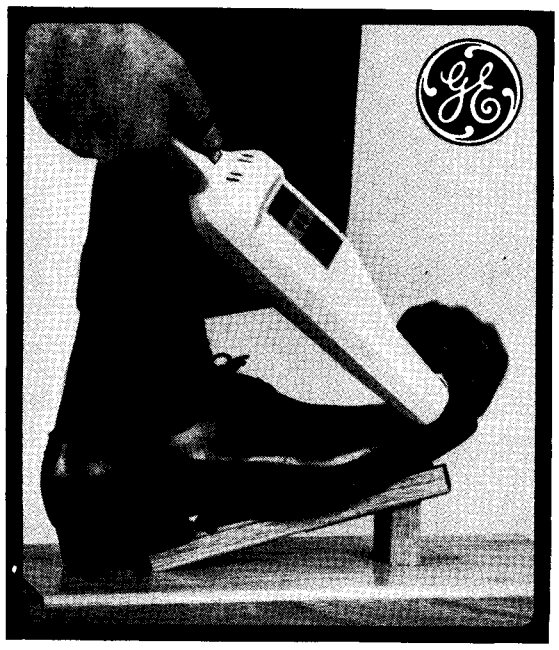

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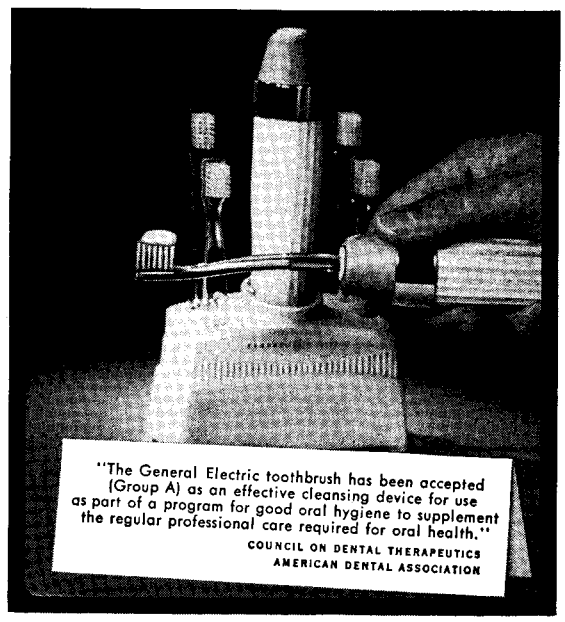
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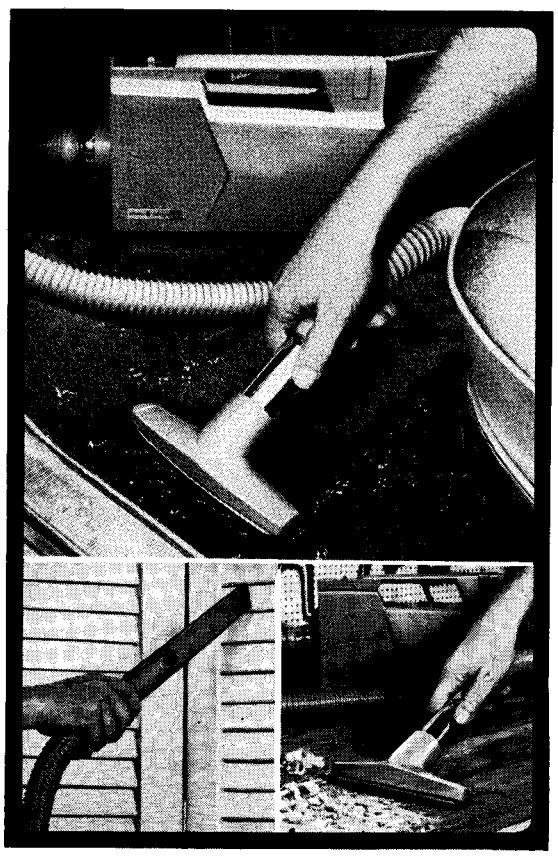

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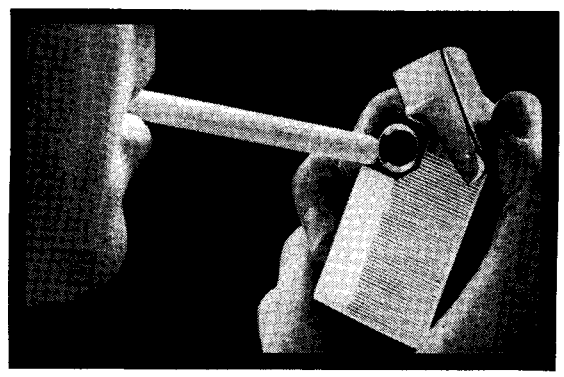

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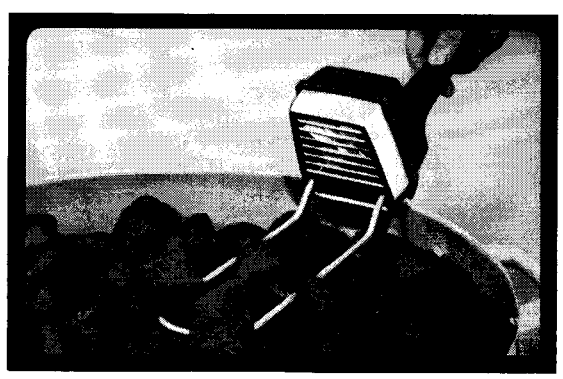

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THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

Robert Vaughn has hit the top as television's saturnine supersleuth, but his private ambitions aim higher and baffle his friends.

By Don Freeman

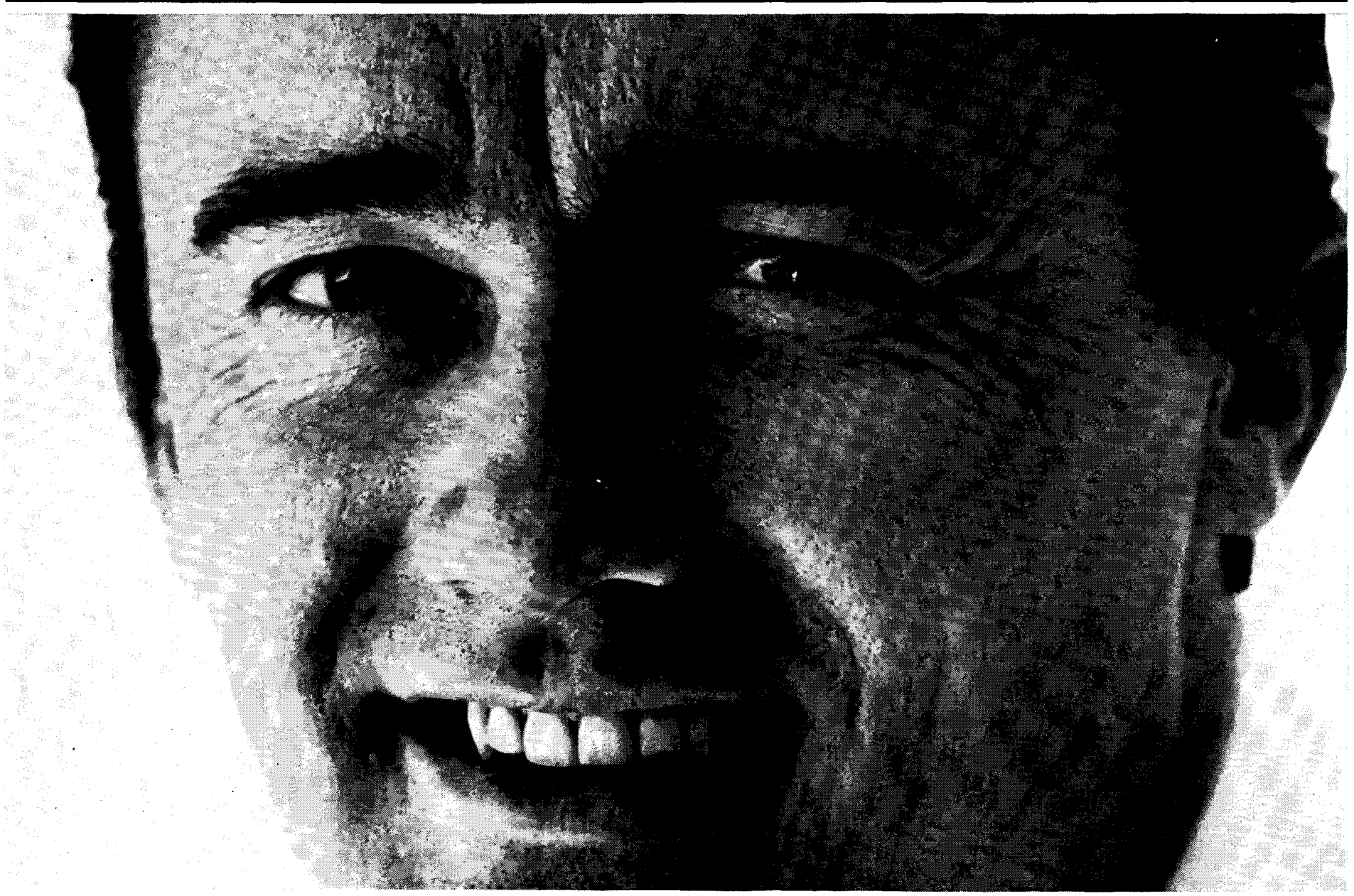
There is a large American flag in one corner of Robert Vaughn's spacious office, and a California flag in another. It is a room which visitors to the actor's $75,000 Hollywood Hills house are not encouraged to enter. On top of the desk, a replica of the one used by President Kennedy, rests a portrait inscribed by the late President. Also displayed are the *Public Papers*, in three volumes, that contain every word J.F.K. ever spoke for the record. Vaughn signs all his own letters with the initials R.F.V. President Kennedy was assassinated on Robert Vaughn's birthday, and after a visit to the Kennedy grave, the actor admits he wept sporadically for several hours. As amateur Freudians might say, television's *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* quite visibly identifies with the martyred President.

Vaughn talks incessantly about politics. On a recent afternoon at the Metro studios, where the *U.N.C.L.E.* (United Network Command for Law and Enforcement) series is produced for NBC, Vaughn was discussing Aristotle. "He was the first man who described politics as the master art," the actor was saying, "the highest pursuit of mankind." Then the director summoned him, and Vaughn strode over to the set.

As the cameras rolled, Vaughn stepped into a boudoir to embrace a lush, negligéed Viennese actress named Senta Berger. They nuzzled passionately until Vaughn, glancing over her bare shoulder, spotted the approach of two enemy agents, each armed with a stiletto. Vaughn felled one of the blackguards with a judo chop, tripped the other, and then, after kicking a revolver out of the treacherous hand of Miss Berger, he dived through an open window, landed on a third villain, and dispatched him with a graceful karate slash. "Cut!" the director ordered. "Beautiful. Print it."

Vaughn flicked dust from his Italian suit and returned to his visitor. "Now, where were we?" he said. "Yes, Aristotle. Both he and Plato believed that the good politician is also the good philosopher." He shook his finger for emphasis. "And I agree with them."

Robert Francis Vaughn, in private or in public, displays the absolute assurance of an actor of the first competence. He pursues an unflappable style of life which has caused him to be tagged by some as a "self-centered snob" and by others as "painfully reserved." When he speaks, he is soft, persuasive and dispassionate. He has



A long way from his bad old days as a teen-age sinner, Vaughn has reason to smile at his professional success: "I'm making money and I'm doing a job—but acting isn't my life."

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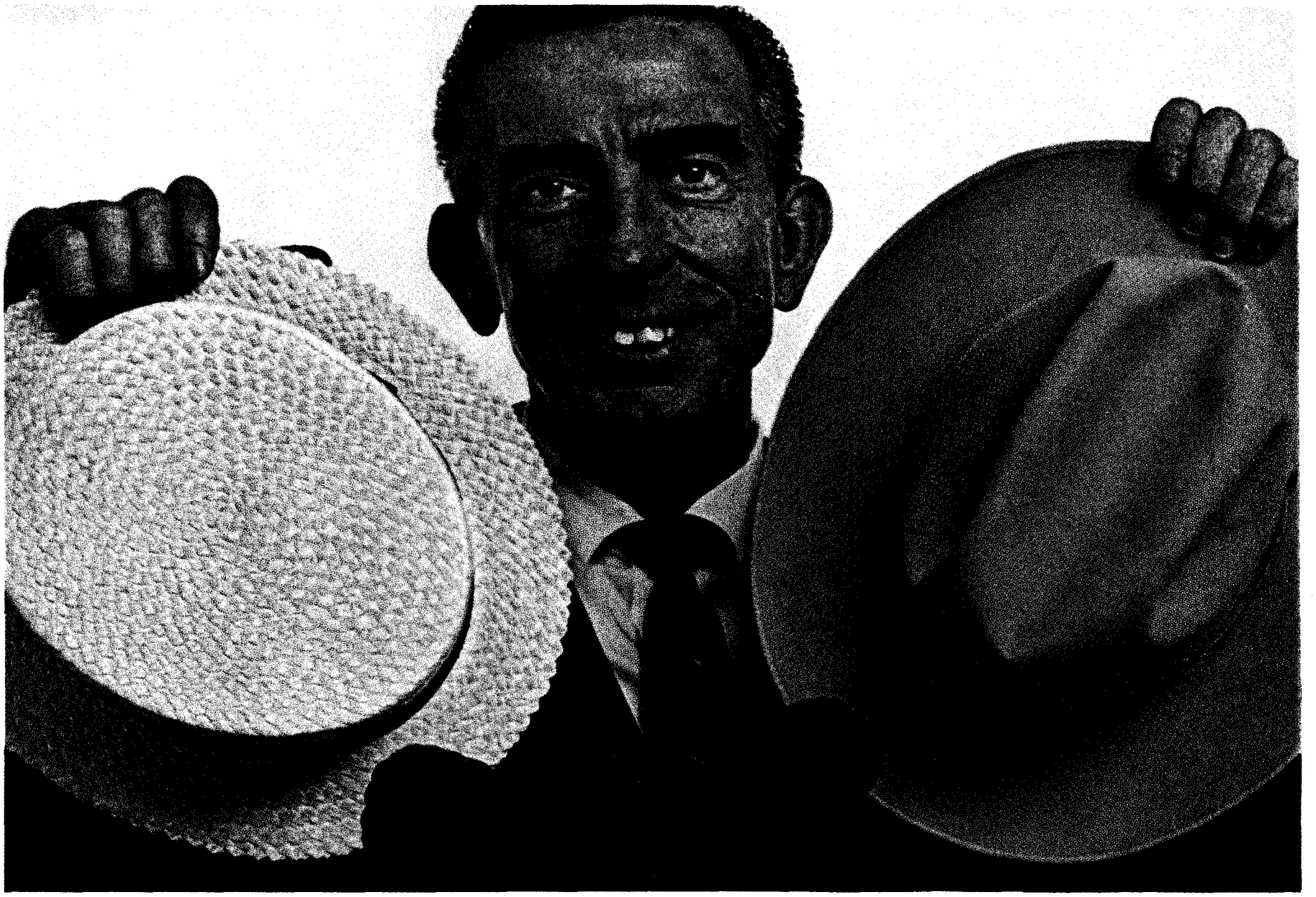
"Couple of fellows said:

Show me a filter that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"



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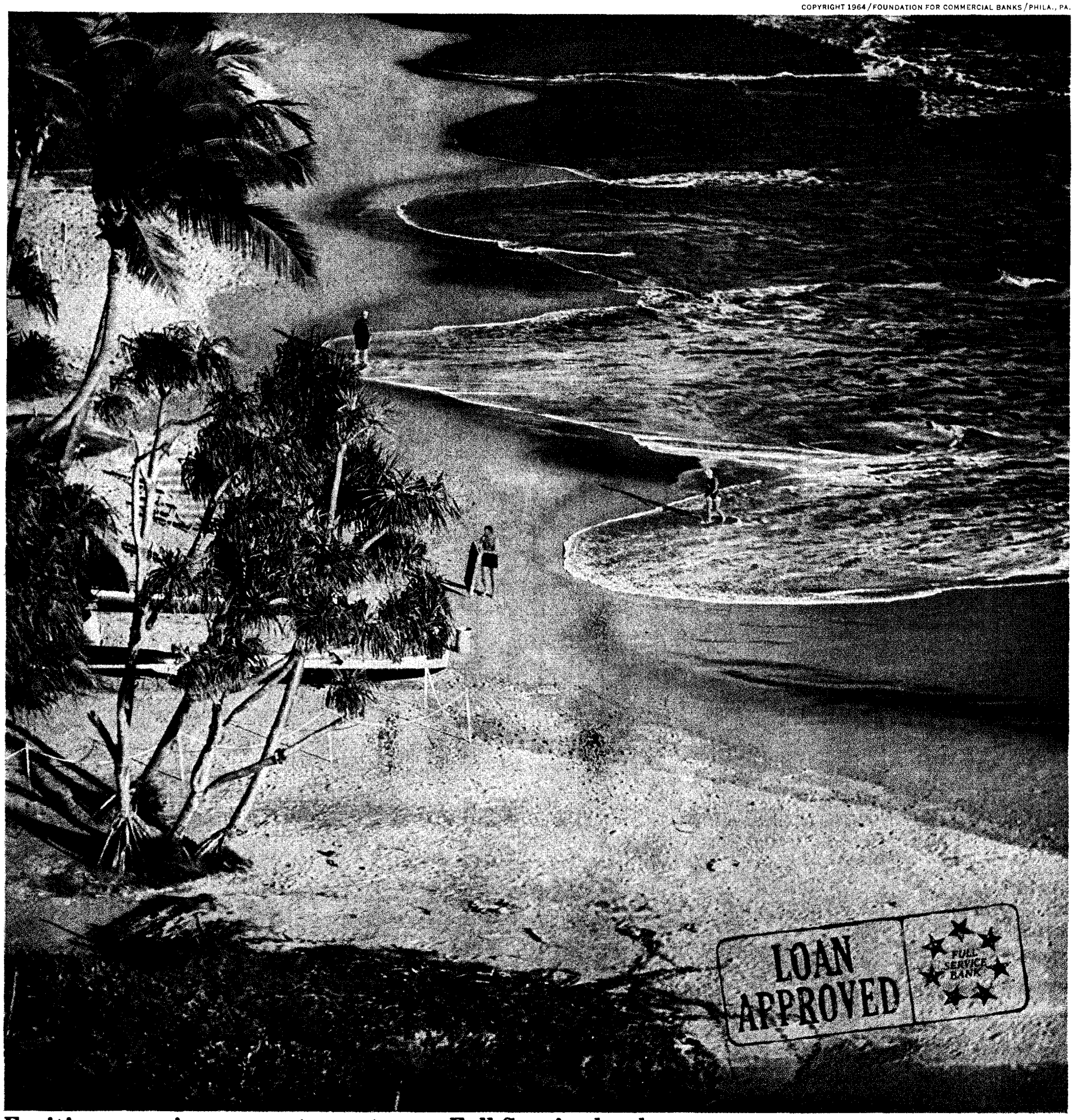

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Frank Merriwell features, black hair prematurely specked with gray, and a bemused, sardonic expression. Looking a shade older than his 32 years, he stands 5 feet 10½ inches, and confesses to wearing lifts when working with tall actresses. He is inclined to shrug off his role of Napoleon Solo. "I just play Mister Slick," Vaughn explains, "and I know what I'm doing—I'm making money and doing a job. I'm a real believer in the free-enterprise system, and I'm very capitalistically inclined. I earn my living by acting, but it sure as hell isn't my life. And no matter what any critic may say, I'm not 'playing myself' in U.N.C.L.E. I'm not like Solo; I'm not fearless and I'm not insane. Solo is insane. He laughs when he exposes himself to death. He laughs his way through a cartoon existence."

While not everyone might agree with this self-analysis of the Vaughn role as super-hero Solo, there is no question that his solid acting, together with tongue-in-cheek scripts, has vaulted the series from a wobbly beginning to hit ratings in its first season. His fan mail averages 10,000 letters a month, and he earns upward of $5,000 a week. He has been besieged by kids at the St. Paul, Minn., Winter Carnival, rescued from a New York mob by mounted police, and chased through a Los Angeles department store by middle-aged bacchantes, waving their newly purchased lingerie for him to autograph.

But Bob Vaughn's friends insist that he has his eyes on a more exalted goal than mere celebrity. They will tell you, without smiling, that he wants to be President of the United States. Vaughn scoffs amiably at such an extravagant notion. "Oh, come on," he says with a teasing grin. "Sure I want to run for political office someday—but a 32-year-old actor saying he wants to be President! It sounds insane, psychotic, ridiculous!" In 1960 he made speeches for Kennedy, and last year he campaigned for Pierre Salinger. In fact, George Murphy's win over Salinger may have spurred Vaughn's ambitions. "A song-and-dance man," he said afterward, 'may have opened the political door for the rest of us."

Vaughn played Hamlet at the Pasadena Playhouse, roused a largely youthful audience, and chilled the critics. He labels his Napoleon Solo spy role as COMMERCE, *Hamlet as* ART.

In less than four years he hopes to claim his Ph.D. from the University of Southern California's prestigious Department of Communications. He got his Bachelor's Degree in Theater Arts from Los Angeles State College, where he read dramatic literature, and two years later he earned his M.A. from the same college in the same subject. He attends classes at night and has started work on his thesis, a paper entitled *Acting: Art or Accident?* "Actors have traditionally borne the stigma of emotional unreliability," he theorizes. 'Ah, but put that 'Ph.D.' after your name, and people have to take you seriously. You can't laugh off that degree, or the work it takes to get one." But while pursuing higher education, Vaughn continues to coin money from *U.N.C.L.E.* "Without money you can't run for dogcatcher," he says. "Politics today is a rich man's indulgence."

A future political rival would not have a dull time researching Robert Vaughn. Born in New York City on November 22, 1932, Vaughn was the only child of Marcella and Walter Vaughn, both radio performers, who were divorced soon after the birth of their son. "I don't think they wanted the encumbrance of a child," Vaughn notes dryly. As an infant, he was packed off to Minneapolis to live with his elderly grandparents. The couple rarely spoke to each other, preferring to communicate with handwritten notes. "The sharpest memory I have as a kid," Vaughn says, "is that I was always crying." In his teens he bolted and almost became a hard-shell delinquent. He learned to drink, to lie and to steal. "At first I stole to be accepted by the gang," he admits, "then I stole because I liked it. Stuff I had no use for. I wanted to be a top thief." But a few successful appearances on the high-school stage, with the affection of an audience sweeping back over the footlights, led Vaughn to mend his ways. In 1952, after briefly attending the University of Minnesota, he drove to Hollywood, where he began his studies at Los Angeles State College. A brilliant performance in a local stage production of *End As a Man* led to small roles in several movies, after which he spent a year in the Army as a drill instructor. In 1960 he won an Oscar nomination as the one-armed drunk in *The Young Philadelphians*. More movies and a raft of TV guest roles, usually as the heavy, steered him to *U.N.C.L.E.*

Along the way, Vaughn has become an ardent, liberal Democrat. He has strong opinions on civil rights and on what most experts term America's "mixed economy," which Vaughn describes as "integrating certain aspects of socialism with our free enterprise, the way Russia is integrating certain aspects of free enterprise with their socialism. That's the word, socialism, and why the hell is everyone so afraid of it? I believe in a government that helps people who can't help themselves, but without discouraging private initiative and enterprise."

After neatly throwing away any chance of conservative support, Vaughn proceeds to alienate the actress vote. "To be a star in this town, a woman has to have an oversupply of psychological male hormones," he says. "Mentally, they're as masculine as Sonny Liston. Many actresses I've worked with were nervous, sulking, self-pitying, intolerable, insecure, emotionally disturbed little girls. They may look nice in a wedding scene, but they make lousy wives."

He has never tackled marriage himself, but has a firm idea of what Candidate Vaughn's wife should be like. "A Catholic," he says first, himself a lifelong Catholic, "and a Capricorn. Eastern-born, eastern-bred, old money, the best schools, riding to hounds, docile, encourager, noncompetitor."

Vaughn has never met Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, to whom some of these characteristics would obviously apply. "Instead," he concedes, "I've always gone with the voluptuous Hollywood types." Among the latter, columnists have noted Natalie Wood and Connie Stevens. But the mainstay has been a blond comedienne, Joyce Jameson, a non-Catholic Libra, who was born in Chicago and raised in Los Angeles.

For the last eight years Vaughn has been seeing Joyce steadily, and no one knows him better than she. "I've watched him mature," she says. "Bob used to be a beatnik around the coffeehouses. He was arrogant and he was drinking. He even had the torn T-shirt, like Brando. But now he's an articulate, thinking man. Bob has worked very hard to change himself."

This year Vaughn turned down $75,000 worth of summer-stock invitations to perform Hamlet free at the Pasadena Playhouse. (In his TV dressing room there is a picture of him as Hamlet, labeled ART, next to another as Napoleon Solo, labeled COMMERCE.) He moves apart from the Hollywood swim, associating with few actors, rarely attending parties or premieres. The gateway of his house has been wired to blast strangers with recorded sounds of explosions, gunfire and growling animals. His name rarely appears in the gossip columns. His suits are expensive, but he clomps around at home in wooden shoes, recommended by his dentist, who told him, "Anyone who's on his feet a lot should wear wooden shoes." A health faddist, he runs two miles every morning, lifts weights and swallows 42 vitamin pills a day.

Also, as part of the change, Vaughn discovered astrology. "I'm a Scorpio," he discloses, "along with Richard Burton and Edwin Booth, both pretty fair Hamlets. A Scorpio has personal magnetism, but he is reserved, full of purpose and enigmatic—in short, me. I could never base my life on astrology, but I'd never see a psychiatrist. I purge myself in the confessional, but I admit psychiatry is legitimate."

One night at the Aware Inn, a Hollywood restaurant featuring organically grown vegetables, he munched on what the menu calls a Swinger Sandwich (ground beef, olives, bell peppers, cheese, eggs, tomatoes). "The more pleased I am with the way I turned out, the less I want to be someone else," he said thoughtfully. "I've become a humanitarian. I want to serve. We're in an age of cynicism, the far end of the Renaissance. A few years ago some studio asked me to do a picture called *Prehistoric World*, about life starting again in the caves after a nuclear holocaust. I did it only because I thought the script was an argument for disarmament." He paused and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Then, after we had it finished," he said, "they changed the title to *Teenage Cave Man*." □

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By Hillel Black *Photographs by Herb Snitzer*

A school where children teach themselves

Strange things happen within this strange-looking building. With teachers only leading the way, kids from 6 through 12 decide whether to do advanced math, study the philosophy of Communism, or measure the diameter of the sun. Best of all, says the school, they are learning how to learn.

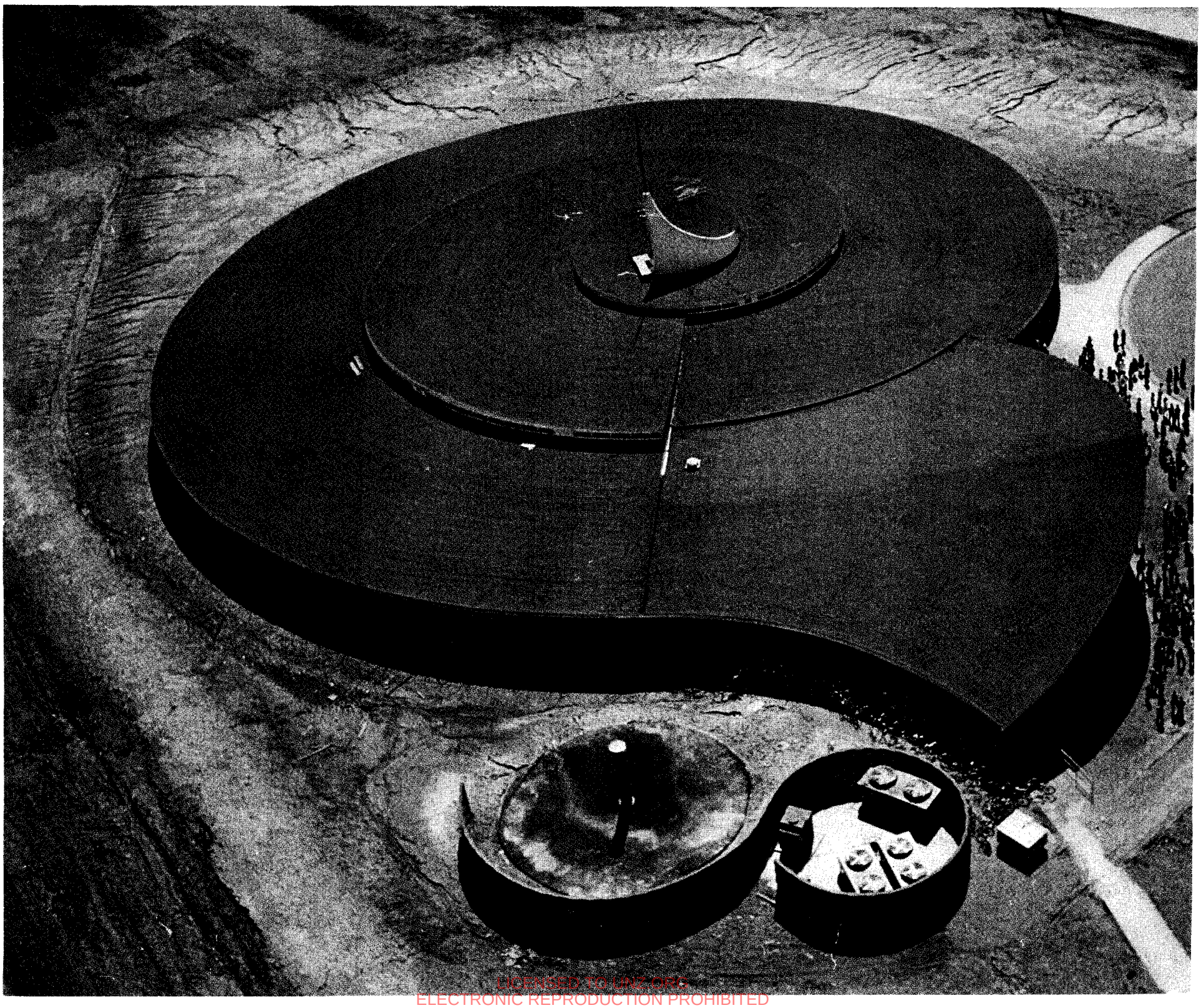
The one-story, tan-brick structure crouches like a huge, dormant snail in an otherwise ordinary neighborhood. The flagpole in the center of its spiraling roof looks like the antenna of a Martian space ship. There is no front door, but a series of many doors around the rim of the building. Behind some of these doors nearly 200 youngsters from the 9-to-12 age group can be found scattered about a cavernous, wedge-shaped room, which is carpeted from wall to wall in soft beige. In one corner, a snub-nosed girl, oblivious to the hubbub around her, sprawls on the floor studying a book on Egyptian archaeology. Nearby, two 10-year-old boys wearing earphones are absorbed in a tape recording of Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite*. A short distance away, seven girls watch themselves perform their own ballet on video-tape television.

Along a curved wall, about 20 youngsters are clustered around one of the teachers. "Who knows," the teacher asks, "when the Spanish Armada sailed up the English Channel?"

A hand immediately pops up and boy wearing a red T-shirt calls out "Fifteen-eighty-eight."

"Right," the teacher says. "And yo all have some idea of why the Spanis lost. But now I want you to think What would have happened if th Spanish had won?"

You leave the classroom, one of si located on the outer perimeter of th building, and pass through a door d rectly into a library-study hall, whic stretches halfway around the schoo Indirect lighting bathes the table desks and book cabinets in a soft glow A freckle-faced girl, about seven, scu ries by, her arms filled with books. Sh stops at a desk, presents a card, and nine-year-old librarian checks ther out. There are no teachers, just childre from 6 to 12, all busily studying. On youngster is working with a table-mod teaching machine. Three nine-year-ol boys are taking apart a plastic mod of the human body. At the end of th room a seven-year-old boy gazes i fascination at an indoor stream swarm



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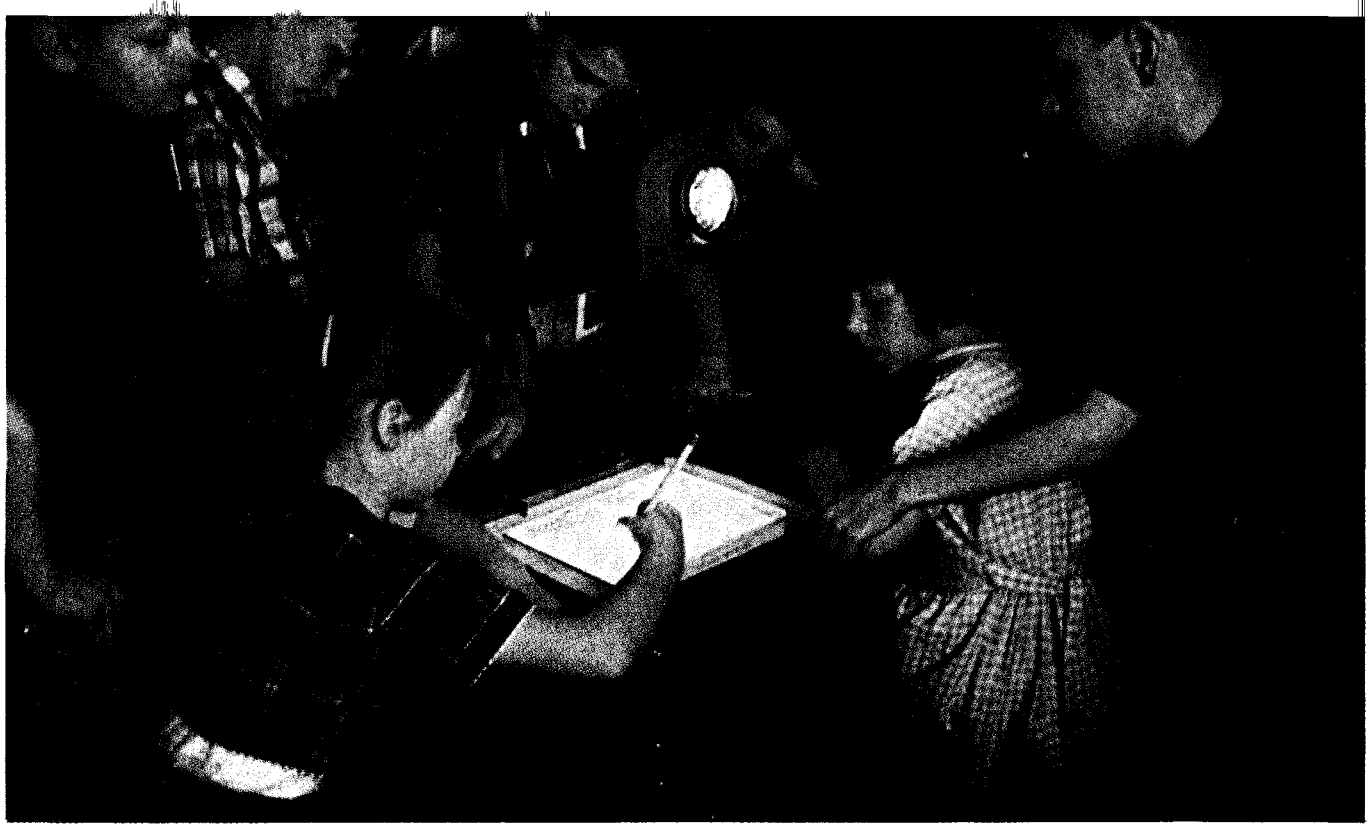
ng with goldfish, minnows and frogs.

Beyond a glass door at the end of the ibrary is a brilliantly lighted children's heater. A play is in final rehearsal, and an audience of some 50 children sits spellbound on the two rows of carpeted steps that coil around the stage. A young boy in a white plumed hat has just approached a tower that reaches to the ceiling. Grabbing a dangling rope, he nimbly hauls himself up to a balcony where a girl with golden hair shyly waits. Suddenly a voice hidden behind a curtain booms, "I have come to save you, fair Rapunzel," and the nine-year-old prince and the eight-year-old princess stumble into each other's embrace. In the audience, arms wave about, bodies squirm and the theater rocks with laughter. It is the laugher of children who, whether they are fully aware of it or not, are involved in one of the most novel experiments in American public-school education. They are the 526 children enrolled at Valley Winds School in suburban St. Louis. Completed only last fall and still unproven,



Children use an overhead projector to study multiplication tables during free study time.

Dramatic architecture reflects Valley Winds' unusual educational philosophy.

Valley Winds has already become a Mecca for visiting educators from all over the country.

"I think Valley Winds is going to lead the way for the redevelopment of grade-school education in the United States," declared Dr. Bruce Joyce, a consultant to the school and a director of elementary-teacher education at the University of Chicago. Dr. John I. Goodlad, a leading curriculum expert and a director of a lab school similar to Valley Winds at U.C.L.A., added, "Valley Winds represents a promising attempt to put into effect many long overdue changes. There is no one answer, but we must have alternatives to the old ways of teaching children."

The ultimate goal at Valley Winds is also the aim of most educators: to turn each child into an independent thinker who can teach himself. In contrast to traditional elementary schools, where most youngsters spend 90 percent of their time being taught by a teacher, Valley Winds allows its 9-through-12-year-olds, and even some of the younger children, to spend at least half of their school day with little or no instruction. After each youngster has acquired the basic skills of reading, writing and arithmetic, he is expected to pick out topics in science, social studies and literature, then plan his own projects and work out his own school-day study schedule. He can work alone or with a friend, and if he likes he can spend the entire day studying the subject that interests him. (There are no bells or buzzers at Valley Winds.) After he has completed the Basic Skills Division (ages 6 to 8) and the Transition Division (ages 8 and 9), he is placed in the Independent Study Division (9 to 12) where he is provided with special instructors. In addition to being nongraded and taught by teams of teachers, a child can call on a wide variety of electronic and mechanical self-teaching devices from tape recordings to teaching machines to movies and educational television. In effect, at Valley Winds School, children as young as seven are following learning procedures that are usually reserved for college students. But, whereas many colleges boast a select student body, the children at Valley Winds Elementary represent a true cross-section of lower-middle-class suburbia and have an overall I.Q. average of 108, just a shade above the national norm.

Charles Mansfield, the 33-year-old principal at Valley Winds, explains it all this way: "Because of the rapid expansion of knowledge, much of what a child will learn in class will be out of date when he graduates. If he goes to college, he will either have to be able to learn on his own or get out. For these reasons we are trying to teach children how to learn, how to be responsible for themselves."

It was this concern for the future that gave rise to Valley Winds. Until 1952, the Riverview Gardens School District, where Valley Winds is located, consisted mostly of small farms. Gradually, and then in a flood, young middle-class families began pouring into the community. The district's school population soared from 2,000 in 1952 to 9,200 this year. It wasn't long before the old ways of educating children seemed inadequate.

In August, 1962, the district's school board hired Dr. Nolan Estes, a six-foot-three, wavy-haired Texan, as superintendent. His credentials included a doctorate from Harvard's administrative-career program and three years' experience as an assistant superintendent of the school system in Chattanooga, Tenn. Doctor Estes offered one other important qualification. He exuded revolution.

For some time Doctor Estes had been dissatisfied with the confining, box-shaped conventional school and the lock-step, grade-by-grade education it offered. "Take any typical group of six-year-olds," Doctor Estes said, "and you will find that some have the ability of a four-year-old, others of an eight-year-old. Yet we take all these six-year-olds, put them in the same grade, and have the same teacher teach them all from the same textbook. It is not surprising that we bore the smart ones and frustrate the dull ones."

With the backing of the school board, Doctor Estes and a team of local teachers and principals joined two dozen of the nation's top educators and proceeded to work out a 144-page prospectus for an ultramodern grade school. As Doctor Estes later explained, "There is nothing unique about what we are doing. Team teaching, nongrading, individualized learning, electronic self-teaching devices—all have been tried elsewhere. We are simply putting the most promising practices in education into one package."

Once the educators had worked out their plan, the board hired John Shaver, a highly imaginative architect in Salina, Kans., to design a school building that would reflect the same free spirit as its curriculum. Shaver managed to keep costs down by eliminating many traditional old-school features such as hallways—which are used only to move traffic and take up 20 percent of the space in most schools. By the fall of 1964, Valley Winds was completed at a cost of $651,988, about average for the St. Louis area.

In the case of seven-year-old Susan Klick, a fair-haired, blue-eyed tomboy, Valley Winds has already demonstrated what it can do for certain types of children. "When she first came to Valley Winds," recalls Carolyn Wendelken, one of Susan's four teachers, "she hardly said a word."

Like all the six- to eight-year-olds who had just entered the Basic Skills Division, Susan would begin a typical day with a simple lesson using a balloon to explain static electricity, followed by periods in reading, writing, arithmetic, drama and art. As they did

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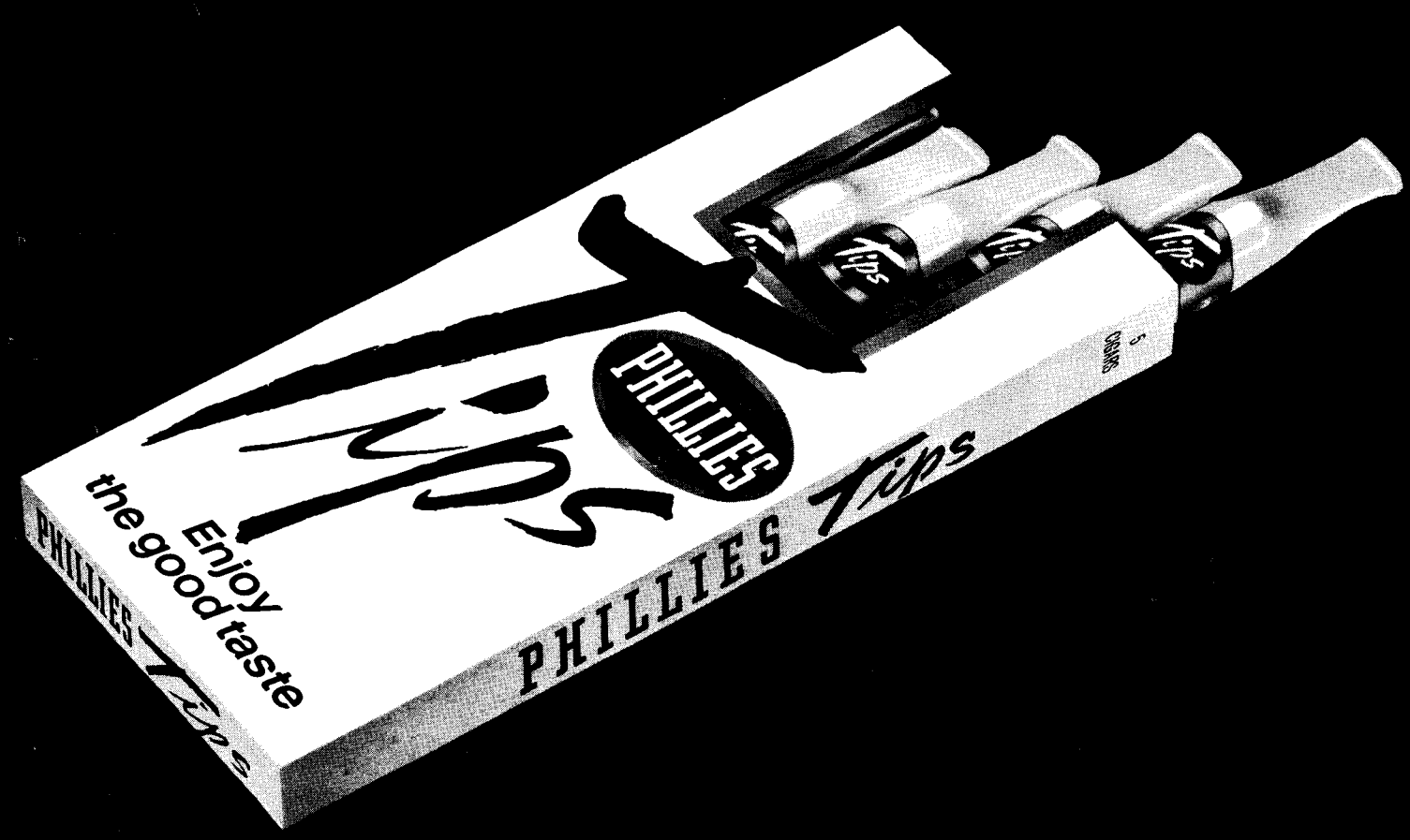

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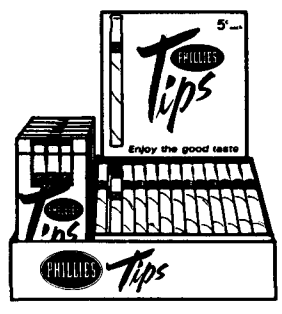

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with all the children, teachers watched Susan closely, gently searching for her weaknesses and strengths.

One day while about 30 of her classmates were huddled around Miss Wendelken, some squatting, others kneeling on the carpet, Susan revealed more of her personality than might ever have happened in a conventional classroom. The children were about to compose their own group story, a device Valley Winds teachers use to improve reading skills and to demonstrate how to build plot, character and motivation. The chief character in this story was a turkey. One child raised his hand and started the tale. Then another added a sentence, then another, and excitement spread through the group. Suddenly, Susan leaped to her feet and began strutting and crooning like a bird. "He was," she cackled, "the scrawniest, the skinniest, the silliest looking turkey the man had ever seen." Almost as fast as the children puffed out the words, Miss Wendelken wrote them down on a transparent slide attached to an overhead projector. Moments later the youngsters were reading back Susan's sentence on a nearby screen. As they laughed and clapped, Susan hopped about in a joyous, creative frenzy.

A few days later Miss Wendelken began reading *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, a book with a vocabulary for 12-year-olds. Susan seemed fascinated and asked if she could read the book herself. Despite Miss Wendelken's doubts—Susan had tested at an eight-year-old reading level—the teacher gave the child the book.

Each day for 50 minutes Susan and about 20 other children gathered in a reading circle. While the other youngsters quietly read to themselves from their own library books, Susan read aloud to a teacher. At first, Miss Wendelken couldn't believe that Susan was actually comprehending. She asked other teachers on her team to watch the child. By the end of October, two months after Susan had entered the Valley Winds program, the other teachers confirmed that Susan had leaped from a reading level of a typical eight-year-old to that of an 11-year-old.

"There is nothing that we did," said Miss Wendelken, "that any good teacher could not have done. And Susan, being a bright child, learned a lot on her own. But Susan did have a special advantage at Valley Winds. She had four pairs of eyes watching her. And because there were four of us, we had the time to work with her individually, to question and to talk to her about what she was reading so that she learned not just to read words but to understand. I guess what we really did was to discover a child and help a child discover herself."

Now, when Susan arrives in school, she goes straight to a desk in the library. For the next two hours she is not required to attend class and no teacher bothers her. She may, if she wishes, spend the entire time reading. When she is not reading, Susan tests herself on comprehension by reading passages in a reading lab and then answering questions, works on special phonics and grammar exercises and writes her own short stories.

At 11 A.M. Susan picks up a special folder and joins 16 other children in a seminar for 10- to 12-year-olds on the history and philosophy of communism. She has already heard a lecture on dialectical materialism and awed the class with a paper on the meaning of the color red in Communist symbolism.

At lunchtime Susan eats and plays checkers at her desk and then during the remainder of the day has classes with her own age group in math, drama or art. Eventually, when she turns nine, Susan will join the Independent Study Division. Then she will be provided with an academic adviser who will be at her constant call.

One of the most progressive-looking among the advisers is Beldin Hare, an unruffled, eager 26-year-old teacher who majored in psychology and elementary education at the University of Wisconsin. Hare, who wears a brush cut and short-sleeved shirts, spent part of last year teaching in a traditional school and hated it.

In Hare's class, 29 youngsters, aged 9 to 12, sit at yellow-and-tangerine-colored plastic desks arranged in clusters of three and four. In one corner, a group of boys and girls is watching the dissection of a frog on a movie screen, while others are listening to a tape-recorded lecture about the New York Stock Exchange, building a maze for mice or teaching themselves math.

Hare himself, without having to tell his class that he is leaving, steps into the library with a stocky, black-haired 11-year-old whom we shall call Andy. Together they sit down at a table. Andy, one of Hare's slow children, finds social studies difficult.

"OK," Hare says, picking up a pencil, "let's both write down some topics you think you might be interested in."

"Eskimos," Andy says.

"Is there anything else?" Hare asks.

"Yeah. World Wars. And the United States."

"Good," says Hare. "Now is there one topic that interests you more than any other?"

The boy thinks for a moment. "The United States."

"That's a big topic," Hare says. "Anything special?"

"Yeah. How people make their living," Andy replies.

Hare suggests that Andy may wish to describe the major occupations, the way different industries buy, sell and produce goods, the exports and imports of each state. He tells him about the variety of materials from books to film strips available in the library. The boy then goes off to begin his own social-studies folder which he will eventually fill with essays detailing what he has learned. Hare will prod and help him. But most of the time Andy will be left to work on his own.

Hare finds that the bright youngsters who make up about one third of his group can spend almost the entire day at self-study. But even more important, Hare says, the children with average ability and even some of the slow ones are devoting half the school day to their own projects.

Although each youngster can spend an entire day working in any subject he chooses, he is expected over a week's time to cover a minimum number of units in math, social studies, science and the language arts. Throughout the school day Hare goes from student to student, asking and answering questions. If, like Andy, a student neglects a subject, Hare suggests a topic and then keeps after him. Twice a year the staff at Valley Winds holds teacher-parent conferences and hands out report cards. Since there are no quizzes, grades, which range from "excellent" to "unsatisfactory," are based mostly on teacher observation.

What delights Hare most is the children's own excitement and interest in their school work. Dennis Estes, a tall, heavyset 12-year-old, recently fell in love with astronomy. He is now communicating his passion to two classmates. Each morning he gives his own lectures on such topics as Halley's comet, the solar system and life on Mars. Although he is still doing simple addition and subtraction—his weakness is math—Dennis has, with the help of a book, worked out a way to measure the diameter of the sun by holding up a cardboard with a hole against a window and focusing the sun's image on a piece of paper. He composes a weekly one-page newspaper filled with cartoons, quizzes and essays about astronomy, which Hare mimeographs and distributes to the class.

"There is no homework," Dennis said, "but I read books and stuff about astronomy almost all the time. I have also ordered films for the class on the universe and a trip to the moon. You get a lot of freedom here. I like this school. It feels good."

The children's enthusiasm is shared by many of the parents. Mrs. Bette Sullivan, the librarian at nearby Moline Elementary School, has an eight-year-old daughter who entered the Valley Winds program this past September. "Last year," Mrs. Sullivan said, "Rebecca wanted to stay home from school so bad she'd get sick. We got her glasses then, because we thought it was her eyes that were causing most of the tension. Now she says school is like going to a picnic every day. She's doing more and brings home things like division which she doesn't understand yet. But she's trying to figure it out herself. She's found she's not dumb."

Despite its free atmosphere, Valley Winds has fewer behavior problems than most conventional schools. Principal Charles Mansfield explains why:

"At Valley Winds, children are allowed to do many things forbidden in the conventional school. They may wear Bermuda shorts, sit or lie on the floor, talk to each other and chew gum. There is no educational reason, incidentally, why a child should not be allowed to chew gum as long as he disposes of it properly. We feel we can instill self-discipline only by giving children the opportunity for misbehavior. If they do something wrong, then we sit down with the child and discuss it."

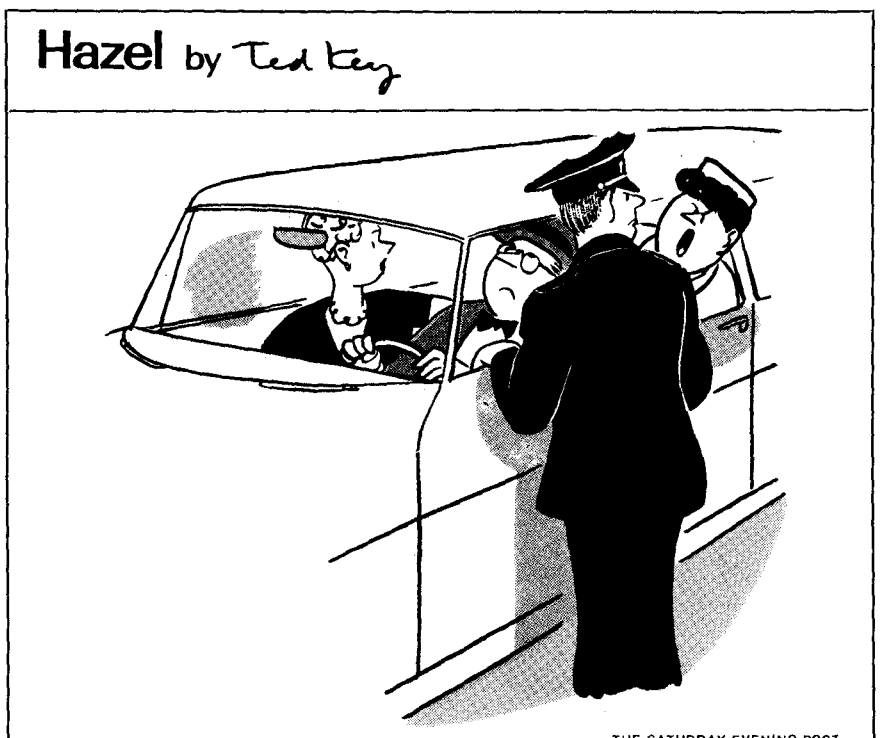
Valley Winds, however, is not without its critics, and its biggest asset, the freedom it allows its students, has also become its major drawback. Several parents have complained that some of the older children, who at other schools became used to being told what to study and how to behave, are overwhelmed by Valley Wind's permissive atmosphere. Unable to cope with so much intellectual and social freedom, one youngster reportedly returns home each day in tears.

So far the staff has failed to find a solution. However, Charles Mansfield is convinced that the children who begin their training in the six-to-eight-year-old group will be prepared for the heady freedom the school offers in the Independent Study Division.

Some parents fear that their children, who seem to thrive in the Valley Winds atmosphere, will not be able to adjust to the rigid, traditional programs they will encounter after they are graduated. The superintendent expects that eventually the entire school district (10 other elementary schools, two junior highs and one senior high) will follow the approach at Valley Winds.

The principal's biggest problem is finding teachers who can discard the old, rigid ways. To staff Valley Winds, Mansfield, formerly a principal in Waco, Tex., scoured the country, making some 50 phone calls to places like Harvard and the universities of Florida and Chicago. He asked for promising teacher candidates and finally found 12 he felt he could hire. "All were just beginning," he said. "They didn't have the time to be ruined." The school's seven other teachers came from within the district.

No one at this point can say whether Valley Winds and the handful of other schools like it will cause a revolution in American education. "I am convinced that the traditional method is wrong," says Nolan Estes. "We certainly can't do any worse." □



"You talk that way to your mother?"

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Murder: the Klan on trial

A cultured, enlightened city thought of its Klansmen as harmless crackpots. Then came shots in the night, a confession—and an acquittal.

Klansmen Joseph Sims (left) and Cecil Myers were tried for the Athens murder. An all-male white jury acquitted them.

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Summer is settling upon Athens, Ga.; mockingbirds sing in the magnolia trees, and roses bloom beside the old Greek-revival mansions on Prince Avenue. Yet the tranquillity is imperfect. The city is troubled by a year-old memory of murder.

A year ago it was still possible for Athens to believe it was coping with its race problems. Slowly but steadily the town was moving toward full compliance with the 1964 civil-rights law. The library and parks were integrated, and the COLORED ONLY signs were removed from public facilities. When the schools were integrated in 1963, the local klavern of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan was small, and it was considered something of a joke by most people in Athens.

"Athens people just weren't scared of the Klan," says an Athens lawyer. "No more than a handful of people ever took the Klan seriously."

Even today, after three rights workers were murdered in Mississippi and another, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, in Alabama, there are hundreds of towns and cities in the South and elsewhere that do not take the Klan seriously. Athens does. Now approaching the first anniversary of its saddest day, Athens could tell any town with a klavern what can happen when the Klan potential for evil is laughed off or ignored.

The Klansmen in Athens were easy to underestimate. None was impressive in any way. Among them were:

- Joseph Howard Sims, a machinist, father of eight, Navy veteran of World War II, and kladd (sergeant at arms) of the Klan. An avid gun collector and racing-car buff, Sims had served the Klan in St. Augustine, Fla., and Birmingham, Ala., as well as in Athens. Known for his nasty temper, Sims suffered from migraine headaches.
- Herbert Guest, a 282-pound garage operator with a first-grade education. Also a gun collector, he kept shotguns and rifles hanging on the walls of his garage. Blackhaired, with several front teeth missing, Guest frequently complained about his health.
- James S. Lackey, 28, father of one, a service-station attendant. According to a defense psychiatrist, Lackey said he feared that people were staring at him because of his "misshaped head" and admitted he spied on his fellow workers because he didn't trust any of them.
- Cecil William Myers, 25, father of three, yarn picker in a textile mill. Myers boasted of his Klan membership and habitually wore a pistol strapped to his hip.

It was these four men who were arrested for the murder of quiet, scholarly Lemuel Penn last July. Sims, Myers and Lackey were indicted. Lackey made a detailed confession but later repudiated it. Guest was not indicted; he was held as an accessory after the fact. From the record of the Sims and Myers trial in September—particularly the Lackey confession, read into the record by an FBI agent—emerges a horrifying tale of pursuit and violence on a dark and lonely road.

According to the confession, Lackey and Sims and Myers assembled at the Klan hall on the evening of Friday, July 10. They climbed into Sims's Chevy II station wagon and set out "on patrol." Lackey was driving, with Myers in the other front seat and Sims in back. Sims and Myers each held in his lap a sawed-off shotgun with a pistol stock. Several times during the night the three stopped by Guest's garage, wearing pistols, and several times at the Open House Café.

At about 4:10 of what was by then the morning of July 11 they stopped at a traffic light and saw a beige 1959

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Chevrolet sedan go by. It carried three Negro men and bore a District of Columbia license plate.

"That must be some of President Johnson's boys," Sims said, according to Lackey. "Let's follow 'em."

The driver of the sedan, Lemuel Penn, was 48. He wore glasses and was dignified. He was a teacher, had received two degrees, and was soon to receive his Ph.D. from New York University. He and his wife, also a teacher, had three children.

Penn had come up the ladder in the district school system from classroom teacher to principal to the administrative post of Director of Adult and Vocational Education. By 1964 he and Mrs. Penn together earned around $18,000 a year, and they lived in a $30,000 home in Washington. They were thrifty; they didn't drink or smoke.

What was a man like this doing in Georgia, on Highway 29, at 4:10 A.M.?

Penn had served as an Army officer in World War II. After the war he joined the Reserve, and by 1964 he was a lieutenant-colonel. He looked forward each year to his two weeks of summer training, usually at Fort Benning, Ga.

His only problem was traveling between Washington and Fort Benning—through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. He met this problem by always driving straight through in about 16 hours, carrying soft drinks and sandwiches and accompanied by one or two other Negro teachers who were also Reserve officers. The only stops were at filling stations in major cities.

Penn's 1964 tour of duty was up at midnight July 10, and he left Benning at 12:15 A.M., Saturday, July 11. The two teacher-officers with him, both of Washington, both about his age, were Maj. Charles E. Brown and Lt. Col. John D. Howard. The three were traveling in Brown's car. They wore sport shirts. None of them had had a drink. There was no liquor in the car. The nearest thing to a weapon was a screwdriver.

About 2:30 A.M. they stopped in Atlanta for gas. At the invitation of the white attendant they used the rest room. About 4:10 A.M., outside the main entrance to the University of Georgia in Athens, they halted to change drivers. Penn took the wheel.

There are two ways to get from Athens to Hartwell, Ga. One has more curves but appears shorter and has fewer traffic stops, and Penn, studying the map before he began driving, had told the others he thought this would save time. Just northeast of Athens Penn left Highway 29, took Highway 72, then turned left onto Highway 172. His companions were dozing. Penn must have noticed the headlights that were following him.

About 4:45 A.M. the two cars neared the Broad River bridge, 22 miles from Athens. According to Lackey's confession, Sims said, "Right here is where I kill me a nigger. Pass 'em!"

As the front car dropped down a hill to cross the bridge, the trailing car accelerated and pulled alongside. Sims and Myers, according to Lackey, fired the two shotguns almost simultaneously. Lackey drove across the bridge and kept going for about two miles, then turned around and returned to Guest's garage.

The two buckshot loads tore through the side windows of the Negroes' car just as it was about to reach the bridge. One entire load (10 buckshot) struck Penn in the neck and throat, killing him instantly. The other load missed Howard, in the back seat, only because he was dozing, with his head tilted far back. Brown, with Penn's body falling over on him, got one hand on the bottom of the wheel, and Howard reached across and got a hand on top of the wheel. Both Brown and Howard saw the station wagon in their lights as they fought to control their car. Somehow, they stopped safely, then turned around and raced back toward Athens. Where Highway 172 runs back into 72, Brown missed seeing the stop sign in the morning fog and piled into a ditch. Both men climbed out of the car and tried to flag help. Several motorists passed. Then an instructor from the University of Georgia saw them, drove back to Colbert and returned with the police.

The murder had been done not in Clarke County (Athens) but in rural Madison County. And the rural investigators immediately assumed that the Negroes had provoked the crime. "Now, boys," an investigator said to Brown and Howard, "tell me what you three been up to. Don't lie to me. What did you do to cause this? Did you talk impudent to some white man in Atlanta? Did you stop at a nigger whorehouse and get in a fight?" When either Brown or Howard attempted to tell what happened, the investigator would shake his head. "Naw, boy, you lyin' to me! You know damn well you did *something* to cause this!"

Colonel Howard finally reached a telephone at Colbert and called the provost marshal at Fort Benning. Within two hours, from Fort Gordon 115 miles away, an officer arrived representing the Army's Criminal Investigation Division. From that moment Colonel Howard and Major Brown had Army protection.

At 10 A.M. on July 11 special agents of the FBI began landing at the Athens airport and moving away quickly in their rented cars. Within a few hours, from their informers, the agents had the information that the murderers were probably in "the Herbert Guest squad." Pairs of agents were assigned to study the life, activities, connections, associations, beliefs, Klan conduct and attitudes of James Lackey, Herbert Guest, Howard Sims and Cecil Myers. All agents were under the direction of Robert Kane, head of the Athens office.

The agents spent two weeks on backgrounds before they began "observing the subjects." Lackey was pumping gasoline at his filling station when he first saw them. They were only two men driving past his station in a Chevrolet. They didn't stop. They didn't wave. But Lackey saw them and knew they would pass tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Every time he looked up he expected to see them.

They were Special Agents Jack B. Simpson, of Atlanta, and Clarence Brom, of Newark, N.J. As they later testified, only on July 29 did they finally stop at Lackey's station. They spoke to him "courteously and in a friendly manner." They introduced themselves, showed their credentials. They inquired "courteously" when his "tour of duty" would end, and they suggested that they would return at that hour and "invite" him to "accompany them to the Federal Building."

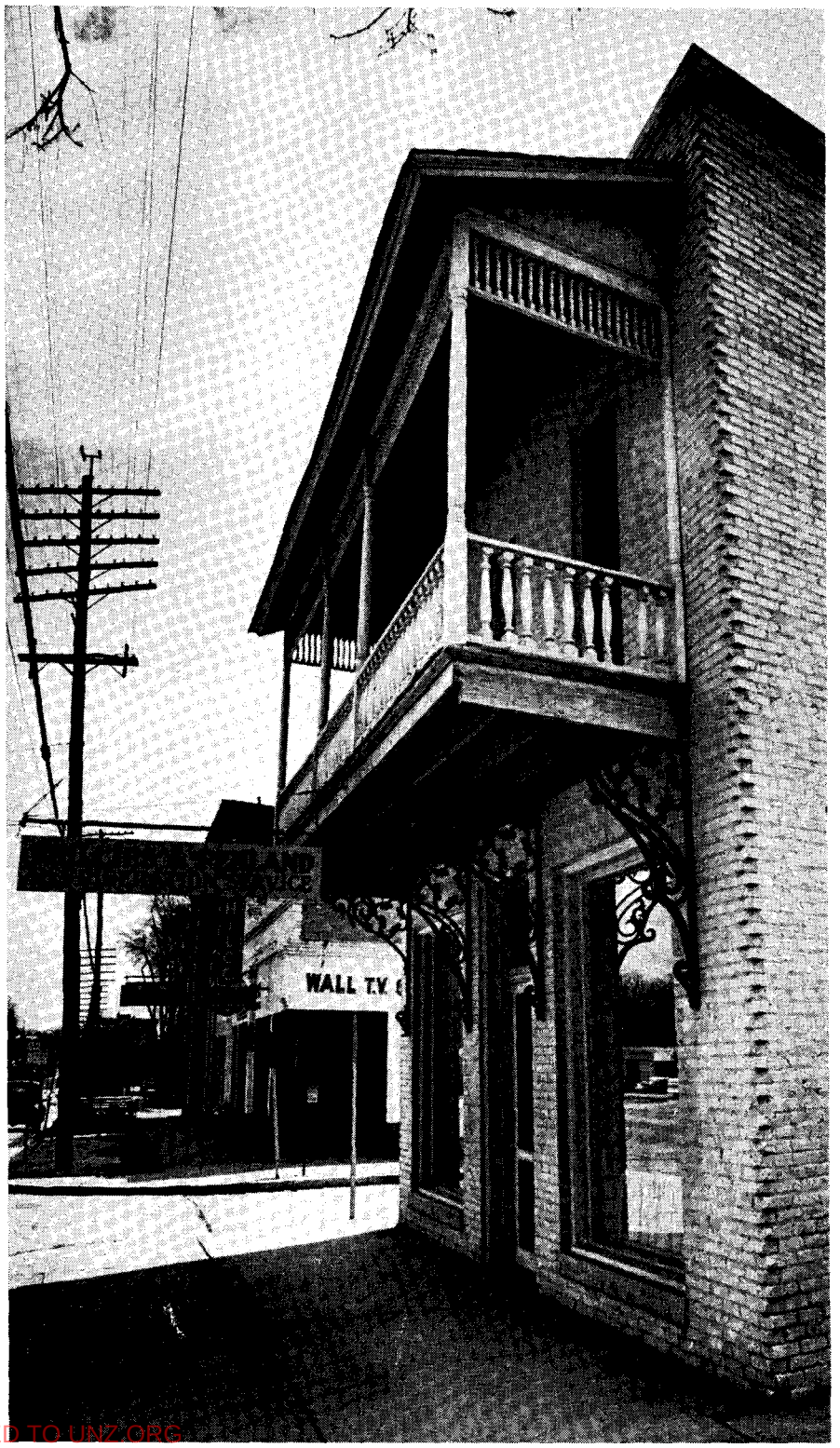
At 3:10 P.M. they returned and Lackey accompanied them. At the Federal Building they began asking him questions. At 9:28 P.M. he signed the first of several sworn statements. At 10:30 P.M. they took him back to the filling station.

On August 1 they interviewed him again. On August 3 they called on him at home; but he said he was ill and didn't wish to be interviewed. On August 5, according to their log, the agents "stopped by Lackey's home during the evening." They "mentioned in his presence that the FBI sometimes pays as much as $3,000 for evidence." He asked them to pick him up at his home next morning. They did so, at 8:55 A.M. They went to the Federal Building.

At 9:10 A.M. the agents advised Lackey of his right to consult an attorney before signing any statement. At 3:20 P.M. he signed a statement which said in part:

"No threats or promises have been made to me to get me to make this statement. On the morning of July 11, 1964, I was driving Cecil Myers' cream Chevrolet II station wagon, accompanied by Cecil Myers and Howard Sims. At some time between 4 and 4:30 A.M. we spotted a 1959 Chevy occupied by several colored men. We trailed the car and noticed the Washington, D.C. plate. I believe Mr. Sims said, 'That must be some of President Johnson's boys.' I began following the car as directed by Myers. We went out 29 and 72 and on to 172 highway near Colbert, Georgia. I asked the others what we were going to do and Sims said, 'I'm going to kill me a nigger.' Both Sims and Myers told me when to pass the car, and when I was alongside the Negroes' car, both Myers and Sims

The Klan's headquarters was on a main street in Athens, yet few people knew of its activities.



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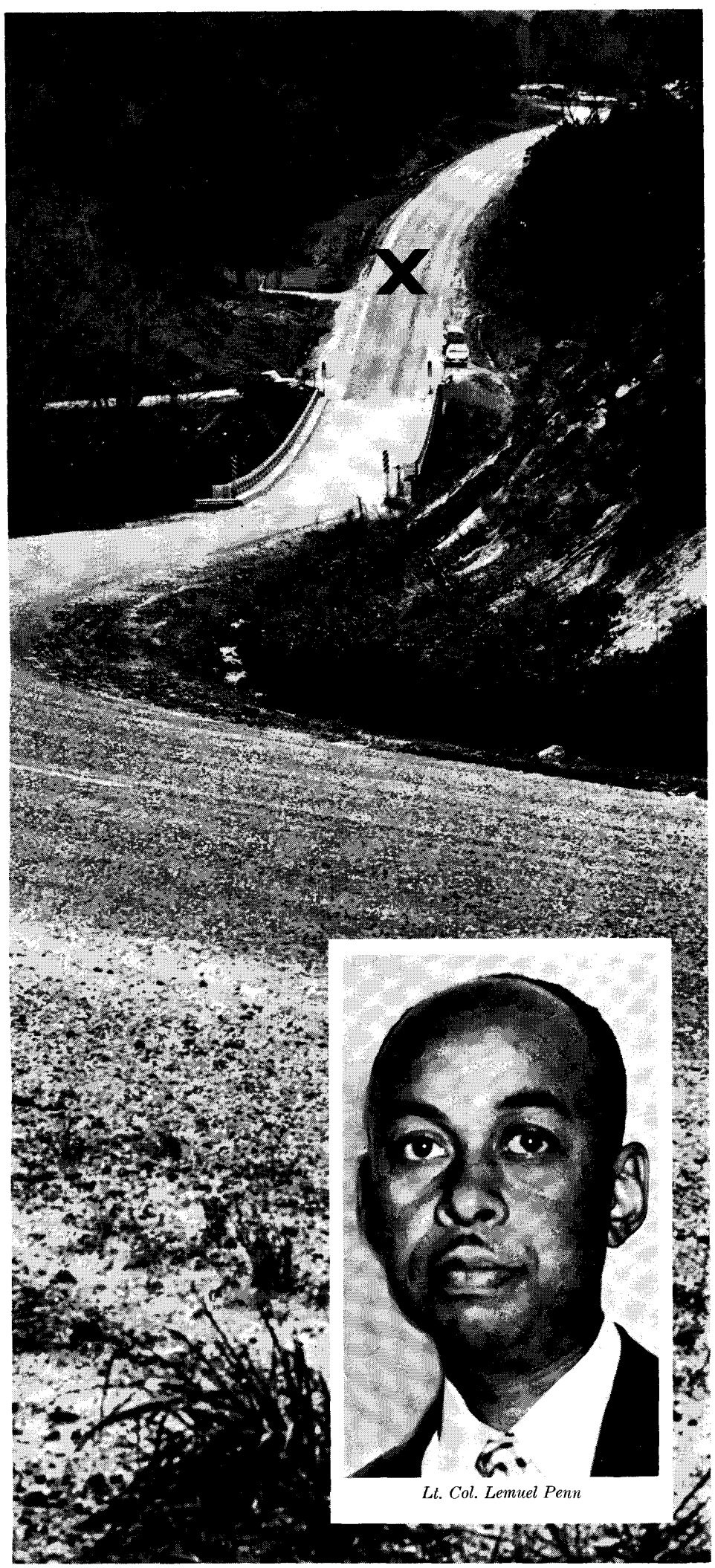

Lt. Col. Lemuel Penn

Penn was murdered on this stretch of road in Madison County, 22 miles from Athens; "X" marks spot where the shots were fired.

fired shotguns. We didn't stop anywhere but drove straight back to Guest's garage in Athens.

"Herbert Guest and a boy named 'Horsefly' were at the garage when we arrived. Denver Phillips was also at the garage. As soon as we got back to the garage, both Myers and Sims cleaned the shotguns in the garage. Guest asked what had happened, and Sims said, 'We shot one but don't know if we killed him or not.'"

While Agents Simpson and Brom had been working with Lackey, Agents Arthur S. Hamilton, of Newark, N.J., and William J. Watry, of Atlanta, had been questioning Herbert Guest in a similar manner. On August 6, after they had Lackey's statement in hand, they told him there had been "a development." Since Guest cannot read, the agents read his several statements to him, and he signed his name to each statement and initialed each page. These long, detailed statements relate how Lackey, Sims and Myers returned to the garage and reported the murder to Guest; and how they cleaned the shotguns in the presence of Claude Bennett, Denver Phillips and "Horsefly" Follendore. Other FBI agents then obtained corroborative statements from Bennett, Phillips and Follendore. On August 25 the Madison County grand jury indicted Sims, Myers and Lackey for murder. Lackey requested and was granted a trial delay. The State of Georgia brought Sims and Myers to trial in the county courthouse at Danielsville.

The newspapers said a *trial* was held in Danielsville, Ga., during the week beginning August 31, 1964. But it was not a trial, really. It could not have been. Because there was no place in the graceful old courthouse for Lemuel Penn. Had he miraculously returned to life, the state attorneys—his own lawyers—would have advised him to remain in Washington. His presence would have prejudiced the jury.

There was no place in the courtroom for Mrs. Penn and her children. In every real murder trial the prosecution displays the widow and orphans. But Mrs. Penn was advised to stay in Washington. Her cultivated appearance contrasted with that of the defendants and of some of the jurors, and "might have a very bad effect."

Besides, where would the Penns have sat? The upstairs courtroom is an oven in August; and the hottest part of the oven is a tiny gallery, far in the back, and that is where Negroes sit. The only other place for a Negro is in the witness stand. There is no place for a Negro as complainant or as victim.

Colonel Howard and Major Brown were the state's first witnesses. They had elected to appear in uniform, and their appearance prejudiced the jury. Most white jurors, when they were in the Army, were privates and corporals. So in that courtroom there was no place, really, for a Negro officer.

Howard and Brown described the events of the morning of July 11. The state's case was made, largely, however, by police describing the activities of Sims and Myers against Negroes with out-of-state tags, and by FBI agents testifying relentlessly and methodically as to how the sworn statements were obtained from Lackey and Guest. Lackey was not called as a witness; his statement was read by Agent Simpson.

The defense introduced a statement by Lackey, given to his court-appointed lawyer the previous week, in which he repudiated his confession. The statement said his confession implicating the other three had been made "under fears and threats" and after "harassment for a period of 30 days." He spoke of an FBI attempt to entice him with money.

The defense then called a psychiatrist to try to prove that Lackey, "with his disparity of intellect," was incapable of withstanding the FBI efforts to obtain a statement from him. The doctor said: "James Lackey has an I.Q. of about 90, which places him on the low borderline of normal, and he has some paranoid trends. He is not mentally defective, but he mistrusts others, is overly suspicious."

When Guest took the stand, he contradicted his sworn statements. He claimed that since he could not read, he did not know what he had signed and initialed for the FBI. He admitted that the agents had read every page to him, and that he had initialed every page, but how could he know that they had "read right" to him? He then took the Fifth Amendment.

Sims and Myers took the stand and made unsworn statements denying any part in the killing; under Georgia law these statements were not subject to cross examination.

The defense closed with an unexpected witness, Clyde Harper of Athens, who was in the trucking and vending-machine business. He said he had a cigarette vending machine in the Open House Café, so he went to the restaurant frequently each day and night for coffee and to service his machine.

Harper then testified in amazing detail as to exactly where he was and what he did each minute between 3 and 5 A.M. on July 11, 1964. And he was positive that he saw Sims sitting in the Open House Café at exactly 5 A.M., which was about the time that Lemuel Penn was killed 22 miles away.

The state previously had presented restaurant employees who testified that Lackey, Sims and Myers were not in the café between 4 and 5:30 A.M.

The oratorical star of the summing up was defense lawyer John Darsey. He reached his peak when, with his face flushed, and arms flailing, he shouted, "Never let it be said that a jury in Madison County—a jury of red-blooded Anglo-Saxon men—will convert the electric chair of this state into a sacrificial altar to satisfy the savage appetite of the clamoring mob."

While the jury was out, there was no excitement or tension. Everybody had known the verdict from the beginning—acquittal, 12 to 0. Sims and Myers, their wives and lawyers and some of the jurors danced a brief jig for the cameramen. Then they moved on to Athens, to the Open House restaurant and the Klan hall, to lift cups with "real, red-blooded Anglo-Saxons."

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'We didn't know what was going on. We thought the Klansmen were a bunch of clowns.'

The Klan hall and headquarters had been set up in January of 1964 in a shabby little two-story building on Prince Avenue, across from St. Joseph's Catholic Church, an integrated church. For weeks the church's pastor, Father John Mulroy, had watched them come and go—hard-eyed, slouching men who wore pistols strapped at their hips.

"It was incredible to me," he said, "that men in robes could meet and swagger around a town like Athens, carrying pistols on their persons and sawed-off shotguns in their cars."

When Father Mulroy set out to find what legal roadblocks he could throw into the paths of the Klan, he discovered that no matter how their actions might violate the spirit of justice, the letter of the law blocked him at every turn. The authorities explained that the Klan had the right of any other group to assemble peacefully. They could also wear their robes if it pleased them, so long as they did not put on their masks in a public place.

Carrying pistols was all right, too, so long as they had "pistol toters'" licenses, easily obtained. As for the sawed-off shotguns, there is no law against carrying a shotgun, if it is not less than 26 inches from butt to muzzle. The Klansmen's guns were 26¼ inches.

Sensing the growing arrogance of the Klan and the resulting restlessness of the Negro community, Father Mulroy, along with four other local clergymen, called upon Mayor Julius Bishop to ask him to appoint a biracial committee to work out differences. The mayor appointed two committees—one white, one black. They accomplished nothing.

By now the Klan and the Negro community had come in face-to-face confrontation at a newly opened restaurant, The Varsity. The Negroes were picketing the restaurant because it refused to serve them. The Klan was picketing the Negroes. Father Mulroy and other clergymen asked the president of the city's biggest radio station why his station remained silent when the town was full of wild rumors of violence.

The situation was highly explosive, the president replied. If arrests were made, they would be reported, but the news media had no wish to stir up further trouble. "Our policy," he said, "is one of responsible silence."

On the night of March 7, Herbert Guest, whose garage on Hancock Avenue was a hangout for Klansmen, sent a 50-year-old Negro employee named "Preacher" Potts to start an automobile reportedly stalled behind a building on the Atlanta highway. As Potts pulled up, robed and masked men grabbed him, bent him over a fender and whipped him. He went back to the garage, where Guest greeted him amiably. "Your tail sore, Preacher? You want a cushion to sit on?"

Shortly afterward, almost as a prelude to murder, violence took a more dangerous form. A circular had been distributed all over Athens giving the names and telephone numbers of the leader and nine of the members of the Athens klavern. The Negroes who for months had been harassed by telephone threats now retaliated with gusto. They called the Klansmen at all hours of the night and breathed heavily in the phone in emulation of the Klan's own harassing technique.

This tactic enraged the Klan. Police records show that on the night of June 20, Klansmen Herbert Guest and Paul T. Strickland pulled into Broadacres, a Negro housing project, firing shotguns into the air. Thirty minutes later Strickland and another Klansman, Denver Phillips, who worked at Guest's garage, came back to Broadacres. This time they fired into the houses. A 19-year-old Negro named John Clink was blinded in one eye by buckshot, and a 13-year-old girl was slightly wounded. Guest and Strickland were arrested and fined $105 for discharging firearms within the city limits. Strickland and Denver Phillips were charged with assault with intent to murder. Both were released on bond, and the case has never been brought to trial.

During all this time no public voice in Athens was raised against the Klan—no editorial warned that the peace and safety of all citizens was in jeopardy so long as armed men could prowl the streets; no minister thundered from the pulpit, no utterance was heard from the university.

Why? There are many answers.

A doctor said: "Most people just didn't know what was going on. You'd see a few Negro pickets and a few Klansmen picketing them. And the police were there keeping an eye on them both. It didn't seem to amount to anything. We felt pretty good about how things were working out without violence. Everybody was bending over backward to make it work out, and the Negroes were getting what they asked for fast. Then the Penn killing happened, and the reaction everybody felt was one of horror and surprise. We knew then that we had made a mistake. Most of the Klansmen were just a bunch of clowns, but a few of them were psychopaths, truly dangerous and homicidal men. And we hadn't known what they were up to; we hadn't known about all this night riding and shooting. All we'd seen were the pickets."

A university professor said: "To understand why the university kept silent, you have to understand what changes have taken place here. Athens once was a great cotton town. The first supporters of the school were the great planters who moved here merely because they could raise their families in an atmosphere of learning. They gave the town its overtones of dignity and elegance. But since the last war Athens has industrialized. Now it's a chicken-processing town, and a clock-making town, and a garment manufactory. New people moved in to work in these plants. You stand in a bank, and a man comes in to ask about a small loan. 'Where do you work?' the banker will ask. 'Chicken poultry plant,' the man will say. 'What do you do?' 'I guts.' What does a chicken-gutter know or care about a university? Or vice versa.

"So a wall of mutual disinterest has grown up between town and university. And I think the university's attitude was this: We would tend to our own affairs and let the town handle what was happening in the streets."

Mayor Julius Bishop said: "We didn't just suddenly discover we had these people here. We knew what they were up to. But how could anybody anticipate such an incredible crime as that?"

Today, almost one year after the killing, all is quiet in Athens. Across from Father Mulroy's church the Klan headquarters is dark. There is a red-lettered sign in the window, announcing that this is now the meeting place of "THE CHURCH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST," a fundamentalist sect. The Athens klavern has disbanded, split by internal disputes.

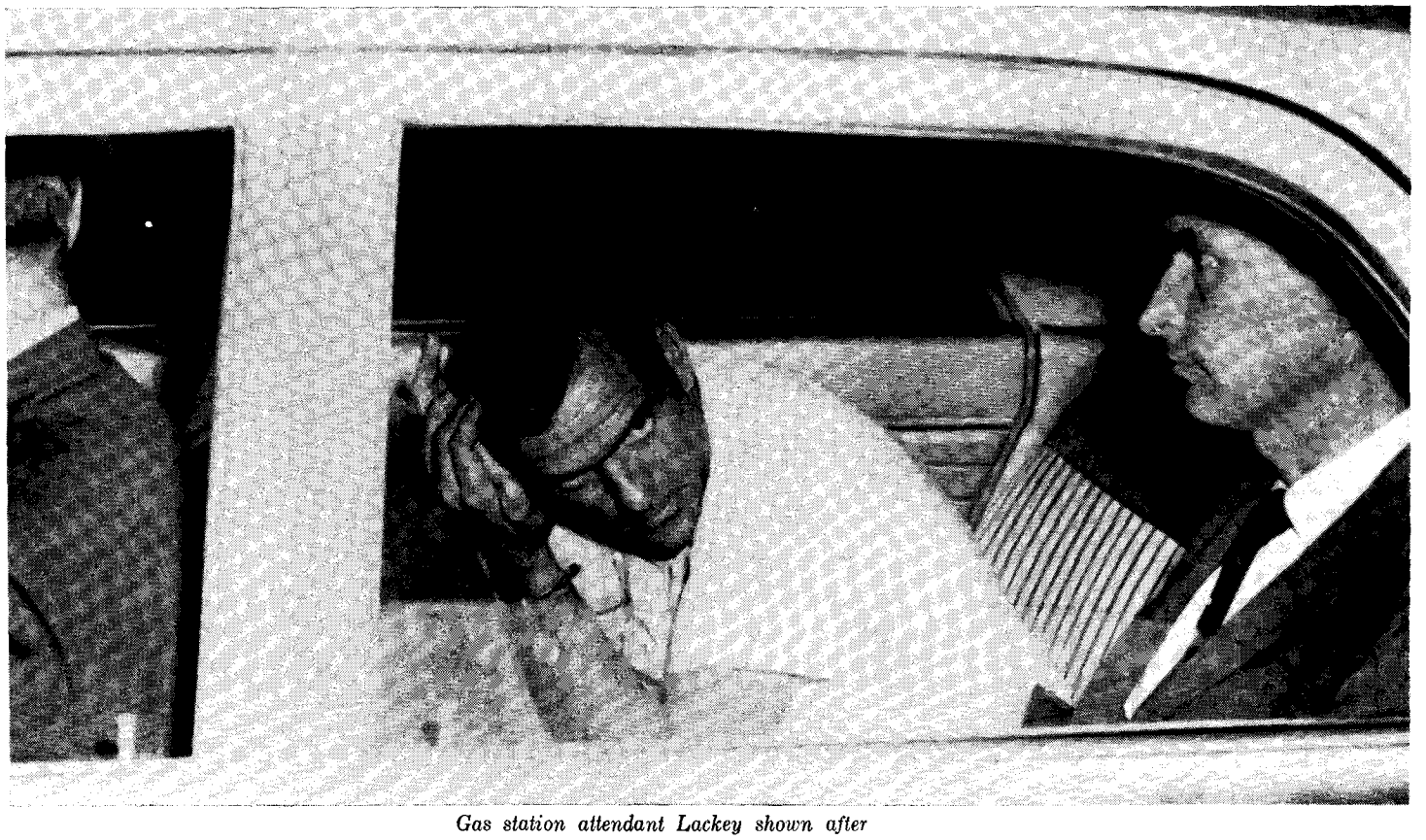
Howard Sims is still around town, doing odd jobs. He is as viciously anti-Negro as ever. He rides all over Georgia attending Klan rallies, and he is trying to revive the Athens Klan. He is said to feel still bitter toward Lackey, despite the repudiation of the confession.

Lackey, who has never been brought to trial, has left Athens, and is reportedly living near Clermont, in the Georgia mountains, with his wife's family.

Myers is pumping gas at a filling station on the outskirts of Athens.

Guest, the illiterate mechanic, his murder warrant dismissed, is back at his garage on Hancock Avenue. With Sims and Myers he, too, rides all over Georgia by night attending Klan rallies.

Sims and Myers, Guest and Lackey, with their twisted ideas, their savage instincts, their strange loyalty to the hate-filled racial doctrine of the Klan, do not represent Athens. They do represent the hard core of fanatic men—infinitesimal in number, but capable of monstrous crimes—who blight every southern town. It is tragic that Athens should have nurtured them. But the experience of Athens provides a warning lesson to many other cities. "Evil can spread only when good men do nothing," said young Father Mulroy the Sunday after Lemuel Penn was killed, pronouncing from his pulpit the blunt words no other clergyman had dared to utter. "In our town good men saw the evil and turned their heads. Aggression went unchecked until the final tragedy brought us to the ultimate moment of truth. At last we must be honest with ourselves. We must recognize how miserably we have failed ourselves, our city and our God." □



Gas station attendant Lackey shown after arrest by F.B.I. Lackey's confession, later repudiated, implicated Sims, Myers and Guest.

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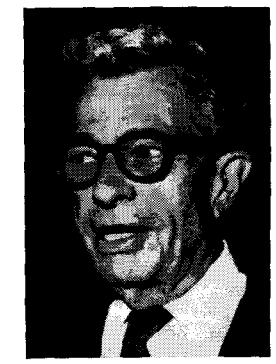
Editorials



Are farmers better than city people?

Sen. Everett Dirksen has been giving a splendid show of political prestidigitation lately. While he is supporting the Administration's bill to guarantee equal voting rights, he is simultaneously promoting a plan to guarantee unequal voting rights.

The Administration's bill is specifically designed to secure Negro rights—and the Senate Republican leader has endorsed that objective. But its underlying thesis is that every American is entitled to an equal voice in how his Government is run—and Senator Dirksen apparently opposes this thesis when it means giving the city voter the same power as the country voter.

Because of the way many states have drawn their voting districts, the vote of an American who lives in a populous urban or suburban area often is worth only a fraction of that of the farmer or small-town dweller. One state senator from Los Angeles, for instance, represents 6,038,771 voters, while another from sparsely settled northeastern California represents a mere 15,300. The rural minority in many states consequently has enjoyed excessive power, and the result of *that* is that the desperate needs of the underrepresented urban areas have been slighted. It was to correct this inequity that the Supreme Court ruled last year that all state voting districts must conform roughly to the ideal of "one man, one vote."

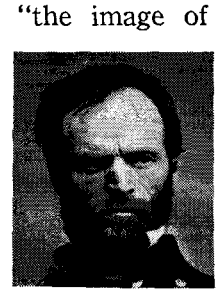
Senator Dirksen and his allies, however, have proposed a constitutional guarantee that one house of a state legislature may, if the people approve, be apportioned without regard to the "one man, one vote" principle. They are meeting with success. More than 20 of the required 34 state legislatures have petitioned for a constitutional convention to draft the amendment, and the movement is still gaining momentum. For example, teams of California legislators are traveling around at state expense to lobby for the petition in other legislatures. "Our views are catching fire," said one advocate.

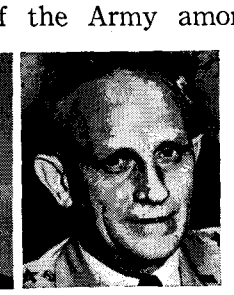
Despite the justifications offered by Dirksen and his followers, let no one be deceived. The proposed amendment actually is based upon the wrongheaded premise that some Americans are more worthy than others—in short, that men who live in the open country, near the soil, possess a natural nobility and earthy wisdom that entitles them to dominate the corrupted city dwellers.

This notion is a perversion of the traditional American regard for the honest pioneer. And it is a myth the nation cannot afford to sustain—not in these days when so great a proportion of Americans live in urban areas, and when the health of the entire nation depends upon the health of its cities.

Gee whiz, general

It was good to learn that Gen. Harold Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, shows a proper concern about the language used by drill sergeants. He recently ordered all commanders to "take the necessary action to prohibit the use of offensive language and off-color stories in our service schools and as a part of training." Such language, he said, could harm "the image of the Army among the general public." General Johnson's order may sound a little prissy to some people, but his concern with the Army's "image" is in the best tradition of American military conduct. Admiral Farragut was keenly aware of his image when he gave his celebrated order: "Darn the torpedoes—full speed ahead." And General Sherman best summed up the Army's need for an image when he said: "War is heck."





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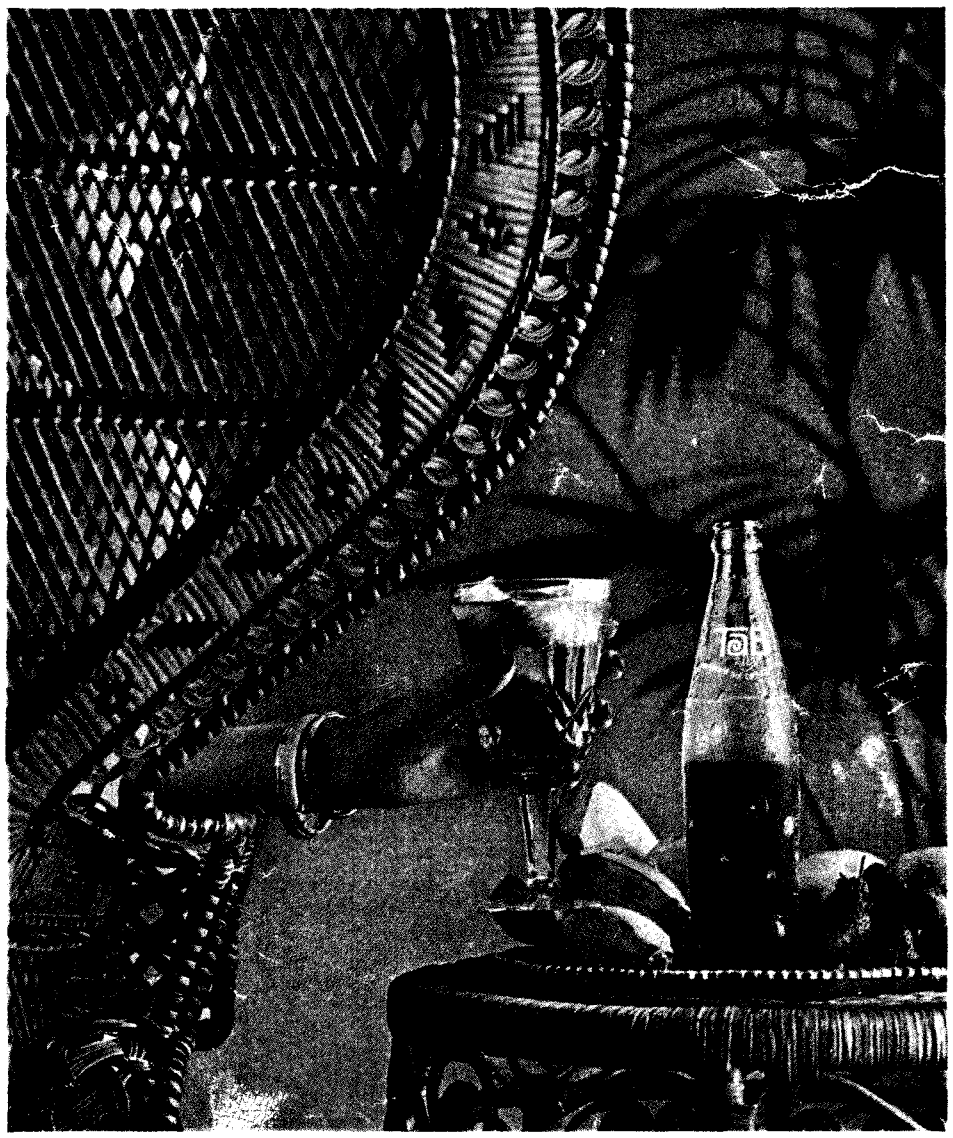

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